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THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MARY GRANVILLE,

MRS. DELANY.

Second Series.

VOL. I.

Joseph Brown sc.

ANN GRANVILLE,

Lady Stanley.

From her Portrait by Huysman,
in the possession of Bernard Granville Esq.

London Richard Bentley, 1862.

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MARY GRANVILLE,

MRS. DELANY:

WITH INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF

KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

EDITED

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY LLANOVER.

Second Series.

THREE VOLUMES,

VOL. I.

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LONDON:

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THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MARY GRANVILLE.

(MRS. DELANY.)

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM THE DEATH OF MRS. DEWES TO THE LAST ILLNESS OF THE DEAN OF DOWN. 1761 TO MAY 1768.

THE first part of the present work concluded with the greatest family affliction which Mrs. Delany had yet experienced. Her only sister, the depository of her joys and sorrows for so many years, was dead. After this event the Dean and Mrs. Delany went to her brother, Mr. Granville, (at Calwich,) and remained for some time with her relations in the country. It is not probable that at this period of her deepest grief Mrs. Delany wrote often to many persons, or that she kept up a regular and frequent correspondence with anybody besides the Duchess of Portland; but by degrees the efforts she made for the sake of the Dean were rewarded by the recovery of sufficient mental and bodily energy to enable her to return to Ireland before Christmas, 1761. It appears that she again visited England in a year or two afterwards, as she and the Dean were in their house

in Spring Gardens in 1763, where she had Miss Dewes with her,—and after seeing her relations and friends in London she went back to Ireland, where she once more landed in 1763, with the sad renewed consciousness that she had no sister to sympathize with her feelings, or to watch every turn of the wind with reference to the progress of her voyage. The blank was still dreadful, but she did not yield to grief, she again resumed her occupations and endeavoured to revive her home interests, again associated with her neighbours and kept up a correspondence with her young niece, Mary Dewes, who in Mrs. Delany's absence passed a great deal of time with Lady Cowper, who during the life of Mrs. Dewes was always anxious to have more of her society than her mother was willing to spare. Amidst the wide-spread connections of the Granville family, it may be well to remind the reader that Lady Cowper was the daughter of Earl Granville, and the widow of John Spencer, son of Charles, 3rd Earl of Sunderland, grandson of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the account of whose marriage to Lady Georgina Carteret appears in the first volume of this work. Her son by her first marriage was the 1st Earl Spencer, who before his elevation to the peerage married Miss Poyntz, on which occasion the jealousy of Lady Hervey was so much excited by the splendour displayed in honour of the event, that she made an ill-natured comment upon Mr. Spencer's mother being "*a Granville,*" which (according to her interpretation) accounted for the magnificence of the celebration which had so much excited her spleen. Lady Cowper was not only related to Mary Dewes, but was also her godmother, and besides these ties she had individually been much attached to her from

the early childhood of the latter. Lady Cowper's letters to her goddaughter assist in making out the links in the chain of Mrs. Delany's life, as well as to exemplify the manners of the time.

It might naturally be supposed, after an existence of sixty-one years, in the early part of which she had undergone such severe trials, that *if* Mrs. Delany's life was preserved, her *career* must be at an end! but it will be found that, although long saddened and depressed, her wonderful powers of re-action were *not* destroyed, and that the character which had been exemplary in adversity, and engaging, beneficent, yet uncorrupted in prosperity, only became more strengthened and refined by sorrow! that patient resignation was succeeded by persevering exertion, which was followed by the gradual restoration of her powers of enjoyment, although more than ever bestowed by the reflection from others of the advantages or pleasures conferred by herself. By degrees Mrs. Delany added to her correspondents, she often wrote to Lord Guilford and to Lady Andover, between whom and herself a lasting friendship was maintained, but her natural elasticity of spirit did not recover its former level for many years after Mrs. Dewes's death, and the advancing age and increasing infirmities of the Dean were in themselves a sufficient reason for care, without other causes of anxiety which will be apparent in the letters of the next seven years.

Miss Kynnersley to Miss Dewes.

MY DEAR MISS DEWES, Loxley,[1] Aug. 19th, 1761.

Could I by writing have anyways alleviated your grief, you should much sooner have heard from me. I truly sympathize with you, but you was certainly prepared for the event. Mrs. Dewes's long illness and your constant apprehensions of her danger must have made her dissolution no more than you could expect. Our mortal frames cannot subsist under such long and violent attacks; but I ought not to bring afresh to your mind these melancholy thoughts, to avoid which has been the chief cause of my silence, therefore with my best wishes for your happiness in every other respect, I will now drop the subject.

I left London a day or two after I saw you, since which I have been a great rambler, I spent a month at Bath, during which time I made two excursions to Bristol, at which place I was at three balls. A good deal of company but no crowd; it was not so full as I have heard it has been since. Bath was not in season, so what company there was were invalids and inhabitants. From these places we spent a few days at Mr. Dehany's country-house in Berkshire, and set out again and went to Salisbury races, which was a very agreeable meeting. We had two nights' dancing, and was very merry. We returned back into the country, where in about a week I left them and came to town the day before we set out

[1] Loxley Park, in Staffordshire, the residence of Sneyd Kynnersley, Esq. Thomas Kynnersley, of Loxley, Esq., an officer in the navy, married Penelope, only daughter of John Wheeler, of Wootton, Esq. Mr. Kynnersley died in 1755, and was succeeded by his son, Clement Kynnersley, who dying without issue, in 1815, left the property to his nephew.

for this part of the world, where we have now been near a fortnight. Though it is only two years since we left it we are looked upon as something new, and all our neighbours are so kind in their visits that we have had but little time to ourselves as yet. All last Saturday the bells were ringing at Bramshall for Lord Willoughby's[1] birthday—the estate will be his at the Dowager Lady Willoughby's death. I hear his lordship is soon to wed Lady Louisa North.[2] I fancy she will make you a very good neighbour. Mamma and sister beg to join me in compliments to your papa, brothers, and self.

Your affectionate and obliged humble servant,

P. KINNERSLEY.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

MY DEAR MISS DEWES, Colegreen, Aug. 20th, 1761.

Though I don't know where to direct to you I cannot forbear inquiring after you, I will direct this to Welsbourn, and if you should not be there I conclude somebody will forward it to you. I hope to hear you have recovered your health; you should now endeavour to keep up your father's spirits, and make yourself as useful to him as you possibly can. Are the Dean and Mrs. Delany yet gone into Ireland? I am going to town for the Royal wedding,[3] and then shall return here and stay till within a few days of the Coronation. Lady

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[1] John Peyto, 6th Baron Willoughby de Broke, was born in August, 1738.

[2] Lady Louisa North, daughter of Francis, 1st Earl of Guilford, married John Peyto, 6th Baron Willoughby de Broke, 8th Oct., 1761.

[3] The marriage of George III. and Queen Charlotte took place on the 8th September, 1761.

Harriet Bentinck is to be one of the bride maids to the Queen.

Lady Weymouth[1] will be too near her time to walk at the Coronation,[2] which I conclude is a mortification to her.

Let me hear from you as soon as you receive this, for I am unalterably, dear Miss Dewes,

Yours affectionately,

G. C. COWPER.

The Earl of Guilford[3] *to Mrs. Delany.*

Chesterton, Dec. 5th, 1761.

MADAM,

Nothing can be more flattering, than the kind remembrance, and good wishes to me and my family expressed in your very obliging congratulation on my daughter's marriage, for which I must beg you to accept my most grateful acknowledgments.

It is indeed a very happy event, and furnishes a most pleasing prospect. Lady Guilford and I are now making a visit at Chesterton, and find reason to be better satisfied, if possible, every hour.

Such a husband as Lord Willoughby, is a great prize in a lottery where there are many blanks, and I flatter myself my daughter's conduct will shew she is very sensible of its value. I have obeyed your obliging commands by delivering the letter to her.

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[1] Charlotte, second daughter of the Viscountess Weymouth (afterwards Marchioness of Bath), was born Nov. 7, 1761. She died May 19, 1764. Lady Weymouth was one of Queen Charlotte's Ladies of the Bedchamber on the first establishment of her household.

[2] The Coronation of George III. took place on Tuesday, 22nd September, 1761.

[3] Francis, 1st Earl of Guilford.

Lady Guilford charges me with compliments and thanks to you, which we beg the favour of you to present also from us both to the Dean of Down.

You may be assured, Madam, I most sincerely interest myself in whatever regards you, and wish a perfect recovery of your health and spirits.

What you say of the applause my Lord Halifax[1] meets with, and the good disposition of the people of Ireland towards him, gives me infinite satisfaction; I hope the same favourable sentiments will continue, as I am satisfied there never was a Lord Lieutenant *more able*, or *more determined* to make his administration advantageous, as well as agreeable, to the nation.

I am extremely well pleased to hear of the good correspondence that seems to be established between you and the ladies at the Castle; as I am convinced it will greatly contribute to the satisfaction of all parties. If my name should be mentioned, I will beg leave to trouble you with my compliments to them. I desire to be believed with a sincere esteem and regard,

Madam, your most obedient,
And obliged humble servant,
GUILFORD.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

(Part of a letter without date, but written 1762.)

Our governor[2] leaves us on Monday or Tuesday at farthest. Mrs. Osborn *rejoices*, the young ladies *mourn*,

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[1] George Montagu, 2nd Earl of Halifax, was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 21st March, 1761.

[2] Lord Halifax ceased to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland May 3, 1762, which proves this letter to have been written at Delville, 1762.

for they are so *very* young as to think a round of hurrying pleasures is *happiness*; not considering what a loss of time it is to devote *all* their hours to amusements, that can leave no solid pleasure behind, wear their constitution out by bad hours, and prevent all occupations that enlarge the mind and lay in a store of good and entertaining reflections for the autumn and winter of life; a moderate participation in rational entertainments is necessary, I may say, to relieve the mind, but they should be no more the principal attention of our minds, than sweetmeats should be our sole food. I don't mean any reflection upon the Lady M—'s, for their station here has required them to lead the life they have done, and they have acquitted themselves with a great deal of civility and good humour, but I only condemn the *choice* of spending *every day* in a public place, tho' I don't fear this disposition in you, my dear child, because you have early had great advantages, and the good seed that has been sown will spring up, and you will reap the advantage of it; reading and *thinking* requires leisure, and without it the mind *will* be dissipated, and *always trifling*. Has my brother read *Fingal* the Erse poetry? and how do you both like it? it is melancholy, but I think very pretty. We have lately read again Pliny's letters translated by Melmouth, they are very pleasing letters. My letter is called for and so am I.

Adieu, my dearest Mary, M.D.

Miss Dewes to her brother, the Rev. J. Dewes.

Thursday night, 1763.

Many thanks to you, dear brother, for the favour of

your letter. You say in it that you think I manage my time very well, to go out so much and yet keep up a correspondence; I assure you if both were not practicable I would give up the former, for I think no pleasure in this world can equal *that* of hearing from and writing to one's friends. I have not been out but once since Monday, but I will begin my journal at last Monday was sevennight, which day Aunt Delany spent at Whitehall. In the afternoon I went to Mrs. Kynnersley's; Tuesday the Duchess of Portland, Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Betty Egerton came here; Wednesday we went to Lady Gilfords,[1] Lady Hill, Miss Gore, Lady Grandison, and to Mrs. Brudenell[2] (Lord Dartmouth's sister); we found all out except the latter, where we went by appointment. There was there Lord and Lady Gilford, Lord and Lady North,[3] Lord and Lady Willoughby, Lady Cecil Rice,[4] Mrs. Montague and her son, and Mrs. Southwell and her son, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, and a great many more which I do not recollect; Thursday Lady Cowper dined her; Friday the Duchess of Portland, Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Betty Egerton

[1] Lady Gilford. Theodosia, only daughter of Robert Hawkins Magill, Esq., and of Lady Anne Magill, married, 29th Aug., 1765, Sir John Meade, who was created Baron Gilford and Viscount Clanwilliam in 1766, and Earl of Clanwilliam 20th July, 1776.

[2] Mrs. Brudenell. Anne, eldest daughter of George, Viscount Lewisham, and sister of William, Earl of Dartmouth, married, 23rd Nov. 1760, the Hon. James Brudenell, second son of George, 3rd Earl of Cardigan. On the death of his eldest brother, in 1790, Mr. Brudenell succeeded to the Earldom.

[3] Frederic, Lord North, the well-known Prime Minister. He married, 20th May, 1756, Anne, daughter and heir of George Speke, Esq.

[4] Lady Cecil Rice was the only daughter of William Talbot, 1st Earl Talbot, who, having no surviving male issue, was created, in October, 1780, Baron Dynevor, with remainder to his daughter, Lady Cecil, who had married, 16th August, 1756, George Rice, of Newton, Esq.

came here; Saturday Lady Hill,[1] and Miss Hill, and Miss Howard[2] (Lady Andover's daughter) came here; Sunday we went by appointment to Mrs. Montague to meet Lord and Lady Willoughby, and Mrs. Brudenell, and Miss Legg, we also went to Lady Hide, Lady Betty Egerton's, and Mrs. Vesey, but found all out except the latter. Monday we dined at Lord Dartmouth's, and in the afternoon we went to Lady Andover, Lady Lucy Boyle,[3] Lady Frances,[4] and Lady Betty Montague[5] (Lord Halifax's daughters), Mrs. Granville, and the Duchess of Dorset;[6] Tuesday Aunt Delany went in the morning to the Duchess of Portland; in the afternoon she came here. Yesterday in the morning we went to Chelsea to the Bishop of Winchester's;[7] in the afternoon Aunt Delany and I went and sat the afternoon with my Uncle Granville at his house in Hollis Street; he came to town in the morning, and is now here, and desires his compliments to you and my brother Court. As to your

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[1] Mary, second wife of Sir Rowland Hill, and daughter of Mr. Pole, of Radbourne, Co. Derby.

[2] The Hon. Frances Howard, only daughter of William, Lord Andover, and sister of Henry, 12th Earl of Suffolk. She married Richard Bagot, Esq. (brother of the 1st Lord Bagot), who assumed, by sign-manual, the surname of Howard. Their only child and heiress was Mary, the present Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard (1861).

[3] Lady Lucy Boyle, only daughter of John, 5th Earl of Cork and Orrery, married, in 1765, George, 4th Viscount Torrington.

[4] Lady Frances Montague, second daughter of George, 2nd Earl of Halifax, died unmarried in 1764.

[5] Lady Elizabeth Montague, third daughter of George, 2nd Earl of Halifax, married, in 1776, John, 5th Earl of Sandwich.

[6] Lionel, 1st Duke of Dorset, died 10th Oct., 1763. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Lieut.-General Walter Philip Colyear. His son, Charles, 2nd Duke of Dorset, married, 1744, Grace, daughter and heir of Richard Boyle, Viscount Shannon.

[7] Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Winchester.

flute, I think myself much obliged to you for employing me in anything that can amuse you, for *that* must certainly give me great pleasure; I will endeavour to get one chose for you and to send it as soon as I can hear of a safe hand; if you know any good way I can convey it to you let me know, and I will certainly send it as soon as I can get a proper person to choose it for me; but as I do not at present learn to play upon the clavicord I do not know justly who to get to choose one, and I am not any judge myself, but you may depend upon my doing the best I can. I desire my love to my brother, and hope I shall hear from him soon. I have seen your tutor Mr. Smallwell, he was to wait on Aunt Delany; I think he seems a very good sort of man; I heard him preach also at Whitehall Chapel. Pray, how do you like him? My brother Bunny desires his love to you and my brother, as does Mrs. Delany, Miss Chapone, and the Dean. I can add no more at present than that I am, with the truest love, my dear brother's

Most affectionate sister and
Humble servant,
MARY DEWES.

P.S. Pray let me hear from you soon. If you have not a frank do not mind that. Yesterday morning Lord Willoughby and Mr. Mordaunt were here, they inquired after you and my brother. Brother Court can give you a better account of Mr. Ray than I can.

The month being omitted in the date of the above letter, it can only be guessed to have been April or May, 1763, before the Dean and Mrs. Delany returned to Ireland, when Mrs.

Delany, with her undeviating good sense and mental energy, determined to increase her interest in life and in her beloved sister's child by going out with her as often as she could at her first entrance into the world.

The following letter may be interesting, at the present time, from the remarkable similarity, in some of the comments, to what has been said recently with regard to religious differences, although nearly one hundred years have elapsed since it was written.

The Rev. W. Jones to the Dean of Down.

DEAR SIR, Wadenho, Jan. 29, 1763.

Before I received your letter (which came by the return of my messenger) I had thought it absolutely necessary to pack up so much of the fair transcript as was finished, and send it to my friend in town without any further delay. On Wednesday evening next, therefore, or on Thursday morning, you will receive the copy of ten chapters, which are these following—1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th,—the 3rd and 12th chapters, with the additional papers, shall be sent by the next return, whether they are entirely finished or not. As to the additional discourse on the Sabbath—the preface and what you design (I think very properly) as an *introduction*, they are all so fair and correct, and will gain so little by the transcript, that I shall not be so solicitous in regard to them as to the body of the work, which you will have throughout in the same hand.

The preface appears to me very proper and seasonable; the men you give warning against are the declared enemies of all true religion, and of everything that

opposes their own infidel and unlettered prejudices. The principal objects of their malice are the doctrine of the Trinity and the establishment of the Episcopal Church in England. If any writer dares to make his appearance as an advocate of either, his person is immediately bespattered with the grossest abuse; his work mangled and misrepresented to the public before they become acquainted with the thing itself, and generally, I believe, before these critics themselves have regularly perused it. If I mistake not the *date* of their plan, it was contrived as a succedaneum to a book called the *Candid Disquisitions:* which being found insufficient to overthrow the Creeds and the Liturgy, up started these *reviews* to carry on that design by open scandal and misrepresentation, which the authors could not accomplish by their specious cant and artful insinuations. We may apply to them what Cicero says of certain atheistical philosophers —horum enim sententiæ omnium, non modo superstitionem tollunt, in qua inest timor inanis deorum,—sed etiam religionem quæ deorum cultu pio continetur.[1]

Our best compliments attend yourself and your lady; and I beg you will believe me to be, with all sincerity,

Dear Sir, your most obliged

And very obedient,

W. JONES.[2]

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[1] Cic. Nat. Deor., *lib.* 1.

[2] The Rev. William Jones, born 1726, educated at the Charter House and University Coll., Oxford. Became curate of Finedon, Northamptonshire, and next of Wadenho, where he wrote the "Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity." In 1764 the Archbishop of Canterbury gave him the vicarage of Bethersden, in Kent, to which was afterwards added the rectory of Pluckley; at the time of his death he was perpetual curate of Nayland and rector of Paston and Holingbourne. His theological and philosophical works form 12 vols. 8vo.

Miss Dewes to the Rev. J. Dewes.

London, March 16th, 1763.

I should not have been so long without writing to my dear brother, but staid till I had executed your commission,[1] which I now have done, and hope it will prove to your liking. The person that chose it said he thought it a very good one—it is a famous maker. I mentioned your chusing it to be tipped with ivory, but the judges said it would only make it come to a higher price, and not make the flute the better at all, but *rather otherwise.* Last Tuesday was sevennight I was at an assembly at Lady Hillborough's; Wednesday I was at the Oratorio; Thursday Mrs. D., Mr. G., and Miss Chapone, and my brother, went to the play. I was to have gone, but the Duchess of Queensberry sent me a ticket to go to a ball in Soho Square, and I went with my Lady Cowper. It is a very fine room. The Duke of York was there, and he began the ball; I danced but two dances; it was so hot; there was not any minuets. The French horn, fiddle, and other instruments, played till the ball began, which was about nine. Friday we drank tea at Lady Hill's; Saturday, Sunday, we staid at home; Monday we went to an assembly at Lady Guilford's; and yesterday Lady Anne Jekyls and Mrs. Montague dined here. My uncle desires his compliments to you, and my brother, as does the Dean, Mrs. Delany, and Miss Chapone. I know your way of living at Oxford must require a little prudence to make matters do, and I do not doubt your managing as well as you can. There is

[1] "*Commission*"—to procure a flute.

no situation in life that does not require some management, and if people do not keep an exact account of their expenses, they will want money, and be as easily ruined with a thousand pound a year as with thirty!

Mr. John Mordaunt is come to town, and is going to live with his brother at Islington. Do you go to Welsbourn when my brother Court does? You are very good in writing upon folio paper.

M. DEWES.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

MY DEAR MISS DEWES, Colegreen, May 10th, 1763.

I give you many thanks for your obliging inquiry after me. My cold still hangs upon me. I never had one that lasted so long, and the weather is too cold to get rid of it.

The country looks green, but the leaves are not all out yet. I found my Lord better than I expected, and flatter myself he is going on in a better way than he has been for some months past. I have wept over poor Lady Molesworth[1] and her children. What a dreadful catastrophe? I did not visit her, but knew her and her eldest daughter very well by sight. 'Tis really too shocking! I shall be more afraid of fire than ever. I wonder it does not happen every night in London.

I conclude you will soon go out of town. I wish you a pleasant summer, though you will have one *bitter draught to swallow*—the parting with Mrs. Delany! I

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[1] Mary, widow of Richard, 3rd Viscount Molesworth, with two of her daughters, Melusina and Mary, were burnt to death at their house in London, 6th May, 1763.

beg my best compliments to her and the Dean, not forgetting Miss Chapone and your brothers. Be assured, my dear Miss Dewes, that I am ever unalterably yours,

G. C. COWPER.

Puff returns your civility. She is at present much affronted at my having taken notice of a kitten my Lord has in his room.

The following letter from Mrs. Delany, at Delville, proves that "the parting" alluded to by Lady Cowper, was on the occasion of Mrs. Delany's return to Ireland, which appears to have been her second visit there after her sister's death.

The death of Lady Molesworth and her daughters, were only three out of the ten lives sacrificed by one of the most dreadful fires recorded in the last century. The fire occurred in Lady Molesworth's house in Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, which was entirely consumed, with all the furniture. Captain Usher, the brother of Lady Molesworth, and four or five servants perished in the flames, besides herself and her second and third daughters.

Lady Molesworth threw down a feather-bed as soon as she discovered the danger, and insisted on her eldest daughter of eighteen throwing herself upon it out of the window, calmly assisting her in so doing; after which she was observed, by a person in an opposite window, to sink down at once as if suffocated by the smoke of the room. The young lady broke her leg. Dr. Coote Molesworth and his wife were on a visit to Lady Molesworth, and the latter, after being much scorched, threw herself from a two pair of stairs window into the garden and was dreadfully bruised. Dr. Molesworth hung by his hands till a ladder was brought to him; Lord Molesworth, then thirteen years of age (the only son), had been sent back to school the night before to make room for the visitors. Lady Molesworth's fourth and fifth

A Buske Delin.t Aug.t 1754.

A View of Delville from beyond the Ever-Green Grove.

daughters jumped out of a garret window; the first broke her thigh, and the latter was terribly bruised. The governess threw herself out of the nursery window and was killed on the spot. One of the footmen jumped out of a two pair of stairs window, fell upon the iron spikes, and died in two or three days. The King (George III.), as soon as he heard of this misfortune, sent the three Miss Molesworths who survived a liberal present, ordered a house to be taken and furnished for them at his own expense, and making an addition to the pension which their mother had formerly enjoyed, settled it upon them.

Mrs. Delany to her brother, Bernard Granville, Esq., at Calwich.

Delville, June 20, 1763.

I should have written last post to have told my dear brother we all continued well after our late fatigues, but the hurry of unpacking, and the kind welcomes of our friends here, would not allow me a quarter of an hour to write. I snatch an early hour to-day (*seven o'clock*) to make you a visit, and hope you continue to find your good effects of the Bath, and will have no occasion to try foreign baths; but should you have any return, or find the weakness of your wrist continue, hope you will break from the charms of Calwich and take the best care you can of your health.

The Dean has been much revived by the enjoyment of his favourite Delville, which indeed looks very pretty and smells very sweet. Hay is making under my closet window in the lawn, and some improvements have been made that answer very well. I thank God I am very well, but not quite as ready a walker, except on plain ground; however, I can creep round my garden, resting between whiles, and I gather strength every day. I have

seen all the Hamiltons and Forths, and find them pretty well. I am very happy in having Mrs. H. Hamilton a mile nearer than when I left Ireland. Miss Chapone is still low and weak, but I hope a little quiet will recover her. I believe I told you Mr. Sandford luckily met the Archbishop of Tuam at Park Gate, and was instituted or collated (I don't know the proper term) in due form, and yesterday took the oaths—goes in a few days to see his glebe and house, and to attend the visitation.

Lady Anne Jekyll[1] has two geese ready whenever she knows how to send them to you—not young ones, as she finds they won't do.

The mention of Miss Chapone proves that Mrs. Delany still continued her regard for her, as well as her active interest about Mr. Sandford, but the deadened tone which pervades the present letter is a great contrast to her former style, and shows that two years had not restored her spirits, though nothing could destroy her resigned submission to the loss of her sister.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

I make no doubt of your employing your time well, and like the provident ant, that you will work in the spring and summer of your life for your support in the winter. You cannot have too many *innocent* amusements, provided you do *not neglect* what is essential to learn; and indeed an ingenious mind will always find most entertainment from those employments that improve it. All human creatures have a natural inclination to knowledge, which is generally called curiosity, and if

[1] Lady Ann Jekyll, daughter of George Montague, 1st Earl of Halifax, and wife of Joseph Jekyll, Esq.

rightly directed it will be the means of great improvement to yourself, and make you agreeable and amiable to all your acquaintance. If it turns to mere frivolous curiosity it will lead you astray, and instead of finding you are in the midst of roses and every desirable fruit and flower, you will be entangled amongst briars and nettles, and all sorts of noxious weeds. You will think I am pretending to write a "Spectator" or an "Adventurer." No—but I hope you make them very much your study, as you will find there what I mean much better expressed. For studies of *still* more consequence I think you cannot neglect what you were so early trained to; and I hope an opportunity may happen of our meeting before the year expires, and then some essential points must be settled, which I am sure you must be very desirous should, though it has not yet come in your way. Our business in this world, my dear, is preparing for another; and in order to make that exchange a happy one we must act up to the name we have taken upon us of Christianity. The rules are plain and easy, if indolence or luxury do not interfere and blind us. And a habit of doing our duty regularly is the best guard against the evils and temptations that beset us, and by accustoming ourselves to that regularity we shall find no manner of difficulty, but rather be uneasy at any omission. This is a long sermon, but you flatter me in saying you *like* to receive any advice from your friends, and are sensible that it can only proceed from true affection.

We found our cottage[1] clean and the garden very sweet,

[1] This phrase, "*our cottage*," seems to indicate that the Dean and Mrs. Delany were not in their former residence in the Deanery of Down, where this letter was evidently written.

I have brought variety of works, and Sally and I saunter abroad a good deal in the cool part of the day, bring home handfuls of wild plants and search for their names and virtues in Hill—but he is not half so intelligible as old Gerard.

Next Tuesday our public days begin, which I hope will leave us free from interruption the rest of the week. I find by a letter from your father that he has had the epidemical disorder, which I suppose delayed his being as soon at Calwich as he designed—very likely you are all together now. I have the satisfaction to hear Bunny is very diligent and behaves himself extremely well—he is very good in writing often to me. You are all very good to me and shall always find me,

Your most affectionate aunt,

And humble servant,

M. DELANY.

I will answer my dear brother Granville's kind addition to your letter the next turn of writing. I shall keep to Saturdays.

All our kind compliments salute you all. Have you got your white lute-string? Anne Dawson has got the things that are for you from Mr. Le Grand.

Mrs. Delany to her brother, Bernard Granville, Esq., at Calwich.

Mount Panther, 29th Aug., 1763.

I hope you had a good day for Dovedale, and that it was not attended by any kind of disappointment. Our weather has been so excessive bad that we have not had two days together without rain. It has broken into all

our little schemes of pleasure, and made us prisoners to *a very bad house*. We have amused ourselves with work and books, and are now not sorry to leave it, and propose setting out to-morrow morning, and hope to be at Delville by dinner on Thursday. Miss Chapone has, I think, found great benefit from sea-bathing and riding. Mr. Sandford has been very well till to-day—that he has an attack of his old disorder, but Delville will set us all to rights. I was much disappointed when I was at Castleward[1] at the weather's being so bad, for it is so fine a situation that I wished much to take some views. Mr. Ward is building a fine house, but the scene about it is so uncommonly fine it is a pity it should not be judiciously laid out. *He* wants taste, and *Lady Anne Ward* is so whimsical that I doubt her judgment. If they do not do *too much* they *can't* spoil the place, for it hath every advantage from Nature that can be desired.

Kind wishes from hence attend my dear brother. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 16th Nov., 1763.

My dearest Mary, I have broken my word, which is what I would never willingly do. I promised to send enclosed in your stuff the pattern of the × stitch, but before I could work it out I had an opportunity of sending the stuff, which I would not lose.

I am very glad to find that the method you have pursued for your health has been so successful, and hope your

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[1] Castle Ward, Strangford, Co. Down, the present residence of Viscount Bangor.

agreeable scheme for Chesterton will be quite pleasant to you. I desire you will never fail to make my compliments in a particular manner to Lord and Lady Willoughby. The year now is so far advanced, and the weather so bad, that I suppose a visit to Calwich will be impracticable till Mr. G. returns from Bath. I cannot but lament the many lonely weeks he has spent without one visit from those that are nearest and dearest to him. I hope you will lay in for making him a visit when he returns from Bath; he cannot otherwise but take it very unkindly, and your obligations are too great to him (without farther consideration) not to show him your earnest desire of paying him every mark of love and regard. I know you cannot determine anything of this kind for yourself, but I make no doubt but your father will be ready to comply with everything that can testify your gratitude to such an uncle.[1] You have had an account of our wedding, and the visit Mrs. Preston[2] made us when she brought Miss Chapone home. She is returned to Swainston and stays there till Christmas. I made your congratulatory compliments, and she desired me to return her best compliments and thanks. What an "*etourdy*" have I been, and have written my letter so awkwardly, the pages are all confusion. I think your judgment very right of "*Lady Julia*," &c. I was so much pleased with the beginning of it, that the conclusion quite provoked me, for I think it spoils the whole. You are raised to the highest admiration of the hero of the piece, who is made worthy and amiable, and then ends his life like a

[1] Mr. Granville was very much attached to his niece, Mary Dewes.

[2] Mary, youngest daughter of the Hon. Henry Hamilton, married, in 1763, the Rev. Nathaniel Preston, of Swainston, county Meath.

Lovelace, and *not one moral* to be drawn from the rash and sad catastrophe! How differently has Mr. Richardson done by his good characters. Every suffering and calamity they endure, are the means of making them noble examples of Christianity, which is not so much as hinted at by the author of Lady J. Mandeville.[1] We are now reading again Mr. Addison's[2] Travels in Italy. I recommend them to you; they are concise, clear, informing, and written in a very agreeable style. If your father has them not, I believe you can borrow them of Sir Charles Mordaunt. You say nothing of your clavicord. I hope you keep up at least the lessons you have learned.[3] I cannot yet find out how to instruct you about the net edging, nor can I find Lady Weymouth's, when I do, and have a frank, I will send it to you. Pray make all our best compliments to Miss Kinnersley, she can inform you better than anybody. Your writing-master found his father recovered. He says it is more in your own power than any masters to write a good hand by *a resolution never to scrawl!* but good English and exact spelling will make amends for a bad hand, and that I am sure you will be particularly careful of, as I find you improve in both kinds.

Love and service from hence. Adieu.

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[1] "Lady Julia Mandeville," a fashionable novel of the day, written by Mrs. Brooks.

[2] "Remarks on several parts of Italy in the years 1701-2-3," by Addison.

[3] "*I hope you keep up at least the lessons you have learned.*" Miss Dewes was said to have played to perfection all the music which she learned under the superintendence of Mrs. Delany and of her uncle, Mr. Granville, of whose opinion she was in great awe, who was one of the best judges of music of the day, and who himself played on the organ and clavicord.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Delville, 14th April, 1764.

If you put your design into execution of leaving Bath, I suppose this letter will salute you in Holles-street, and I hope find you, my dear brother, very well. I rejoice for the pleasure my nephews will have in seeing you, I wish my poor Mary could have her share.

You will also, I suppose, see Miss Viney, who has gone to London with her two friends, full of spirits. Her letter, which informed us of Mrs. Vernon's death, was written in such a manner as to leave no doubt of Miss Chapone being greatly benefited by it, but *thousands* have fallen to *hundreds*, which, though very acceptable, one must feel some sort of disappointment when expectation had been raised so high. Mr. Vernon, the executor, is now in London, and till we hear from him, we are still in the dark as to the sum. A terrible riot in the playhouse last Friday, several people killed. I suppose you will see the Duchess of Portland, but I fear she has not been well, though she said in her last letter she has recovered of a bad cold.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 12th May, 1764.

My last letter ended abruptly, my dearest Mary, and I fully intended writing to you last post, but could not, as you may imagine when I give you a sketch of the week past. We went to Mr. Preston's (Swainston) last Monday, got there by three, had the pleasure of finding

Mrs. Preston as well as any one can be in her condition, agreeable and kind. I had not the pleasure of finding Miss Chapone well at all, and I think not better for her excursion.

Tuesday, after dinner, Mrs. P., Sally and I (the gentlemen were lazy), went to Summer Hill, a place so called in that neighbourhood, belonging to a Mr. Rolly. It is called fine, and in some respects it is so, the situation good. The house large, but not pleasant, and there are a good many trees, a fine lawn before the house, and a pretty wood behind the house, with winding walks, rustic seats, ending in a very pretty menagerie well stored with pheasants. It was late when we got home, Next day spent in walking about Swainston, and contriving works, and hanging a room with Indian paper, which Mrs. Preston is eager about. The weather too bad all Thursday for going abroad, so occupations at home went on, and yesterday we came away, and though sorry to leave our agreeable friend, were not displeased to return to our own Delville that is now in the bloom of beauty. I think the jaunt has done D.D. good. I must go this morning to town to take leave of the Castle grandees, and in the afternoon am invited to a private music at Mr. Bayley's.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 6th Oct., 1764.

According to my promise I shall give my dearest niece an account of our wedding, which I am sure will be a satisfaction to all our kind friends, now assembled at

Calwich. It has been currently reported for some time that Dr. Sandford and Miss Chapone were privately married some months ago, a report which, if it reached the old gentleman's ears, might have been of bad consequence as it must then have been *before* his consent had been obtained; for which reason the Dean thought it best the marriage should *not* be in a very private way, and we prevailed on Mrs. Sandford to admit some of her friends. The Dean of Down desired he might be her father and give her away. Mr. Gustavus Hamilton performed the office. Mrs. Preston could not be here, Mr. Preston was, and Mrs. Gustavus Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, (Mrs. Preston's sister,) and Mr. T. Hamilton's sister were bride maids, Mr. Sackville Hamilton and his brother (the lieutenant) bridemen.[1] This was our company. All met here at eleven; the sun shone bright, and we proceeded in order through the garden to church; when we returned, breakfast was prepared in the drawing room, every countenance cheerful. The Dean gave Dr. Sandford a pair of gold buttons in the morning before he went to church with these lines.

> I'm an emblem of marriage, of two I make one,
> Both useful together, both useless alone.
> Then may yours, like to mine, for ever remain
> A polished, a precious, and permanent chain!

When breakfast was over the company dispersed for a little while, some to different rooms, some to the garden, and breakfast things removed, all met again and music

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[1] The sons of the Hon. Henry Hamilton and Mrs. Delany's "My Mrs. Hamilton" were—1, The Rev. Gustavus Hamilton; 2, Joshua; 3, Sackville, Secretary of State for Ireland; 4, Henry; and 5, Edward: and two daughters—1, Anne; 2, Mary, married to the Rev. Nat. Preston.

took place. I tried and recollected some of my old tunes to set the rest agoing, then the Mr. Hamiltons brought fiddle and flute and played some very pretty sonatas together.

Mrs. G. Hamilton plays very agreeably on the harpsichord, but particularly excels in country dances and minuets, which she plays so distinctly, and in such firm good time that it supplied the place of an excellent fiddler. Dinner at four. Here's my bill of fare:—

Turbot and Soles, remove Ham.
Force meat, &c. 2 Partridges, 2 Grouse.
Pies. Rabbits and Onions. Sweetbreads and crumbs. Salmigundi.
Soup.
Boiled Chicken. Collop Veal and Olives. Pease.
Cream Pudding. Plumb Crocant.
Chine of Mutton. Turkey in Jelly. Hare. Lobster Fricassee.

Desert—Nine things, six of them fruit out of our own garden, and a plate of fine Alpine strawberries.

These particulars may be impertinent, but it is doing as I would be done by; and between real friends no circumstance is ever trivial.

Coffee and tea at seven, one cribbage table in a corner of the room which is pretty large, and three couple of dancers to Mrs. Hamilton's playing. At half an hour after nine the prayer bell rang and we went to chapel, after that a salver with bridal cake ready in the parlour, the coaches at the door and the company went away at ten. We had a quiet supper by ourselves, a party quarée yesterday, and to-day so much company that I have hardly time to add everybody's compliments, and to say,

Adieu.

From the Rev. Lancelot St. Albyn to the Dean of Down at Delville.

REVEREND DOCTOR, Bridgewater, Oct. 12, 1764.

Fully to express my sense of your favour of the 28th of the last month, and of the obligation it hath laid me under, might so nearly resemble flattery, though every word would have the sanction of sincerity (as perhaps there is scarce an expression which would imply the highest esteem that hath not been prostituted by some flatterer), that the fear of offending must force me to an act of self-denial in barely acknowledging the receipt of your letter; and I shall leave you to judge of the value I set on your correspondence by immediately accepting of the permission, which your goodness hath so invitingly given me, of sending you my thoughts on a few passages in the third volume of "Revelation Examined with Candour."

Page 5. In proof that "the honouring of the priest was joined to the sacred observance of the Sabbath, as the condition of distinguished happiness promised by God to his people, by the mouth of his holy prophet Isaiah," you quote the 13th and 14th verses of the 58th chapter of his prophecy, and in a parenthesis you apply the words, "and shalt honour *him*" to the holy one of the Lord; that is (you say), "the minister of God's worship." Now, though I wish that mankind were more generally convinced of the honour that is due to the priesthood, and admit that we of the priesthood ought to be holy *unto* the Lord, yet I am afraid that this passage of Isaiah will not work that conviction, nor prove that "the minister of God's worship" was intended to be expressed by "the holy of the Lord." For I am

inclined to think that, on examining the original, you will not find any words to answer to "the holy of the Lord," but that "honourable" refers to "the delight of the Lord;" *i. e.*, "the Sabbath;" and that instead of "shalt honour *him*," it should be rendered, "shalt honour *it*," to agree with Sabbath.

In page 43, speaking of fire falling from Heaven on the sacrifice of the truly religious, you say, "and indeed Abraham's *first* sacrifice, that we read of, as consumed by fire from Heaven," &c. Now, I cannot find any other instance besides that mentioned, Genesis 15th and 17th, in which fire from Heaven may be supposed to have consumed Abraham's sacrifice. That it was not thus consumed in general, at least that it was not expected by Abraham to be thus consumed, is, I think, evident from his taking fire with him, Genesis 22nd and 6th, when he set out by the express command of God to offer his son for a burnt-offering, when, if ever, it might most reasonably be expected that fire would descend from Heaven to prove the reality of the Divine command.

Page 50, you say, "that they, (*i. e.* letters,) were derived to the world through Abraham can, I think, be little doubted;" and then you immediately add, "forasmuch as the whole world must agree with Sir Isaac Newton, *that there is no instance of letters for writing down sounds being in use before the days of David in any other nation besides the posterity of Abraham.*" Here, sir, I imagine, that what you have brought as a proof of your opinion (you'll pardon my freedom) must entirely overthrow it. For if Abraham was, by any means, acquainted with letters, he would certainly have communicated so useful

a knowledge to his son Isaac—Isaac would certainly have communicated so useful a knowledge to his son Jacob—and Jacob to his sons. In which case Joseph cannot be supposed to have been unacquainted with letters, and if he had known them, it is highly probable he would have communicated them, with his other mighty blessings, to the Egyptians. But say you, "All the world must agree with Sir Isaac Newton," &c., therefore the Egyptians would not be acquainted with letters in the days of Joseph, and therefore the reverse of the chain of reasoning; Joseph could not be—therefore Jacob could not be—therefore Isaac could not be—and therefore Abraham could not be acquainted with letters. As to the Egyptians particularly, indeed, it appears, from another quotation from Sir Isaac, p. 52 and 53, that letters did not begin among them till David's time.

As to what you offer, in page 53, &c., in respect to Abraham's having laws given him by God, and their being called "God's charge, commandments, statutes, and laws"—which, indeed, you only hint, and leave it, as you say, "to your learned and contemplative readers, to inquire and determine for themselves,"—if this, to avoid tautology, be admitted as a proof that Abraham had a written law, and it be likewise admitted that "Dr. Grew hath also clearly proved that *such* laws were given to mankind antecedent to the law of Moses through Adam and Noah,"—then, I think, it will follow that both Noah and Adam had a written law, and, consequently, that Abraham was not the first that had a written law and a knowledge of letters. But, after all, perhaps the words of the sacred historian, Gen. 26 and 5,

are the language of anticipation—no uncommon thing you know, sir, in the writings of Moses.

If I may be allowed to offer my opinion in this case (and I believe I am not the first who hath maintained it), I think it most probable that Moses was the first to whom this important discovery of letters was made, and that this was done on Mount Sinai, at the delivery of the two tables; and that, in this sense, the Decalogue is said to be "written with the finger of God." This opinion, besides that it interferes not with the accounts of Sir Isaac Newton, appears to me to be confirmed by this observation—viz., that before this event on Mount Sinai there is nowhere to be found, as far as I can recollect, through the sacred history, the least mention of, or allusion to, writing or letters.

I can easily admit Isaac's readiness in submitting to be made a burnt-offering, and in this light consider him as a type of Christ: but I cannot think *his carrying of the wood* is any proof of his faith, as you suppose, p. 63. For it is plain from the sacred history, Gen. 22nd, 7th, that Isaac, at the time he carried the word, had not the least conception that he himself was to supply the place of the lamb for a burnt-offering.

As to the difficulty which you mention (p. 111th), arising from "appetite in the brute world being, for the most part, regular in its pursuits, and instinct unerring;" whilst "appetite in the human species is oftentimes vicious and irregular, and reason irregular, and reason erroneous." I am inclined to think it may be dissoluble on the supposition of man being placed here in a state of trial, as preparatory to another state of existence—and the brutes not—and that reason cannot well be supposed

to have been as not erroneous before the fall—even from the circumstance of the fall itself: that the truth is—man was in a state of trial before the fall, and consequently capable of erring; and that after the fall he was, by the mercy of God, in virtue of the redemption by Christ, re-instated in a life of trial, and, consequently, continued to be liable. Indeed, by his fall became more liable to err. If it be said, in answer to this, that "God made man perfect," it is to be answered that such perfection must be relative to the state for which he was created, and cannot be understood to imply an absolute perfection,

These points, I beg leave, with all the deference to your superior judgment, to offer to your re-consideration; not doubting of my remarks on them being received with candour: and as your condesension hath encouraged me to hope for an answer to this, as well as to the business of my former letter, you must give me leave, after expressing my sincere concern for your ill state of health, before I conclude, to join with those who are blessed with an intimacy with you, in praying for a long enjoyment of those great abilities in which your goodness hath now more immediately interested your most obliged humble servant,

LANC^{r}. ST. ALBYN.

Gen. 22. 17.
—— 23. 17—26.
—— 36. 10—11, compare with Job 15. v. 1.

The Editor is indebted to "Notes and Queries" for information relative to the family of the writer of the above letter.

The Rev. Lancelot St. Albyn was connected with the Devon family of that name, who deduce their origin from St. Albine in

Normandy. The manor of Alfoxton, in the county of Somerset, belongs to this family. The Rev. Lancelot St. Albyn was the second son of Lancelot St. Albyn of Nether Stowey. He was educated at Baliol College, Oxford, and was Rector of Paracombe, and Vicar of Wembdon, in the counties of Devon and Somerset. He married Anna Maria, daughter of Henry Selleck, Esq., of Walford, Co. Somerset. On the death of his elder brother's wife, he succeeded to the estates of Alfoxton, and dying without issue, on Jan 22, 1791, and being the last of his family in the male line, he bequeathed his estates, on the death of his wife, which took place July 1, 1803, to the elder son (when he should attain the age of twenty-one years) of his nephew, St. Albyn Gravenor, son of his eldest sister, Elizabeth, who married William Gravenor, merchant of Bristol. The seal of Mr. St. Albyn was an ancient coat of arms, with the motto "*Deus meus dux meus.*"

Rev. Lancelot St. Albyn to the Dean of Down.

REVEREND DOCTOR, Bridgewater, Nov. 16, 1764.

A violent nervous complaint in my head, with which I have been many years troubled, and several unavoidable avocations, have deprived me of the pleasure of making that speedy acknowledgment, and giving that well-weighed answer, which your favour of the eleventh of the last month deserves. Indeed, the mortifying, though humane, footing, on which you put the supposed inconsistency of Dr. Spencer,[1] in confining the apostolical decree of abstinence from blood to the *sole* purpose of guarding the new Gentile converts to Christianity from idolatry, and yet being of opinion, with Chrysostom, that blood was prohibited to the sons of Noah, as the practice of eating it tends to cruelty, naturally makes one diffident of one's own opinion; and at the same

[1] Dr. John Spencer, Dean of Ely.

time, that tenderness with which you treat what you look on as a mistake in another, encourages one to propose whatever has the appearance of truth. I shall, therefore, without any further apology, or introduction, proceed first to consider your reasons for differing from Dr. Spencer, and shall then endeavour to support his opinion; which, after the best attention I can give to your reflections, I must say, still appears to me to have truth on its side.

Your first observation, on the connecting particle being prefixed to each article in the apostolical decree, would carry great weight with it, had the expression "pollutions of idols" been left at large in its most comprehensive sense. But the apostles themselves, have explained the meaning, and restrain the sense of pollutions of idols in such a manner as to make it impossible for St. James to have said, as you would expect, "that they abstain from pollutions of idols, that is to say fornication, blood, and things strangled;" even though his intention was the very same, as Dr. Spencer supposes it to have been. For the first of these, viz. fornication, could not possibly be ranged under the general expression "pollutions of idols," when understood in the sense of "meats offered to idols." But if the apostles' intention was to guard the heathen converts from the temptations to, and suspicions of idolatry, as well as from the vice itself, the prohibition only of all meat in general offered to idols, as such, would not have answered his purpose. For that vice, which the grand author of idolatry had so artfully given a kind of sanction to, by making it a religious rite, made it necessary for the apostle, when guarding against idolatry, to stigmatize

that temptation to it with the forbidding character of sin: and the received opinion of the intention which the general practice of the heathen world had established in eating blood, made the eating it naturally lead to a suspicion of the eater's being an idolater: if it was, then, the intention of the apostle to forbid the three last articles, as being either incitements to, or concomitants of, that sin, the connecting particle was, in that case, proper, and necessary. So that the connecting particles, so far from overthrowing Dr. Spencer's construction, rather tend to the confirmation of it; and the connection between the different articles of this decree is by this construction, and (with due deference to superior judgments) be it spoken, by this construction *only*, satisfactorily made out: and farther, I think, a somewhat similar question to that with which you so successfully pressed the patrons of the opinion, that the design of the apostolical decree was merely to avoid giving offence to the Jews, may with propriety be here turned against you. How come these four prohibitions, and these four only, to be selected out of the law of God, and joined together in this decree? The proper answer, as I trust, will be given to this question in the sequel.

As to the inconsistency, which you imagine Dr. Spencer to have been guilty of, in confining the apostolical decree to the *sole* purpose of guarding the new Gentile converts to Christianity from idolatry, and at the same time allowing that blood was prohibited to the sons of Noah, because the practice naturally tended to induce cruelty, first to the creatures, and consequently to mankind, I must beg leave to say, I cannot see the least inconsistency in this. May not even the same command,

or prohibition, delivered either by the same, or different persons, at different times, and under a different situation of things or circumstances, be delivered with different intentions, and for different purposes? I freely own, I am clearly of opinion that the Divine intention in the prohibition of blood to Noah was principally intended to prevent cruelty, and its natural consequence, murder: but then I cannot see, that it follows from thence, that the Divine intention must be the same in every subsequent prohibition of blood. It is from the circumstances of the time of the prohibition, and the manner in which it was delivered, that we collect the Divine intention in it; and in the same manner we are to collect the Divine intention in every other prohibition of it: accordingly we find, the reason of its being prohibited under the law, Lev. 17, was to preserve the Jews from idolatry, we in the same manner deduce the nature of the apostolical decree respecting blood, &c. to be. But that this was the *sole* intention of the decree, is the point you cannot admit. This, however, will be the subject of a future inquiry.

As for any good uses that might be made of the observance of the decree, either to refute that calumny raised by the heathens against the Christians, of sacrificing their children and drinking their blood, I think they cannot affect the point in question, unless it be made to appear that the apostles had such uses in their contemplation when they made the decree; for the single question is,—what was the intention of the apostles in their decree.

Neither can I think that the prudential use which might at first, or at any time since, be made of the decree in avoiding offence to the Jews, or to any others,

was any part of the apostles' intention in making it; and little should I have expected a construction of Acts 15 and 21 in favour of that opinion from the author of "Revelation Examined with Candour," vol. 2, pp. 48 and 49. However it may with the greatest reason be said, that no man is obliged for ever to abide by what he has once thought or written; but I should be glad to know the reasons of the alteration of your sense of this passage. For my part, as I cannot see anything in the decree itself, or any part of the sacred history immediately preceding or following it, as savouring in the least of any intention to avoid giving offence to the Jews, I look on your former construction to be the true one; to which, if you please, you may add the reason why, if this was the apostles' intention, they had not prohibited likewise the eating of creatures distinguished by the law of Moses as unclean, which I apprehend was one very great rock of offence from the Christians, as well as the heathens, to the Jews. I must beg leave to add that I think your zeal for the apostolical decree carried you too far in asserting that "this prohibition necessarily extended to the very existence of the Christian religion, and that it would otherwise have been cut off in its infancy." Certainly this gracious scheme was unalterably fixed in the eternal decrees of the Divine will; and I am well satisfied that all the opposition which the greatest malice of the Jews, nay all mankind, and even the powers of darkness themselves, could have raised, would not have been able to have prevailed against it so as to cut it off.

With respect to the law of nature, I have heard much of the "state of nature," "the law of nature," and "the reli-

gion" of nature, but I am strongly inclined to believe there *never was* a state of nature (in the usual sense of that phrase) in which man was left to the *sole* direction of his reason, without the least assistance from any Divine revelation. It is an easy matter to delineate a very plausible religion of nature from the dictates of human reason, improved by the discoveries of the several Divine revelations, which have been made to mankind. But were any one to be confined in such a work to the notions and practices of those who may be supposed to have received the least assistance from thence, their law of nature would prove to be very vague and uncertain, and their list of moral duties *very short* for which reasons those arguments which derive their force from any supposed law of nature, as such, have little effect on me.

Thus much I have taken the liberty—without offence, I hope—to observe, in answer to your reflections on Dr. Spencer, and should now proceed to endeavour a further support of his opinion, but I have found by experience, that increasing the size of my packet would greatly increase the charge at the post office, and shall therefore make it another letter; so here I shall for the present take my leave of you by assuring you that I am, with the greatest regard,

Your most obliged humble servant,

LANCELOT ST. ALBYN.[1]

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[1] The Editor is aware that this letter and the preceding one may not be entertaining to general readers, but they are interesting to those who wish to have a specimen of the epistolary discussions then carried on between the Divines of the last century; and there is one remarkable superiority which may be observed in these letters by comparison with those of the present time —the writers wrote for *each other*, and *not* for the world; they were really

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Court Dewes.

Delville, 7th Dec. 1764.

I should long ago have saluted you at Oxford, where I suppose you now are, my dear nephew, but company that was in the house with me took up my time so much as to allow me little leisure. I hope this will find you well in the midst of your studies, and shall be glad, when an idle hour comes in your way, to have the pleasure of hearing from you, though the dulness, I fear, of my letter will be small encouragement, for what can a quiet fire-side produce that can entertain a sprightly Oxonian? I can give you some satisfaction I am sure in a good account of the health of your friends here, and an assurance of their sincere affection for you.

Do you go to Welsbourne this winter, and when? By this time I suppose your sister is returned thither, as my brother wrote me word his health obliged him to go to the Bath, and that Mary was then to go home. I can send you no news from hence. The season of the year confines us at home pretty much, and the badness of the weather cools the courage of our visitors, who would otherwise afford us more tittle tattle than we can now pick up. The Primate's unexpected recovery has caused very different emotions; among his intimates great joy, the contrary to those who were in expectation of succeeding him. I, *who feel* family attachments very powerfully, am glad he is well again, though as a Prelate

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interested in the subject they discussed, and full of zeal in their endeavour to arrive at a right solution, and this state of mind produced clear and earnest language, devoid of affectation and entirely free from all canting phrascology.

and a Prime Minister, perhaps *he might* have done better, but that is *not certain*. Plays and burlettas are much in vogue, and are liked and disliked according to the various humours of their audience. I have, as it is time, given up all public hurley-burleys, but enjoy the recital of them very well.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, Dec. 29, 1764.

Cold as I am, and hungry for want of letters, three packets being due (and not having heard for three before that), I must write to my dear Mary lest a longer silence should give her pain, which willingly she shall never feel from me. Many happy years to you, my dear child, and pray make my wishes for the same to your father and brothers, with those of all your friends here. I hope you and my brother kept to your intended time of leaving Calwich, as I think the weather was better then than it has proved since; at this time the winds are piercing cold, but a gleam of sunshine has just broken out, and gives hope of a favourable change.

I have directed two letters at a hazard to Bath. The Dean complains a good deal of his usual pain, but is rather in better spirits than when I last wrote.

Dr. Sandford has better health than ever I knew him have. I wish I could say as much of our dear Mrs. Sandford, but hope hers will mend; her most affectionate compliments attend you; that she does not write is not owing to the want of the sincerest regard to you, but it has been absolute inability.

Mrs. Marley is going to marry her daughter to Sir

Richard Wolseley's[1] eldest son: not an agreeable man, but *has* a good character, and the young lady makes no objection at present. Their income will be £800 a year after Sir Richard's death, two thousand her fortune at present, five thousand pounds and after an aunt's death £800 a year estate. Lord Shannon[2] died yesterday morning of the gout in his stomach; and they say the Primate has relapsed; this will cause some *emotion* in *our body politic.*

Mrs. Hamilton is extremely uneasy at not having heard from Mr. James Hamilton; she sent him a note of consequence a great while ago, which, as well as on the account of his health, makes her anxious to hear from him; his sister is quite unhappy at his not writing. I beg your brother will be so good to make some inquiry, and give some account of him soon.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 21st Jan. 1765.

Your consoling reflections, my dear Mary, are such as alone can make us go through the trials of life. Patience and resignation to the allwise and gracious Disposer of all things is absolutely our duty, and surely the best means of mitigating pain and sorrow, while *repining, desponding, and fretfulness*, are the sure means of aggravating every distress. I never pray more earnestly for any blessing on myself than for *contentment!* the most

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[1] Dec. 29, 1764, Richard, eldest son of Sir Richard Wolseley, of Mount Arran, Co. Carlow, married Letitia, only daughter of Anthony Morley, Esq. of Celbridge.

[2] Henry Boyle, 1st Earl of Shannon, died 28th Dec., 1764.

affluent and splendid situation without it is *poverty*, and *with it* the most moderate fortune *riches!* But contentment cannot come if we have reason to reproach ourselves with an improper or wrong conduct, if we avoid self-condemnation the task will be easy, and I congratulate you, my dearest niece, on having had such a command of yourself, as must always be a satisfaction to you; you know the worth of the friends you are already possessed of, and *when* you add one to the number that must be dearer to you than all the rest, I hope it will be such a one as will make you truly happy and do you honour, but on such occasions we must always *distrust* our *own* partiality, and call those in to our assistance whose affection for us must make them consider our real happiness, and whose judgments are unprejudiced. Our dear Mrs. Sandford is mortified to the last degree at not having been able to write to you.

[The end of this letter is missing.]

Letter from Dr. Young[1] *to a Friend, (in the handwriting of Mrs. Delany).*

MY DEAR DEAR SIR,

Your pain is your glory; it is not from weakness, but virtue. What a monster is man without a tender and feeling heart! how unlike his most dear and blessed Redeemer! over his dead friend Jesus wept!

Nor is this stroke of heart more a misfortune than a mercy to you. From endowments of nature and fortune what strong temptations have you to be fond of this world, and how could divine paternal tenderness more

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[1] Dr. Edward Young, died April 12, 1765.

powerfully caution you against it than by what has happened.

As for the deceased, what Christian does not admire his behaviour in his last hour and piously envy his release! In one word, God is love, and does nothing but to bring our hearts to himself; and I am of opinion that there *never* was any human heart entirely his which has been *un*wounded by *some* distress! this considered (and with the additional weight which your own excellent thoughts must naturally give it) will inspire resignation, and real resignation must for ever be accompanied with a degree of joy, considering what a friend it makes for us in lieu of the dearest we can possibly lose.

That this joy may fill your and your very worthy parents' hearts is the warmest wish and earnest prayer of, dear sir, your and their

Truly affectionate and obedient

Humble servant.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 12th March, 1765.

My dear Mary, are *you* really a chess player? Why, it seems as extraordinary as if our Prime Minister was to dance a jig! Not that I question your ingenuity, which I am sure is equal to the task, but it requires the sobriety of threescore rather than *nineteen*. Don't imagine I mean to ridicule your acquisition of this game, which I admire you for learning, and is an excellent school for keeping the thoughts steady, and therefore sometimes very useful. I hope now I have named *nineteen*, that though I did not write to you particularly on that day,

that you do not think I was wanting in affectionate wishes, and I may say prayers, for your enjoying many years of felicity; for bad as this world is, it has its felicities, especially when the hopes of future happiness is the chief point we aim at; indeed our *in*felicities are often of our own creating, by expectations that are *too high*, or by acting *too meanly!* The first is not so desperate a case as the latter, as time will show the fallacy of unreasonable expectations; but *that of not acting up to our own dignity* is doing ourselves an *irreparable injury*. I am sure, my dear Mary, you know how to distinguish between a proper respect for ourselves, and pride. Whatever expands (if I may use that expression) our virtues, amongst which I rank *humility*, is keeping up our dignity, and giving us that consequence which we should most wish for. Pride is detestable, as it is productive of a train of ills. You may shine at a ball, be as well dressed as anybody, and by a *proper* and *prudent* behaviour give and receive pleasure, without the least imputation of pride; and you may visit your poor neighbours, and with your own hands bestow every comfort, without the imputation of meanness, but quite the contrary when it is done with true Christian benevolence, but if your charity is bestowed with ostentation and arrogance, you then are *proud*,—if you are *affected* and *impertinent* in your behaviour at a ball, you *then are mean*. I congratulate you on the happy disposition, that leads you to *contentment*. Cherish it as the means of more certain happiness than any other inclination can give; *'tis the true cordial drop!*

I am sorry you are so sanguine about August, as the uncertainty of our English journey is so great; but de-

lighted with the pleasure you express on the hopes of seeing us. The Dean much obliged by it, but he sighed heavily, without making any other answer than that he "wished to be able to gratify us all."

We have had the coldest winter I think I ever remember in Ireland, and several of my finest myrtles cruelly nipt by it; and the spring in general very backward. I am going as soon as the frost will permit me to plant some more shrubs, and happy should I be could my dear Mary accompany me through the windings and shade of my small improvements, and partake of all my rural pleasures, such as I know she delights in. Your letter to Lady Cowper was in very tolerable time. I had a very obliging and sprightly one from her last post. She mentions you with her usual kindness.

I am very sorry Mrs. Mead's health is in so indifferent a state. Pray make my kind compliments to her, those of this house attend you. Mrs. M. Forth has been with us above a month. She leaves us next Saturday, and with regret we shall part with her, for under the circumstance of constant bad health she has uncommon cheerfulness and good humour; her good sense is superior to most people's, which she has improved to great advantage. She is indeed a most useful friend and desirable companion. On Wednesday se'night we expect Mr. and Mrs. Preston to stay some days with us. Fanny Williams comes to town to-day. She has had an obstinate disorder, which is somewhat abated; but she does not like Ireland and wishes to go home. I will take care and send her in the best manner I can. I trust you will be so good as to send her mother word of it.

You have raised a curiosity in me about Mr. J. H.

If you have heard anything about him, you may safely communicate it to me.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 27th April, 1765.

You are very good and kind, my dear Lady Andover, and without such a support as an assurance that I am not forgotten by my much valued friends in England, I could not well support so tedious an absence as I have already undergone and am still likely to endure, for D.D. has such frequent returns of his disorder that he can hardly bear going out at all. I thank God it is not in any degree alarming, as they assure me he is in no danger of any bad consequence, but *constant pain,* though slight, is *very dispiriting!*

I am impatient till I hear again from your Ladyship, though I hope by the account you gave me of Miss F. Howard's cough, that she has now no remains of it; the present soft weather will be one of the best means of curing it.

How good! how like herself was our most dear friend's carrying Lady Carlisle[1] down to Bulstrode, at a time when it must have been shocking to her to have been in town? I am glad the sad affair has ended to her satisfaction.

I am afraid the death of Dr. Young touched the Duchess of Portland. Her tenderness for her friends is unalterable. But such an event has little to be lamented

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[1] "*Lady Carlisle.*" Isabella, daughter of William, 4th Lord Byron, and widow of Henry, 4th Earl of Carlisle. Her brother Lord Byron's trial by his Peers, for killing Mr. Chaworth in a duel, took place during the month of April, 1765.

for one so prepared for everlasting happiness; and yet *self* will so far prevail as to make us consider our own immediate loss and not what our friend gains.

I was surprized with an account of Mrs. Southwell's[1] death,—surely it was sudden? All I heard about it was in the newspapers. The only articles I look for in the papers are Marriages, Deaths, the Conjuror, and the French Wild Beast! But I only read them *like a tale*, giving no credit till confirmed by a better hand.

The month of May will make your Ladyship pine after your fragrant hill—but Manzoli,[2] Almacks,[3] and the long &c. of diversions, surely have attractions enough to keep you some time longer in their way—not indeed for your own enjoyment, but to indulge Miss F. Howard, who may very reasonably wish to have her share. Your attractions are of another nature, and somewhat more powerful in Duke Street and Whitehall.

I beg your Ladyship will tell me something about *the Conjuror*. I suppose a *second* Duncomb Campbell—a frenzy that reigned before you were born.

M. DELANY.

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[1] "*Mrs. Southwell.*" Catherine, daughter of Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, married E. Southwell, Esq., M.P. for Gloucester. Her son was afterwards the Baron de Clifford. She died April, 1765.

[2] Giovanni Manzoli, a celebrated Italian singer, who came to England in 1764, and remained only one season in London. Dr. Burney says, "Manzoli's voice was the most powerful and voluminous soprano that had been heard on our stage since the time of Farinelli, and his manner of singing was grand and full of dignity."

[3] "*Almacks.*"—Named after the original proprietor. Gilly Williams, writing to George Selwyn, Feb. 22, 1765, mentions that Almacks was then opened with a ten guinea subscription, for which there was a ball and supper once a week for twelve weeks. He adds, "Almacks' Scotch face in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady in a sack, making tea and curtseying to the Duchesses."

Duncan Campbell was the son of Archibald Campbell of the Argyll family. His mother was a Laplander with the gift of second sight. Duncan was deaf and dumb. He foretold fortunes from six years old, and was consulted by all ranks. He came to London from Edinburgh in 1694, he was then 14, and was consulted and waited upon by fine ladies till 1702, when he retired till he had spent his fortune, and then he went as a volunteer to Holland, returned to London, and was again the fashion; married a widow (Digby) of good fortune, and lived in Monmouth Court. His life and adventures were written by Defoe when he lived in Exeter Court, Savoy, Strand, in 1720. The Epistle Dedicatory is signed by Duncan Campbell.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 8th June, 1765.

The Dean has been so much out of order with his old complaint, and of consequence my spirits so much affected, that I have avoided writing to my dear Lady Andover till I was a more reasonable creature: I thank God he is rather better; he has given up his house in the Deanary,[1] being unable to bear so long a journey without great inconvenience. The same painful reason puts a stop to an English journey this year—I *dare look no farther!* What this disappointment must be to a heart so much devoted to its friends your Ladyship's can better judge than I can express, flattering myself (as you are among the number of the dearest), sympathy will do that for me I can't do for myself.

By the papers Lord Suffolk succeeds Lord Weymouth as Master of the Horse to the Queen. I hope it has been an agreeable acquisition to you as well as him, and

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[1] This allusion to the house in the Deanery having been given up may account for the former remark on "*our cottage*" and the "*bad house*" they occupied when previously in Co. Down.

beg leave to make my congratulations on the occasion. D.D., Dr. and Mrs. Sandford join with me, in their most respectful compliments to your Ladyship and Miss F. Howard, who I hope is now perfectly well, and that you both enjoy the sweets and shades of the beloved Hill and its pleasing environs, but the very dry season has not been favourable to Flora, her beauties are too much sunburnt.

But, my dear Lady Andover, my heart is full about our Pall Mall friends! The step they are going to take, (I am told by officious tell-tales), is owing to *absolute necessity*; if that is the case, what has not the tender heart *we* are acquainted with suffered on her child's account, and what must *she* have suffered too? I don't hear a word to that purpose from England. My beloved friend says she "wishes to open her heart to me, but prudence will not let her do it by letter." O how I am distressed for her! and how sensibly it makes me feel the impossibility of seeing her this year in England! The story goes that the acceptance of *this employment* was urged on by the great sum of money lost at N. M. to a very great man, and that the coach and horses were seized, and a train of disagreeable things said, which *fire* and *fret* me, and I am ignorant of everything! Your Ladyship may easily think how pleasant and joyful it would be to me to see L. W. here, and what an addition it would be could I flatter myself with being in the minutest circumstance of any consequence to her. You know how difficult a thing it is to come at the *real truth* of anything; and the too great caution of friends not daring to communicate all particulars by letter, keeps me quite in the dark in regard to those I am most anxious about: tho' a

letter not signed, and names not written, hazards very little I should think.

Mrs. Sandford has been returned about a month to Delville, as well as her present circumstances will admit of; next month I hope will relieve her from her present encumbered state. They are still with us, and will remain here till good fortune enables them to settle in a home of their own, which their present income cannot prudently allow of, as hitherto all my efforts have been in vain.

I wish to know your employments, and how drawing and painting goes on,—a little sketch on a card would be reviving! Every token of being remembered is precious, and the only means of supporting so long an absence.

I have lived much in my garden, and that prevents works at home. I am *afraid* to begin with painting; there is a time for all things, and when the sight grows dim I think it is a warning to leave off *without* losing the small credit I may have gained! The warm weather has brought swarms to the garden, and I have seen more company within this fortnight, than for four months past.

Those that will come to me in *all* seasons are most welcome, and I have a few that *never fail me;* and fortunately they are the prime of my acquaintance.

Weddings are going forward, some *wise* some *other wise.* Miss Monck,[1] Lady Bell's daughter, to be married to the Earl of Tyrone, a man of more intrinsic worth than he

[1] Elizabeth—only daughter and heiress of Henry Monk, of Charleville, Esq., and Lady Isabella Bentinck—married, in April, 1769, George de la Poer, 2nd Earl of Tyrone, who was created Marquis of Waterford, 19th August, 1789, and died 3rd Dec., 1800.

appears to be, and she is much commended for good-nature and not wanting sense, among her acquaintance; no beauty between them, but very good fortune. As it will fix them in this country, I think it will be agreeable to *all* parties.

I most impatiently long to hear from you, and am more than I can express,

Your Ladyship's obliged, affectionate, and
Obedient humble servant,
M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 29th June, 1765.

You are far better to me, my dear Lady Andover, than my words can properly acknowledge, but my heart pays you with true affection, and feels for what you have suffered on dear Miss F. Howard's account, praying most earnestly that her health and your happiness may be perfectly restored.

Though your Ladyship's account of the state of affairs in Pall Mall is by no means what one would wish, it is some kind of satisfaction to know *the truth*, and to receive intelligence from those that may be depended on. That magnifying babbler *report* represents everything of an enormous size, and one's own terrors where a friend is concerned helps to aggravate every circumstance. I have been miserable for my *dear friend* and her amiable daughter, and am sure how much soever prudence may seal *their* lips even to their faithfullest friends, that they cannot be ignorant of what is so well known and so much talked of. Were there a hope that the *inveterate dis-*

temper could be checked from making a farther progress, surely they have the means in their own hands of healing the wounds that have been made, especially with the addition they *will have here*.

How the scheme of staying three or four years on *the spot* where all their magnificence *must be kept up* may answer I cannot say, though the circumstance of seeing *her* often would be very delightful to me; but I shall have many mortifications should she not please, which I should not doubt, were her own merit to have justice done to it.

I received last post an account of Mrs. Granville[1] that has shocked me extremely, not having had the least hint given me of her disorder, which I now find is a cancer in her breast, and so far advanced as to give no hope of her recovery. It is a mistaken kindness to conceal the sickness and distresses of absent friends, unless of so slight a nature as to give hopes they may be over without its being known at all—if not, they always are discovered in a more painful way than if a judicious friend gave the account; and as mortality is the lot of every one, and to the good a happy period, a proper warning of what is inevitable, though painful, prepares the mind for that submission and resignation which Christianity demands from us. I cannot help being very anxious till I hear again. Lady Wallingford was so good as to let me know the melancholy situation of poor Mrs. G., and indeed with much caution and kindness; but the information comes very late, when all hope is over. I have had a wonderful reicpe given me for a cancer, with a certain assurance of its extraordinary efficacy, even in the last stage of that dreadful disorder, and could not answer it to myself not

[1] "Mrs. Granville." The Hon. Ann Granville.

to communicate it, but I fear it will not be tried as thinking it too late, or as a quack medicine, which however it is not, but the prescription of a regular physician.

I am ashamed to have worried your Ladyship so much on this subject, but my heart is full of it, and my heart must dictate when I write to such a friend.

The Dean, I thank God, is much better, and able to go a little way in his coach. Mrs. Sandford is drawing near her painful hour, and supporting it with great resolution and composure, though she suffers still a great deal from sickness and faintness. I suppose in less than three weeks she will be in her bed.

We hear now that affairs in London are in a bustle, still unsettled. One of our peers read a letter yesterday he had from thence, to the Dean of Down that by next packet we "should hear of an *entire revolution* in the ministry," and that if that was the case Lord W. would *not* come hither.

It is an age since I heard from the Duchess of Portland. I hear she has schemed some journeys for the summer. Oh! were there no sea between us how I could flatter myself? This leads me to the sad disappointment of not seeing England this year, and it is *too sore* to dwell upon.

Give me, my dearest Lady Andover, the consolation of hearing from you as often as you have a moment you can easily spare; absence without such cordials is insupportable. I am more than I can say,

Your Ladyship's most affectionate,

Obliged, and obedient,

M. D.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes at Welsbourne.

Richmond, Aug. 9th, 1765.

My dear Miss Dewes,

I have been long indebted to you for a most agreeable letter. I can with great truth assure you that it always gives me pleasure to hear from you, but still more to see you, and if Mr. Dewes *would trust* you with me next winter at Richmond, though you might not *gain* any accomplishments, you should not *lose* any; and my equipage should convey you sometimes to your uncle in town, and meet you in London to bring you here, whenever you summon it.

I flatter myself, my dear Miss Dewes, this will not be an unpleasant scheme to you, and if Mr. Dewes chooses to bring you here himself he will be very welcome. Pray deliver this message to him with my best compliments, not forgetting your brother.

Lady Spencer is gone to town to lie-in. My son is soon to be Earl Spencer,[1] offered in the most gracious manner by his Majesty *un*asked, which greatly enhances the value of the dignity.

I have never seen my nieces, the Tollemaches, though they have been for some months past at Ham House! I wish for *their sakes* that all my goddaughters were *like you*, but that is *too much* to expect!

If Mrs. Delany should come into England this autumn, I conclude I must give up all hopes of having you with me, but then I shall at least have the pleasure of seeing

[1] John Spencer, Esq., created Baron and Viscount Spencer, 3rd April, 1761, and Earl of Spencer, 1st Nov., 1765.

you sometimes. Adieu my dear Miss Dewes, may you be ever happy and ever continue to love,

Your affectionate

G. C. COWPER.

Puff is as handsome, and as noisy as ever.

Mrs. Delany writes (1765)—"Miss Smith is settled with her brother[1] in Bloomsbury Square, unless his being married, which he was about six weeks ago to Miss Dance, his cousin, should make her change her mind. Also I was vastly pleased with Lord Spencer, for the handsome present he made Lady Cowper of a fine house at Richmond, ready furnished, that cost him £6000. I hope he and Lady Spencer enjoy better health than they did before they went abroad. There are few such noble and generous spirits in the world."

Mr. Dewes, of Welsbourne, to his daughter, Miss Dewes.

Welsbourne, 10th Oct., 1765.

DEAR MARY,

As Mrs. Mead writes by this post, I thought proper to enclose a small dab, though I have little to say; as to the news of the place I shall not trouble you much with that, as you will have it from a much better hand. I am as to health much as you left us, only worse as to my hearing. For above a week past we have had very uncomfortable weather of late—wind and rain—which still continues, and has in a great measure put a stop to the intercourse of the neighbourhood. I told you in my last that I thought the party at the Bath knew their interest too well to part with our vicar so soon as he proposed; and so it proved, for his servant and horses returned without him, and he is not come

[1] The "brother" of Miss Smith was probably the sailor, so often mentioned in former years, who was the unsuccessful suitor of Miss Chapone.

yet; but they say he is much mended. I wish it may prove true in the utmost extent of the word.

Our new neighbour, Dr. Bolton, served for him on Sunday last. I had before sent compliments to him, which I was glad of, and on Tuesday last Mr. Loggin called on me, and he and I went together to see the Doctor. He received us very courteously, and seems to be a sociable, agreeable man; he told us that Mr. White's servant, after he had agreed to serve for him on Sunday last, made a bold push at serving for him next Sunday, but the Doctor (who is an entire stranger to Mr. While) having never seen him in his life, desired to be excused, so who he will get then I know not, for he has pretty well tired *all* the neighbourhood! Mr. Loggin says Mr. Holyoak is at his house at Marlton, and has been for about a month past, and goes on much in the same manner he did here, so that I believe he is heartily tired with him, though he does not care to own it. I am afraid the wet weather we have had of late will interrupt your enjoyment of the sweets of Calwich in that perfection you did before, but hope we shall have more fine weather yet before winter sets in upon us. I hope the agreeable amusements of fishing, hunting, music, and cards go on as usual, and that you and all with you are well, and desire my best respects to Mr. Granville and love to yourself and brothers,

And am, your most affectionate,

J. Dewes.

Compliments to all your neighbours. I suppose your brothers will begin to think of returning home soon, but as I find by Mrs. Delany that you go to Lady C.,

and as your uncle is so kind as to think of taking you to London with him next month, I suppose he will give you leave to stay at Calwich till he goes, to which I shall have no objection.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes, at Welsbourne.

Richmond, Oct. 22nd, 1765.

My dear Miss Dewes,

I have just received yours, and cannot defer one moment telling you how glad I shall be to see you. I hope you do not literally intend to make me a "*visit*;" sweet I know it will be, but I desire it may *not* be short. I conclude you will be sat down at your Aunt Delany's in Spring Garden. Let me know what day you will come and my equipage shall meet you to bring you and your *Abigail* here, but I keep my footmen at board wages, so do *not bring one.* The little trunk belonging to the post chaise I will send with it for your clothes, as yours may not fit this carriage. My best compliments to Mr. Dewes, and many thanks for permitting you to come to Richmond.

I am ever, dear Miss Dewes,
Most affectionately yours,
G. C. Cowper.

Mr. Granville to his Niece, Miss Dewes, at the Countess Cowper's.

Calwich, 18th May, 1766.

Dear Madam,

I am and ought to be ashamed to own the receipt of your letter, as I have been so long without returning my thanks. On my first coming home I met with many

interruptions, which has been the occasion of my not writing sooner,—I am not yet quite satisfied which will be the best road for my Lady Cowper to come here, in case she should honour Calwich so far to visit it. As soon as I can depend on the accounts I shall not fail to let you know. I have been told that Chesterfield and Matlock is a better road than Nottingham.

I found all the animals well here: your Nan has a fine black lamb, so that your number is increased to three. I am just come home from Tuckstone—Mrs. Docksey's compliments attend you. My Norbury neighbours have had a sick house, Mrs. Mee and Mrs. Mills are recovered, but Miss Dolly Mills has been taken so ill there that there is great danger she will not recover.

I had a letter last week from Delville—all pretty well. Pray make my best compliments to Lady Cowper, the beauties of her room and situation remain so strong on my mind that it makes all other places appear dull.

When you write to Welsbourne pray make my compliments. Have you heard of Mr. Lucy being returned to Charlcot yet? I saw Mrs. Bromley when I was at London, who inquired much after you.

I imagine you have heard of Miss Kinersley[1] being married. Mr. Port[2] called here yesterday morning. I was sorry to hear Miss Sparrow has not been well lately, but I hope it is not anything dangerous. I cannot add

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[1] Penelope, eldest daughter of Thomas Kynnersley, of Loxley, Co. Stafford, married John Sneyd, of Bishton, Esq.

[2] "*Mr. Port*," of Ilam. Mr. Port's name was previously *Sparrow*, instead of which he took the name of Port on succeeding to the Ilam property of his uncle in Derbyshire. The Sparrows originally belonged to North Wales.

any more now, but my compliments to your brothers, and that you will believe me,

Dear madam,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
B. G.

Could you get me a very pretty little fan to give to Miss Docksey, and some new thing pretty to put about her neck by way of a *ruff* or some such thing. Your brother Bunny may ask Mr. Perkins for money.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 3rd June, 1766.

I rejoice that my dear Lady Andover has exchanged the noise and hurry of London for her sweet Hill! and though the weather has not been favourable to your Ladyship's thorough enjoyment, there are *moments* and *hours* of sunshine in the country *unknown* to the inhabitants of a populous city. We seem to have returned to April, or rather March, and that it is the beginning of an early spring, when, alas, we are entered into our summer month! But with all our murmurs there are many delights, the verdure, the fragrance of the hawthorn, &c., the singing of the birds, and the charming long days.

I am happy to hear Miss F. Howard is so well, and that your ladyship expects the felicity of Lord and Lady Suffolk's[1] company in August. I hope nothing will in-

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[1] Henry Howard, 12th Earl of Suffolk, married, 25th May, 1764, to Mary Constantia, daughter of Robert, Lord Trevor.

tervene to rob my brother of the honour you design him, as I know it will give him the greatest pleasure. And our beloved friend at Bulstrode, I thank God is so well, but she does not feel herself quite well, or she would not go to Buxton.

My spirits have been much sunk by the Dean's having been a good deal out of order, and finding himself too weak to undertake an English journey this year. He is very pressing to me to go without him for a few months, but that is impossible: I should be miserable to leave him.

I have another great care upon my spirits, which is my dear Mrs. Sandford, now at the end of her reckoning of a second child. Increasing cares to one of so delicate a constitution are hard to sustain, and notwithstanding Dr. Sandford's great merit and good recommendations, nothing hath yet been done for him. Political embarrassments turn the stream of preferments into another channel than that of rewarding merit or obliging particular friends—it is happy to be connected with those that are free from such engagements.

I have been told that Lord Donegal[1] has several considerable livings on his estate, and from his Lordship's and Lady Donegal's disposition, favour for those that are truly worthy and unfortunate might be obtained, if such a solicitor as dear Lady Andover would undertake the cause. I am afraid I am very presuming in making such

[1] Arthur, 5th Earl of Donegal, who was created Earl of Belfast and Marquess of Donegal, 27th June, 1791. He married 1st, in 1761, Anne, eldest daughter of James, 5th Duke of Hamilton, by whom he had three sons. The Countess died in 1780, and the Earl married, 2ndly, 24th Oct., 1788, Charlotte, widow of Thomas Moore, Esq.; and 3rdly, 19th Oct., 1790, Barbara, daughter of the Rev. Doctor Luke Godfrey.

a request, and beg if it will in the least embarrass you that it may drop here. I know the great regard and friendship you have for Lady Donegal may make it a tender point, but if it can be done without distressing you, I shall be obliged and made happy beyond expression. Your ladyship is too well acquainted with the *real* merit and *uncommon* misfortunes of Dr. and Mrs. Sandford to make it necessary for me to repeat the particulars of their difficulties and undeserved disappointments. A relief at this critical time would double the blessing which a promise of preferment (as soon as a convenient opportunity offers) would be. I shall be distrest till I know whether your great indulgence can excuse the liberty I have taken, which my anxiety for friends so dear to me has urged me to. May I beg my compliments to Lady Donegal; I must regret the very short stay she made in Ireland. The Dean's best respects and Mrs. Sandford's attend your Ladyship and Miss F. Howard, to whom I desire my affectionate compliments.

I am, madam,

Your ladyship's most obliged, and

Most affectionate and obedient humble servant,

M. DELANY.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, June 27th, 1766.

MY DEAR MISS DEWES,

I have this moment received your *love* letter, and am very glad to hear you got well home.

I cannot express *how much* I miss you and regret your absence, mais vous êtes toujours presente à mon esprit; and I was better than my word on Monday, for I only

promised to think of my dear girl at eight at night, and I thought of her *from morning till night*, and slept very indifferently. The night before I wished to have you come to my bedside in the morning, but feared it would be too attendrissant—but I drank your health in my *nasty draught!*

In the evening came my sister Tweeddale, the little Marquis,[1] and Lady Grace, Lady *Montague* (who *will* have her name spelt so), and Mrs. Clutterbuck.

Tuesday I spent at Wimbledon Park, and met His Majesty between eight and nine in the morning riding in Richmond Park, attended only by two grooms. I stopped my post-chaise, and he was so gracious as to come up and speak to me, and looked very hard at *Henzey*, who was with me—Such a look would have made *your Anne* very happy, though I imagine she would not exchange one of E——'s for it! Wednesday Lady Louisa Manners[2] came here in the morning and I dined at Gifford Lodge, and went in the evening to Hampton Court, and found Lord and Lady Delawarr[3] at home. He as droll as ever. Mrs. Clutterbuck was with me. She dined here yesterday, and in the evening came Lady Howe[4] and her daughter, and Lord John Murray[5]

[1] John, 4th Marquis of Tweeddale, died in 1762, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, George, 5th Marquis, who died a minor in 1770.

[2] Lady Louisa Manners was the eldest daughter of Lionel, Earl of Dysart. She married, in 1765, John Manners, of Grantham Grange, Esq., Co. Lincoln.

[3] John, 2nd Earl Delawarr. He married Mary, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Wynyard, and died 22nd Nov., 1777.

[4] Mary, wife of Richard, 4th Viscount Howe, who for his gallant naval services was created Viscount and Earl Howe. They had three daughters, the eldest, Sophia Charlotte, inherited the Barony of Langar.

[5] Lord John Murray, eldest son (by his second marriage) of John, 1st Duke of Atholl. Lord John was a general officer, and died in 1787, leaving an only daughter, married to Edward Foxlow, Esq., who assumed the surname of Murray.

brought his little girl. Winter is returned; but I still hold my resolution of setting out on Monday morning early. I had wrote thus far yesterday, but Lady Jane Scott[1] came in and prevented me finishing my letter. Lady Weymouth is come before her time and brought two dead boys. Poor Lady Anne Jekyll[2] is dead after a few days illness; she will be a great loss to her daughter. I am getting into a scrawl, it is only Mrs. Delany that can write three or four sides of paper well! but I *must* and I *will* make my best compliments to Mr. Dewes and Mr. Court, not forgetting my *chaplain*.[3] I hope you found your charming Mrs. Mead well, without the usual *remedy!* I imagine myself acquainted with her, but think she must never be acquainted with me after your partial description and *high painting*. The lines at the bottom of your letter are very pretty, but I hope to keep a place for you in heaven, for I *ought* to go first, not from desert, but course of years. I hope we shall meet again in the month of August; and "*is not that an age?*" as Mrs. Woffington said formerly, when Sir Charles H. W. accused her of having seen Mr. Garrick that morning!

Adieu ma très chère, et très aimable fille,

Toute à vous,

G. C. COWPER.

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[1] Lady Jane Scott, eldest daughter of Francis, 2nd Duke of Buccleuch, born 1723, died unmarried in 1777.

[2] Lady Anne Jekyll, sister to the Earl of Halifax, died at Dallington, near Northampton, 20th June, 1766.

[3] "*My chaplain.*" The Rev. John Dewes.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Delville, 3rd July, 1766.

Last Tuesday morning Mrs. Sandford was brought to bed of another fine boy,[1] and though she had kept us in expectation for above a fortnight every day, at last was too quick for the necessary attendants. Thank God she is in a fair way at present; but she gave me no small hurry of the spirits. The same day I received a letter from the Duchess of Portland, with an account of Lady Weymouth's being brought to bed of *two* dead children, which added a little to my flutter, and prevented my writing till to day.

Summer seems to be come in good earnest, and I hope you enjoy every benefit of it. I fancy Lady Weymouth's coming before she was expected may delay the Duchess of Portland's visit to Buxton, but I have not yet heard; I desired she would let you know what time she proposed being at Calwich. The Dean continues pretty well; soon fatigued with any exercise. I can tell you no news; we are at a dead calm after our stormy winter; a little rolling of the waters to a bystander is more amusing than gliding on so smoothly. I seldom go out of the confines of my own garden except to Mrs. Hamilton's now and then, and they are very conveniently settled at the nearest part of Dublin to us;

[1] Daniel Sandford, the second son of the Rev. Daniel Sandford, of Sandford Hall, Shropshire, and his wife Sarah Chapone. He was born at Delville, was a distinguished scholar at Christchurch; and married Frances Catherine Douglas, the daughter of Erskine Douglas, 5th son of Sir Wm. Douglas, of Kilhead of the house of Queensberry. Sir Wm. Douglas's great grandson succeeded to the Marquisate on the death of the last Duke of Queensberry. The Rev. Daniel Sandford became Bishop of Edinburgh in 1808, and died 14th January, 1830.

Summer Hill and Granby Row. I hope *your neighbour Rousseau* entertains you; is he pleased with his own Hermitage? it is romantic enough to satisfy a genius, but not so well suited to a sentimental philosopher as to a cynic, it is *rather too rude*, and I should imagine Calwich *much better* fitted for that purpose! My dear brother, accept of all kind wishes from hence, and so adieu.

Rousseau was at this period living at Wootton, where Mr. Davenport was very kind to him, at which time Mr. Granville also became very intimate with Rousseau.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Durham, July 5, 1766.

I am sure my dear girl will be impatient to hear how I got here. I sat out at six o'clock on Monday morning from sweet Richmond, breakfasted with Lady Frances Bulkeley,[1] delivered your letter to Lady Mary Mordaunt,[2] who was pleased with the caul, dined at Bugden, and lay at Stilton; should have reached Stamford that night, but had tired horses one post; breakfasted there on Tuesday. I did not *climb trees*, but I was very near swimming at Carlton, the waters being out. I asked the post-boy whether the water was deep, he said no, "only a *slap*," but it proved such a "*slap*" as half filled my chaise! I caught up my feet so quick that my shoes were not wet through, but my petticoats were, and I was

[1] Lady Frances Bulkeley was the eldest daughter of Charles Mordaunt, 4th Earl of Peterborough. She married the Rev. Samuel Bulkeley of Hatfield.

[2] Lady Mary Mordaunt, second daughter of Charles, 4th Earl of Peterborough. She succeeded, 1814 (on the death of her half-brother Charles Henry, 5th Earl), to the Barony of Mordaunt of Turvey; and died in 1819.

obliged to sit in them, but was so lucky as not to catch cold. After the water was ladled out of the chaise,[1] I got some dry straw and laid at the bottom of the chaise, which was not dry when I got here, and when I arrived at the next stage got out and had hot napkins pinned to my petticoats *whilst I dined,* and lay at Doncaster that night. At supper the landlord told me "*my lads*" were so much fatigued they were gone to bed, and the next day Cartwright was so knocked up I was forced to treat him with post-chaises for four posts. Mrs. Godwin *I called up* every morning upon the road, though she slept great part of the way, and often tumbled *upon me* in the chaise! I read going up the hills, and was neither fatigued nor sleepy, and arrived here fresh enough for a ball (had not my dancing days been over) by twelve at noon on Thursday. In all my difficulties I remembered you, and thought *it might have been worse,* and was quite a philosopher. I saw at York the Minster and assembly-room, I go to the cathedral twice a day. Without you bring Mr. C. M. with you to Richmond I fear I shall not go often to church there, for I shall think the reader and preacher more humdrum than ever

The Dean (of Durham) is as fond of music as I am, c'est beaucoup dire! Poor Mrs. Cowper is laid up with the gout: Miss Townshend does the honours for her very well.

My best compliments and thanks to your good father, for indulging me with your return to Richmond, where I shall carry you with a *hearty good will.* My compliments also to Mr. Court and Mr. John Dewes. I fear

[1] "*Chaise*" This carriage would now be called a chariot, and was not understood to mean *a hack chaise,* as was the case in the present century.

Mrs. Mead will take an aversion to me for robbing her of you again so soon. Many thanks for your agreeable letter, which Mrs. Cowper delivered to me as soon as I arrived.

I met a gentlewoman upon the road who said I "did *not look* as if I had come so long a journey," and I believe *thought* as your brother did at Richmond.

Durham is a much finer county than I expected, but the town *abominable*. Mrs. Cowper desires her compliments to you, and I am, my dearest girl,

Your affectionate mamma and
Humble servant,
G. C. COWPER.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 15th July, 1766.

I am too much obliged to dear Lady Andover for her letters of the 28th June and 4th of this month, to delay my acknowledgments one moment longer, though I have but a very little time, having had my morning harassed with business. How excessive good your ladyship has been to recommend my petition to Lord Donegal in so kind a manner. I cannot, notwithstanding the cautious answer, give up the cause, and especially as you are so good as to say you will, when an opportunity offers, renew the conversation. I should imagine it impossible to resist what Lady Andover pleaded for, and indeed this is a very extraordinary case, and I think at the same time that it would do honour to the patronized it will to the patron. Much of my own

happiness depends upon it, as *my influence* has drawn them into their present encumbered circumstances, making no doubt at the time that the old gentleman would have allowed them *something* till fortune did better for them; but all my hopes and schemes have hitherto proved abortive, and so ends this lamentation, which I did not design to say a word about when I began my letter, but your goodness I fear makes me very presuming. My dear Mrs. Sandford is going on pretty well, her spirits but indifferent, and mine have suffered from many causes; one of the principal ones, that I must give up *all hopes* of seeing England this year!

The Dean has been greatly afflicted by the unexpected death of a nephew, a young man of very promising hopes, which has greatly sunk him.

The Duchess of Portland wrote me word that she should be very happy to meet your ladyship at Calwich, and I supposed by that it had been settled between you. My brother also impatiently expects and hopes for that honour, and is only concerned that he "shall not be able to entertain you as he ought," but he *will* treat you with a sight of *Monsieur Rousseau*, who is in his neighbourhood.

I long to have you see Calwich, and to know how you like such scenes of nature. Your *Browns*, &c., have had no business there. I fear Lady Weymouth's coming before her time will delay, if not put off the Duchess's visit to Buxton, which I should be sorry for, as I think a month's bathing there might enable her to pass a better winter than the last. I congratulate your ladyship on Lady Suffolk's present circumstances, and hope

most sincerely it will be attended with every felicity can be wished.

I am dear Lady Andover's

Most obliged, affectionate, and obedient

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 19th Aug. 1766.

What can I say to *myself* (for no apology is necessary to your ladyship) for having been so long without writing? I have received my punishment by having, by that seeming neglect, lost one of the greatest pleasures I *now* have a relish for.

Mrs. Sandford has taken up a good deal of my time. A friend confined in a weakly way has a large demand on one's time, and she has recovered but very slowly. I hope she is growing better, but till she has strength enough to use exercise. I do not expect she will gain much health. She begs her best respects and acknowledgments to your ladyship and Miss F. Howard for your goodness in enquiring after her and her two babes.

I have been happy for ten days past in the company of my two eldest nephews. Their father has kindly permitted them to make me a month's visit, and I rout about with them to every place within the compass of a day's journey; and the Dean has exerted himself so much for them that I hope we shall both pass the winter in better health for it. *Three years* has made a great progress in their lives, and I think improvement. Their good sense

simplicity of manners, and excellent principles make me so satisfied with them that I don't feel the least mortified they are not a *foot taller*, and have not the "*bon tons*" at present so much idolized, but they have, I trust, qualities that will make them valuable to their friends and useful in the world. Consider, my dear Lady Andover, *whose* children they are, and how long since I saw them, and forgive this long harangue, which in truth is more natural than polite.

I think at this moment you may be at Calwich, if you have not changed your intention of doing my brother that honour, which I know he has expected with impatience, depending on the Duchess of Portland's fixing the time most convenient. I rejoice in the good weather. The partiality I have for the place and its master make me wish it should appear to the best advantage; and is it possible for me to forbear adding another wish—*vain as it is*—that of being in such a loved society.

The Dean joins with me in respects and every affectionate wish to Elford. I am, more than I can say,

Your ladyship's most

Faithful and obedient, &c.,

M. DELANY.

The Duchess of Portland to Bernard Granville, Esq.

The Duchess of Portland presents her best compliments to Mr. Granville, returns him many thanks for his allowing her to wait on him where she spent her

time so agreeably, and which made her regret her being obliged to stay so short a time. She hopes he is perfectly well, and begs leave to present her compliments to Lady Cowper and to Mr. and Miss Dewes.

She has sent a few plants to Mr. Rousseau, and some specimens; will send the books as soon as she goes to London. She *found* the *great tufted wood vetch* growing upon a high bank, the left-hand of a high sandy hill going from Oakover to Bradley Ash Park. She begs Mr. Granville will make her compliments acceptable to Mr. Rousseau.

Buxton, August 25, 1766.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq., Calwich.

Ce Mardi Matin.

Je crois, Monsieur, la tisanne du médecin espagnol meilleure et plus saine que le bouillon rouge du médecin français; la provision de miel n'en est pas moins bonne, et si les apothicaires fournissoient d'aussi bonnes drogues que vous ils auroient bientôt ma pratique; mais badinage à part, que j'aye avec vous un moment d'explication sérieuse.

Jadis j'aimois avec passion la liberté, l'égalité, et voulant vivre exempt des obligations dont je ne pouvois m'acquitter en pareille monnoye, je me refusois aux cadeaux mêmes de mes amis, ce qui m'a souvent attiré bien des querelles.

Maintenant, j'ai changé de goût, et c'est moins la liberté que la paix que j'aime: je soupire incessamment après elle, je la préfère desormais à tout; je la veux à

tout prix avec mes amis, je la veux même avec mes ennemis s'il est possible. J'ai donc résolu d'endurer désormais des uns tout le bien, et des autres tout le mal qu'ils voudront me faire, sans disputer, sans m'en défendre, et sans leur résister en quelque façon que ce soit. Je me livre à tous pour faire de moi, soit pour, soit contre, entièrement à leur volonté : ils peuvent tout, hors de m'engager dans une dispute, ce qui très-certainement ne m'arrivera plus de mes jours. Vous voyez, Monsieur, d'après cela combien vous avez beau jeu avec moi dans les cadeaux continuels qu'il vous plaît de me faire ; mais il faut tout vous dire ; sans les refuser je n'en serois pas plus reconnoissant que si vous ne m'en faisez aucun. Je vous suis attaché, Monsieur, et je bénis le ciel dans mes misères de la consolation qu'il m'a ménagée en me donnant un voisin tel que vous : mon cœur est plein de l'intérêt que vous voulez bien les supprimer désormais. Vous voilà bien averti, Monsieur ; vous savez comment je pense, et je vous ai parlé très-sérieusement.

Du reste, votre volonté soit faite, et non pas la mienne — vous serez toujours le maître d'en user comme il vous plaira.

Le tems est bien froid pour se mettre en route. Cependant, si vous êtes absolument résolu de partir, recevez tous mes souhaits pour votre bon voyage et pour votre prompt et heureux retour. Quand vous verrez Madame la Duchesse de Portland faites-lui ma cour, je vous supplie ; rassurez-la sur l'état de Mylord Mareschal. Cependant, comme je ne seroi parfaitement rassuré moi-même que quand j'auroi de ses nouvelles, sitôt que j'en auroi reçu j'auroi l'honneur d'en faire part à Madame la Duchesse. Adieu, Monsieur ; derechef bon voyage,

et souvenez-vous quelquefois du pauvre hermite, votre voisin,

ROUSSEAU.

Vous verrez sans doute votre aimable nièce. Je (*the manuscript torn here*) (vous) prie de lui parler quelquefois du captif qu'elle a (*torn*) dans ses chaînes, et qui s'honore de les porter.

The greater part of Rousseau's letters are without date. In the Life of Rousseau, by Lord Brougham, he says, "It is only another instance of Rousseau's inattention to dates that he totally omits the several years passed at Neufchâtel when he speaks of Montmorency as his constant residence, and represents it as such after his visit to England in 1766."

A joint letter from the Countess Cowper and Miss Dewes to Bernard Granville, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Althorpe, Thursday, August 28, 1766.

We arrived here (after a very good journey) a little before eleven this morning—had very good horses and drivers all the way, only at Leicester they gave my Lady Cowper a postilion with one eye, and a horse with three legs, but when he got warm he found a fourth, and the boy drove as well as if he had had two eyes. We got to Market Haverborough at three o'clock, and should have come on to Althorpe last night only the road they said was bad. We saw the old woman (Mrs. Sallis), who is 100 in February; she hears well and appears to have all her senses except seeing. Who should come into the inn at eight o'clock but the Duchess of Portland; she came from Kedlestone that morning, and seemed vastly

glad to meet us; we spent the evening together. She inquired much after you, and desired her compliments. I told her the plants came safe, and that you and Monsieur Rousseau were extremely obliged to her for them, and that I believed the latter intended making his own acknowledgments to her Grace. But I can proceed no further without making *my* acknowledgments to you for all your goodness to me while I was at Calwich, and do me the justice to *think* what a heart filled with gratitude would say could it find proper words to express itself. I beg my kind love to my brother. My Lady Cowper desires to be remembered to him, but designs making her compliments to you herself, which will deprive me of the pleasure of writing a longer letter, but cannot conclude without begging the favour of you to make my best compliments to Monsieur Rousseau, and am, dear sir,

Your most dutiful niece, and obedient servant,

M. DEWES.

I am quite in raptures with Althorpe.

I cannot even trust Miss Dewes to make my acknowledgments for the agreeable days I passed at Calwich. Were I to say *all* I think of that sweet place, and of the proprietor, it might appear like flattery, so I will only add that the charms of the former, and the attentions of the latter, were *not thrown away upon me*, and I shall ever retain a pleasing remembrance of them.

G. C. C.

Mr. Granville introduced Rousseau to the Duchess of Portland, whom Rousseau attended on an expedition to explore the Peak, where the Duchess went in search of wild plants.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 4th Sept., 1766.

How has my dear Lady Andover gratified me in her very obliging account of Calwich and its inhabitants! I am sure you conferred honour and happiness in the visit you made there, and though short it will leave a lasting and pleasing remembrance behind it. I must confess, though with some shame, that I did not fully enjoy my brother's great satisfaction. To have made one of such a society was too desirable not to feel a sensible regret that I was an exile! However I had no small consolation in the company of my two nephews, who have been with me near three weeks, and propose staying ten days or a fortnight longer. I have exerted all my feeble powers to entertain them as well as I could, and am flattered with the delight they seem to take in all the places I have shown them, which for the time have been numerous. My greatest satisfaction is in finding them very sensible and very good, and that they have made a good use of their time. The eldest, who has had many more advantages, I think an *extraordinary* young man, *great* abilities and *great* application; but as to the polish of the world, it has not yet come in their way, but they are naturally *civil* and *unaffected*. The scheme of surprising me with the amendments of Calwich has shut up their mouth. Alas! when may that day come? Feed me with it, therefore, a little, my dear Lady Andover that I may not be quite starved.

I rejoice that our amiable friend has found so much benefit from Buxton, and hope no perplexities will undo what she has gained so dearly, for by all accounts Buxton

is a *shocking place;* but the blessing of health is worth a state of trial.

May I beg to know how she liked my niece? I know the fear of hurting me will keep her from sincerely telling me her opinion if she disapproves; but how can I be of service (to a creature *so dear to me*) at this *distance* if *uninformed* of her manner and behaviour. A hint to her might be of the greatest service, and I should endeavour to do it in such a manner as would not appear like the observation of any particular person. Your sensibility and maternal tenderness will make you feel my meaning and anxiety on so interesting a point, and the *friendship* you honour me with will apologise for an openness of heart—that is the strongest proof of *mine* I can give.

I am glad you have seen *the Rousseau;* he is a genius and a curiosity, and his works extremely ingenious, as I am told, but to young and unstable minds *I believe dangerous,* as under the *guise and pomp of virtue* he does advance very erroneous and unorthodox sentiments; it is *not* the "*bon tons*" who say this, but I am too near the *day of trial* to disturb my mind with fashionable whims. Lady Kildare[1] said she would "offer R. an elegant retreat if *he would educate her children!*" I own I widely differ with her ladyship, and would rather commit that charge to a *downright honest parson,* I mean as far as to religious principles, but perhaps that was a part that did not fall into her scheme at all. You see, my dear Lady Andover, what rust I am gathering by lying by, I wish it may

[1] "Lady Kildare." Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and wife of James, Marquis of Kildare, afterwards created, 26th Nov., 1766, Duke of Leinster.

have the merit of an old coin, and be a testimony of some real value, tho' I feel too much my own insignificance to think that can be the case.—How I have run on! Burn this rig-me-role instantly, I entreat your ladyship. I am *sick* with the account of Swift's last volume! The publisher has *done basely*, for he promised a friend of mine, who insisted on the letters of Mrs. Pendarves being delivered to him, that if any were found they should—It is a serious vexation. Mrs. Sandford is indifferent, and in trouble about her last little boy, who is in a precarious way. Her eldest is indeed a lovely child.

The best respects of Delville salute Elford. I will not suffer my pen to scratch a word more than that I am, madam,

Your ladyship's most affectionate,
And most obedient humble servant,
M. DELANY.

Most of Monsieur Rousseau's works are translated. Did I beg the receipt of the purple paint for water colours? Surely your ladyship cannot be so barbarous as to defer writing a post for want of a frank?

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq., Calwich.

A Wootton ce Vendredi soir.

J'étois, Monsieur, extrêmement inquiet de votre départ mercredi au soir, mais je me rassuroi le jeudi matin, le jugeant absolument impraticable; j'étois bien éloigné de penser même que vous le voulussiez essayer. De grâce, ne faites plus de pareils essais jusqu'à ce que le tems soit

bien remis et le chemin bien battu. Que la neige qui vous retient à Calwich ne laisse-t-elle une gallerie jusqu'à Wootton, j'en ferois souvent la mienne; mais dans l'état où est maintenant cette route, je vous conjure de ne la pas tenter, ou je vous proteste que le lendemain du jour où vous viendrez ici, vous me verrez chez vous quelque tems qu'il fasse. Quelque plaisir que j'aye à vous voir, je ne veux pas le prendre au risque de votre santé.

Je suis très-sensible à votre bon souvenir, je ne vous dis rien de vos envois. Seulement, comme les liqueurs *ne sont point* à mon usage et que je *n'en bois jamais*, vous permettrez que je vous renvoye les deux bouteilles, afin qu'elles ne soient pas perdues. J'enverois chercher du mouton s'il n'y avoit tant de viande à mon garde-manger que je ne sais plus où la mettre. Bon jour, Monsieur, vous parlez toujours d'un pardon dont vous avez plus de besoin que d'envie, puisque vous ne vous corrigez point. Comptez moins sur mon indulgence, mais comptez toujours sur mon plus sincère attachement.

Je remets à Jean, qui va à Ashburn, une réponse pour Lincolnshire, sans savoir pourtant si ma lettre peut aller par la poste d'Ashburn, ou s'il faut l'envoyer par quelque autre voye, et s'il y a quelque chose à payer. Je vous prie de vouloir bien lui donner là-dessus les instructions necessaires.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq., Calwich.

Ce Lundi matin.

Puisque Monsieur Granville m'interdit de lui rendre les visites qu'il me fait au milieu des neiges, il permettra du moins que j'envoye savoir de ses nouvelles, et com-

ment il s'est tiré de ces terribles chemins. J'espère que la neige qui recommence pourra retarder assez son départ pour que je puisse trouver le moment d'aller lui souhaiter un bon voyage. Mais que j'aye ou non le plaisir de le revoir avant qu'il parte, mes plus tendres vœux l'accompagneront toujours.

R.

The Duchess of Portland to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Bulstrode, Sept. 18, 1766.

The Duchess of Portland presents her compliments to Mr. Granville, and should not have so long delayed her thanks to Mr. Granville and M. de Rousseau if she had been able, but she has been laid up with a violent cold, which she has just got rid of. She hopes to hear Mr. Granville is perfectly well, and had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Delany was so last week. She wishes there was anything in this part of the world, *plants, birds,* or *animals,* that would be agreeable to Mr. Granville; to obey his commands would give her the greatest pleasure. She had a most delightful letter from M. Rousseau; she begs Mr. Granville will accept her best acknowledgments, for by the first opportunity she will send the book to Calwich. If Monsieur Rousseau cannot read my letter I must beg you will tell him I have sent him Petiver,[1] in which are several engravings of English plants from Ray.

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1 "*Petiver,*" apothecary to the Charter House, and author of several botanical works.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

1776.

[Part of a letter.]

Now for a word about Monsieur Rousseau, who has gained so much of your admiration. His writings are ingenious, no doubt, and were they weeded from the false and erroneous sentiments that are blended throughout his works (as I have been told), they would be as valuable as they are entertaining. I own I am not a fair disputant on this subject from my own knowledge of his works, as I avoid engaging in books from whose *subtlety* I might perhaps receive some prejudice, and I always take an alarm when *virtue* in *general terms is the idol,* without the support of *religion,* the *only* foundation that can be our security to build upon; that *great plausibility* and *pomp of expression* is deluding, and requires great accuracy of judgment not to be imposed upon by it. I therefore think it the wisest and safest way to avoid those snares that I may not have strength enough to break when once entangled in them. I remember a wise maxim of my Aunt Stanley's when I first came into the great world:—"*avoid putting yourself in danger, fly from temptation, for it is always odds on the tempter's side.*" I had much more to say to you, my dear, but think I have already tried your patience, and I will give you some rest from my reflections, well persuaded your own good sense, with mature consideration, will point out the good, and make you reject the bad as soon as you distinguish them: a *diffidence* of *ourselves,* and knowledge *how weak we really are* through human infirmities will make us cautious not to rely too much on our own

strength. Were you not rejoiced to hear of Miss K. Chapone's marriage with Mr. Boyd?[1] What a providential and great match for her! Besides his having at least £9000 a year, he is an excellent man, and has chosen her on the best principle, that of her being really a valuable woman. This has been for some months in agitation, and at his request kept secret till they were just going to be married. She was very ill, and a good deal perplexed whilst the affair was in agitation, which hindered her writing but seldom even to her sister. We are all pretty well, and send love and good wishes to your dear self and our best respects to Lady Cowper. Adieu my most dear niece. Your brother and Dr. Sandford returned from Swainston very well. Your letter was received with joy, and will be answered soon; hope Lord Spencer is quite well again, and that you did not hurry from Althorp.

Your brothers talk of leaving me the latter end of this month; you may be sure they shall not be suffered to set out in bad weather.

Is not Althorp charming? Oh, the pictures! Pray make my best compliments to Lord and Lady Spencer, and to Mrs. Pointz.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Wootton. Ce Samedi 3.

Je suis fâché, Monsieur, que le tems ni ma santé ne me permettent pas d'aller vous rendre mes devoirs et

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[1] Catherine, second daughter of the Rev. John Chapone, married, 1st Aug., 1766, John Boyd, Esq., who was created a Baronet, 2nd June, 1775.

vous faire mes remercimens aussitôt que je le désirois. Mais en ce moment, extrêmement incommodé, je ne seroi de quelque jours en état de faire ni même de recevoir des visites. Soyez persuadé, Monsieur, je vous prie, que sitôt que mes pieds pourront me porter jusqu'à vous ma volonté m'y conduira. Je vous fais, Monsieur, mes très-humbles salutations.

ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq., Calwich.

Ce Dim : après midy.

J'aurois grand envie, Monsieur, d'aller encore vous gronder, quoique je voye combien cela est inutile, mais le temps ni mon état ne me le permettent pas quant à présent. J'aspire au moment d'aller faire cette promenade pour reprendre un peu de bonne humeur ; car je vous jure, Monsieur, en sincérité de cœur qu'il ne reste de doux momens dans ma vie que ceux que je passe auprès de vous.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Ce Samedi matin.

Rousseau fait ses complimens à Monsieur Granville sur son heureuse arrivée, et ses remercimens sur son bon souvenir et sur son envoi. Il aura l'honneur de le voir le plutôt qu'il lui sera possible, et a en attendant celui de le saluer très-humblement.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 16th Oct., 1766.

Thanks to you, my dearest Mary, for your kind letter of the 30th. of September; it will not now be long before you have the pleasure of seeing your brothers. I am sure they will do me justice and tell you *how often* and *how earnestly* I wished to see you here, though that is needless; you know my heart and how much you possess it. I am happy beyond expression to find the mutual friendship that subsists among you; no friends can be so truly depended upon as relations, (*if they are worthy and sincere,*) their connections the same, and if they have generous and enlarged minds, the happiness of any one communicates itself to the rest. Long may you, my dear niece, enjoy the happiness of such brothers: sensible of each others merit, "*paying and still owing.*" *What a course* of love and friendship does this *recall* to my mind, and *how many* tender pangs it renews! But yet, I cannot retract from wishing you the bliss of such tender friendships for we are to be thankful for blessings we *have* enjoyed, and endeavour (though the task is difficult) to resign them properly, when the *Giver of all good gifts* withdraws them.

My dear niece, don't let my *not* coming to England distress you; I am sensible of your goodness to me, and hope and know you are convinced that it would be a real happiness to me to be in the way of doing you any service. Providence has for the present ordered it otherwise; but I trust your own good heart and principles will make you pass through this life with honour to yourself and your family. You are now with a very sensible,

kind, obliging, and experienced friend, and will, I am sure, make use of every opportunity of improvment that comes in your way; still bearing in view the crown prepared for those who perform their duty in this world; and though I do not recommend any methodistical self-denial of all the good things of the world, I recommend such a *moderate* enjoyment of them as becomes a *rational creature*, and which I am sure is all you wish to do.

If I could get a good tenant for my house for a year I should be glad; I would not let it under two hundred and fifty pounds a year and if taken only for a quarter of a year would not take less than one hundred as it would not be worth my while. Mr. Boyde has desired, if I don't get a tenant for a longer time, that he may have it for January, February, and March. If Lady Cowper had any thoughts of being in town I should have been happy surely in accommodating her *without any terms*. I have got a pound of such knotting thread as I make use of; but if it is too coarse let me know, and I will send you some finer; I can have it of all prices, and think it very good; this is six shillings a pound English. I will send it the first opportunity.

I am glad the Duchess of Queensberry remembered me, pray make my best compliments when you see her, and tell her if she will write to me I will never torment her again; but I sincerely wish to know how she does, and "*if she cares at all for me?*" I shall be impatient to know how Lord Spencer does? don't omit giving me an account whenever you write. I always thought Lady Spencer an amiable woman, and am glad you see her in the same light. Observe that I have twice the number of words in my lines that you have in yours; you would

make an excellent attorney's clerk were you to be paid by the line, but it is not fair unless you bestowed as many pages as they do in their parchments.

The lodging Mrs. Donnellan and I once had at Richmond was out of the town, near the river, a little, neat, single house, but I cannot exactly describe the spot—it was *very pleasant*, the end nearest Ham. The Duchess of Portland says she had the pleasure of meeting you on the road, and hopes to see you at Richmond, for Lady Cowper pressed her very obligingly to come. I believe Mr. G. is very well satisfied with you, though I don't wonder you should sometimes think his behaviour strange; he seems much pleased with Lady Cowper's and your visit. I find he is gone to Scarborough; he owns to me he has not been well, and I can't help being uneasy about him.

Why have you not told us of the man that *tames the bees*, who was at Wimbledon when you were there; pray give a very particular account of him.

Mrs. Delany to Mr.[1] *Bernard Dewes.*

Delville, 16th Oct., 1766.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving my dear Bernard's letter of the 4th instant, the only letter that has come *from Welsbourne* since we parted; though I am sure Court has written, as he promised he would as soon as he got home. You may believe so long a silence could not but give some anxiety, though I acquitted you both of any neglect, but charged it on the post, which I

[1] The word "*Esquire*" was seldom or ever used in the superscriptions of letters of this period unless the person addressed had landed property of his own, independent of his father, to a considerable amount.

am sure will prove the case. I am glad you had the satisfaction of finding your father and brother John well. Mrs. Sandford but so so; she misses you extremely, though her ill health did not permit her to have as much of your company as she wished to have enjoyed. Your friend Dr. Sandford has had a long and severe fit of the asthma, and is still very bad, though he goes about, and is now gone with his wife and Tommy to take the air. Tommy as lovely as when you saw him, and every day increases that pleasure which you so justly observe "must attend the progressive improvement of his understanding;" he can, when he pleases, walk the length of the drawing room, balancing his little arms like a rope-dancer. Danny[1] grows very sprightly, and loses every day something of the golden hue he possessed when you were here, and is a very pretty little babe. As to my own health, I have reason to be very thankful it is so good. Friends in Granby Row and Summer-Hill all pretty well. No end of kind inquiries about you and regrets for your absence. Mr. Edward Hamilton still in Swainston, doing all his good nature dictates to amuse his sister, who is very reasonable, and complies with everything she is desired to do, but still sad at heart, and not as well in health as her friends wish her to be, tho' time, I hope, will befriend her; it is her first loss, and a very tender one. If my nephew John is unwilling to increase his number of friends and well-wishers I give him warning *not* to come to Ireland, for all your friends here are so disposed to a brother of yours that it will be impossible for him to escape the snare.

[1] "*Danny*"—Daniel Sandford, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh.

We breakfasted at the Lucan Cottage last Thursday. Mrs. Sandford went with us; the day unfavourable; but the place and people are pleasant in all weathers. The Perrys[1] are in the county Limerick on a visit.

Lord Bristol[2] does not come till next spring. Revolutions are so frequent that by that time somebody else may be named.

The building has gone on very slowly—disappointment of bricks—but now it is I hope in good train; a letter from Mr. Griffith mentions a long box with two padlocks, and another box, directed, he says, with a *woman's hand,* and he concludes they belong to a Mrs. Blackburne, now in Ireland, and daily expected in London. I think he is too much a "*vellum*" not to be cautious, and will not send them out of the house at a venture; I shall write this post to inform him who they belong to. I have got a beautiful kitten; had it a black nose it would rival the late Kitty of unfortunate memory.

M. Delany.

"*Kitty, of unfortunate memory,*" was a beautiful tortoiseshell-cat, whose portrait from life was painted in oils, by Mrs. Delany, playing with a basket of flowers; the cat was killed by some barbarous boys in London. This picture is in the possession of the Editor, and the inscription under it is "*Kitty Trucidata, 25th Dec.,* 1761, *Ætat 5 Mense.*" The cat is as perfectly represented as if the painter had never studied anything but animals.

[1] "*The Perrys*"—Elizabeth, daughter of John, Lord Knapton, and widow of Robert Hancock, Esq., married, in 1762, Edmund Sexton Pery, Esq., who was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons from 1771 to 1785, when he was created Viscount Pery. He died in 1806.

[2] George William, 2nd Earl of Bristol. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1766, but did not go to Ireland. He died unmarried, 18th March, 1775.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 18th Nov., 1766.

I must congratulate *you*, my dear Lady Andover, on the Duke of Portland's marriage.[1] I think it must be a great addition to the happiness of our excellent friend; and as such give your ladyship true satisfaction. Everybody allows the young lady great merit, and that she is worthy of her present station. In all probability my eyes will never be blessed with *seeing* their happiness, but to *hear* of it will be a felicity to my declining moments!

I have been sadly anxious for some time past for my dear D.D., he has been *very ill*, and reduced very low, which, to a man of his years, must give cruel apprehensions; however, I thank God his good constitution has at present got the better, and he is as well as he has been for some months past.

I have just been writing my letters of congratulation, and my hand feels tired; for my nerves have been more shocked than I thought them capable of, for though my heart *has felt extremè sorrow*, I cannot say my nerves were ever so much affected before. Why should I tell you this? It was unawares. And yet, why should I not? a sigh relieves an oppressed mind, and it is no more than that; and the communications of friendship give that relief which nothing else can; and I must assure dear Lady Andover, after all I have said, that I am well in health, and find my *spirits* returning to their

[1] William Henry Cavendish, 3rd Duke of Portland, married on the 6th of November, 1766, the Lady Dorothy Cavendish, only daughter of William 4th Duke of Devonshire.

usual state tho' *they* have also suffered on poor Mrs. Sandford's account, who has been very near losing one of the best and worthiest of husbands by a violent fit of the asthma; but he is much better.

It is an age since I heard from you; but hope soon for a cheering line, with a happy account of your own health and of those you love. The best respects of Delville salute Elford. I am, more than I can say,

Your ladyship's affectionate and devoted

M. D.

May I beg my compliments to Lady Donegal?

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq., Calwich.

Ce Mardi après midi.

Quoique je sois fort incommodé, Monsieur, depuis deux jours, je n'aurois assurément pas marchandé avec ma santé pour la faveur que vous vouliez me faire, et je me préparois à en profiter ce soir: mais voilà M. Davenport qui m'arrive.

Il a l'honnêteté de venir exprès pour me voir. Vous, Monsieur, qui êtes si plein d'honnêteté vous-même, vous n'approuveriez pas qu'au moment de son arrivée je commençasse par m'éloigner de lui. Je regrette beaucoup l'avantage dont je suis privé; mais du reste je gagneroi peut-être à ne pas me montrer; si vous daignez parler de moi à Madame la Duchesse de Portland avec la même bonté dont vous m'avez donné tant de marques, il vaudra mieux pour moi qu'elle me voye par vos yeux que par les siens, et je me consoleroi par le bien qu'elle pensera de moi de celui que j'auroi perdu moi-même.

Je dois une réponse à un charmant billet, mais l'espoir de la parler me fait différer à la faire. Recevez, Monsieur, je vous supplie, mes très-humbles salutations.

ROUSSEAU.

The Duchess of Portland to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Whitehall, Dec. 26, 1766.

SIR,

You will pardon the liberty I take in troubling you with the enclosed. I was in great hopes to have seen you at Bulstrode or London before this time, and it would have given me great satisfaction in talking over our absent friend who I fear we have little hopes of seeing on this side of the water. I had a letter from her two or three posts ago that I own gives me a good deal of uneasiness, as I find the thought of parting with the house is renewed again. I shall inclose it to you, but must beg you will not give the least hint to her that you have heard anything of it from me. I hope *if* the house is sold the money will be *secured to her*, which I very much fear will not be the case *if* it is in her own power! Pardon this trouble from one who is sincerely attached to a most amiable and valuable friend, to whom I have been under such infinite obligations.

I hope you enjoy your health excepting colds. I have been very well.

I am, Sir,
Your most obliged and obedient servant,
M. CAVENDISH PORTLAND.

I wish I knew how to send you some gold fish: they have been taken out of the pond some time in hopes of your coming to town.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Jan. 4, 1767.

I have had many letters to answer this last week, so deferred thanking my dearest girl for her agreeable letters, keeping her pour la bonne bouche. I am sure you pass your time in a much pleasanter way at home than you do here, so I am the more obliged to you for your company. I shall be greatly disappointed if you should not return with your brothers. Pray be careful not to catch any fresh cold, and dancing is not good for you. If you have any pain remains upon your chest the balsam of Tolu may be too hot for you. I thought of you all New Year's Day. It proved here a stormy night. How did the *Goody's* get home? I conclude they were *merry* with their good cheer. I am at present confined to my house by the ground being covered with snow, for you know I hate *sliding* either for man or beast. I caught the first cold I have had this year at church on Christmas day—the service lasted *three hours and a quarter*; but it was only a "*sniveldom*" and is gone off, but I had a few *extravagancies* with it as usual. I am sure you will be sorry to hear that my fisherman's poor little boy, whom he used to bring to his boat, is dead of the small pox.

The Duchess of Portland has sent me a dozen gold fish great and small, which I have put into the bason in the little garden. Mrs. Jeffreys has bought me a very elegant *shuttle*[1] for two guineas. The General and Mrs. Fitzwilliam[2] talk of staying at Richmond till next month.

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[1] "*A very elegant shuttle,*"—a knotting-shuttle.

[2] The Hon. George Fitzwilliam, son of William, 3rd Earl Fitzwilliam, a general in the army. He died 8th May, 1786.

The Holman family are gone, and the Wynns going. On New Year's day, in the evening Lord Montague[1] came alone, and spent part of the evening with me, a tête-à-tête. I played upon the guitar, and sang to him. He was quite alive I assure you, though "fourscore *struck*" (as the Duchess of Marlborough used to say). I wish we may not be *talked of!* I hope Captain Mead has left his amiable wife free from all *incumbrances*. My compliments to Mr. Dewes and your agreeable brothers. Pray tell poor good Ann, that I wish her a happy new year. I conclude she has passed a merry Christmas with you. Lady Tweeddale is gone to town. What did the Duchess of Guilford[2] die of? Mr. Finch died[3] suddenly on Christmas day. I have mourned for him this week. When the powder mills blew up at Hounslow it shook this house greatly, enough to waken me! it was but six o'clock in the morning. Puff immediately made her retreat under the bed, I am sorry to tell you she has laid aside all your documentations and is as noisy as ever. Adieu my sweet girl. You will at your return find me, as you left me,

Most affectionately yours,

G. C. COWPER.

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[1] John Montague, only son of John, 4th Earl of Cardigan, was created Baron Montagu of Boughton, 8th March, 1762. He died unmarried in the lifetime of his father, in 1770.

[2] Lady Guilford died at her seat in Kent, 17th December, 1766.

[3] Right Hon. Wm. Finch, brother and heir apparent to the Earl of Winchelsea. Died December 25th, 1766. His first wife was Lady Anne Douglas, daughter of James, 2nd Duke of Queensbury, and his second wife, Charlotte, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and sister to Lady Cowper's step-mother.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Jan. 31, 1767.

Many thanks to my dearest girl, for her agreeable letters, and I flatter myself nothing will prevent my having the happiness of seeing her in March, which will make it as pleasant to me as May. I am sorry you could not send up the hair, the motto I fear will be too partial.[1] The locket is done, and I think it is pretty, and I had proposed to have had it conveyed to you on the 22nd of next month. Your brother Bernard (who is all attention), has sent me a catalogue of a sale of fine Japan that is to be next week in the City, but as there is not any scarlet japan amongst it, I will not be tempted. There was here the 24th instant upon the breaking up of the frost a very extraordinary sight, a great body of water that had been pent up by the ice beyond Kingston came down at once and drove all the ice before it with a great noise. Great crowds of people gathered upon the banks of the river, and every body expected to see my boat-house carried away. Gumbrell, with a very melancholy countenance, followed by all his men, came running to see the event, but luckily the upper eight turned the greater body of ice towards the terrace, which it has damaged a good deal, but the repairing that will be a trifle in comparison of the expense of the boat-house.

The ice stopped just below Sir Charles Asgill's[2] and

[1] The "motto" alluded to is "*Sans Egal*," in gold letters round a locket in the Editor's possession, in which is Lady Cowper's hair.

[2] Sir Charles Asgill, Alderman and Sheriff of London, was created a Baronet by King George III., 16th April, 1761. Sir Charles died in 1778.

left the river like a stone-cutter's yard by the heaps of ice; had it gone on with the same violence, they say it must have carried away both Kew and Fulham bridges. Lord and Lady Spencer, and the Dean and Mrs. Cowper, and the Colonel and Miss Townsend, have been here this week. I propose going some morning to town. I wrote last week a long letter to Mrs. Delany. Pray remember what has *been* may *be* again, a word to the wise is enough.

My compliments to Mr. Dewes and my chaplain, if with you. I hope to see him here in March if he comes to town. Adieu, my dear girl; be assured that I am unalterably yours, with the most sincere affection.

C. COWPER.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Feb. 15th, 1767.

My dearest girl's agreeable letters are always very acceptable to me. I am now two in her debt. Lady Mary Mordaunt came here on the 4th instant, she is in very good looks and desires her kind compliments to you. We went last Monday morning to town. I went only to St James's Place. I sent to Lady Tweeddale to desire she would meet me there, but she did not come. Lady Shelburne[1] has the measles, but favourably.

I depend upon your brother John bringing you here in March, and I shall have a spare bed for him. Pray

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[1] William, 2nd Earl of Shelburne and 1st Marquis of Lansdowne, married, 1st 1765, the Lady Sophia Carteret, only daughter of Earl Granville by his second wife, the Lady Sophia Fermor.

bring me some dried lavender and roses, for I propose to new line my pillow chest, and I believe Welsbourne sweets *are sweeter than any other*. I have had my toilet baskets new, and have taken the sweets out of the largest bag you gave me, to which I have added a little Gros damas, and it has been sufficient to line both the baskets. Pray, my dear, have you got my black satin masquerade corset? for I wanted to show it to Lady Mary Mordaunt a few days ago, and Godwin said you had borrowed it. If you have you are very welcome, but I rather think she does not know where she has put it, as she has *other things* to think of. Lady Mary and I have been twice at cards at Mrs. Fitzwilliam's and have had one party at home. We are to go to Mrs. Jeffreys to-morrow. The Earl of Harborough[1] has just wrote to desire Mr. Thirwall's character. I believe he will do very well there, as perhaps he may be allowed to *govern*, which was *not feasible, chez moi*. All the Earls of Harborough have had some defect. This *wants head*. My poor good Miss Chudleigh has had a great loss in her cousin Mr. Merrill, and she is not able to come to me yet. My best compliments to *the best of men*,[2] you will easily guess who I mean. All your Richmond acquaintance are impatient for your return, but no one so much so, as your tender affectionate mamma,

G. C. COWPER.

I forgot to tell you I had the pleasure of your brothers' company at dinner last Friday, they both look well. I offered them a bed, but they said they were obliged to be

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[1] Bennet, 3rd Earl of Harborough.

[2] "*The best of men*," Mr. Dewes.

in town very early yesterday morning. Your brother Court brought me your narrative of Hume and Rousseau's quarrel, and "*Cease thy Anguish,*" which I played at sight. When you write to my *chaplain,*[1] thank him for it, though I hope to thank him myself next month. A very polite excuse came with it finely wrote, and *the music wrote en maître.*

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq.

A Wootton, le 28 Fev., 1767.

Que fait mon bon et aimable voisin? Comment se porte-t-il? J'ai appris avec grand plaisir son heureuse arrivée à Bath malgré le tems affreux qui ont dû traverser son voyage: mais maintenant comment s'y trouve-t-il? La santé, les eaux, les amusemens, comment va tout cela? Vous savez, Monsieur, que rien de ce que vous touche ne peut m'être indifférent; l'attachement que je vous ai voué s'est formé des liens qui sont votre ouvrage: vous vous êtes acquis trop de droits sur moi pour ne m'en avoir pas un peu donné sur vous, et il n'est pas juste que j'ignore ce qui m'intéresse si véritablement. Je devrois aussi vous parler de moi, parce qu'il faut nous rendre compte de votre bien; mais je ne vous dirois toujours que les mêmes choses. Paisible, oisif, souffrant, prenant patience, pestant quelquefois contre le mauvais tems qui m'empêche d'aller autour des rochers furetant des mousses, et contre l'hiver qui retient Calwich désert si longtemps. Amusez-vous, Monsieur, je le desire, mais

[1] "*My chaplain,*"—The Rev. John Dewes, who inherited the Granville taste for music, especially that of Handel.

pas assez pour reculer le tems de votre retour, car ce seroit vous amuser à mes dépens.

Mlle LeVasseur vous demande la permission de vous rendre ici ses devoirs, et nous vous supplions l'un et l'autre d'agréer nos très-humbles salutations.

ROUSSEAU.

Bernard Granville, Esq., to Rousseau.

Monsieur Granville est pénétré de la bonté que Monsieur Rousseau témoigne pour lui dans son lettre. C'est une grande consolation dans ses maux de n'être point oublié par une personne qu'il admire et aime avec la plus grande sincérité.

J. J. Rousseau to the Duchess of Portland.[1]

N'ayant plus de correspondance en Angleterre je suis privé des nouvelles de mon ancien et bon voisin, Monsieur Granville, dont je regretteroi toujours l'aimable société. Que fait aussi, si j'ose, Madame, vous le demander, son aimable nièce, Miss Dewes, dont vous avez voulu bien me donner ci-devant des nouvelles. Elle avait des brebis si jeunes[2] qu'elle doit avoir trouvé bientôt un berger qui fit son bonheur. C'est une récompense que méritait la charité chrétienne avec laquelle elle suportait

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[1] This letter is without the direction, but evidently addressed to the Duchess of Portland, and sent by her to Mr. Granville, who placed it amongst Rousseau's letters to himself.

[2] "*Elle avait des brebis si jeunes*" alluded to the sheep and lambs that Mr. Granville gave his niece, Mary Dewes, and of which she had a little flock at Calwich.

les radotages de son "*vieux berger*," dont le titre n'étoit pas moins inutile pour elle que c'est pour vous celui que vous m'avez permis de porter.[1]

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Ce Samedi soir.

Je suis très-sensible à vos honnêtetés, Monsieur, et à vos cadeaux, et je le serois encore plus s'ils revenoient moins souvent. J'iroi le plustot que le tems me le permettra vous réitérer mes remercimens et mes reproches. Si je pouvois m'entretenir avec votre domestique je lui demanderois des nouvelles de votre santé; mais j'ai lieu de présumer qu'elle continue d'être meilleure. Ainsi soit-il.

J.-J. R.

In the autumn of 1767, Lord Brougham states that Rousseau went to Tyre le Chateau. Howitt, in writing of his visit to Wootton, says that "Calwich Abbey, the beautiful residence of Mr. Granville, stood at a short distance;" he mentions "the attentions paid to Rousseau by Mr. Granville, who acquired a great regard for him," and then makes a very natural mistake in the wrong inference he deduces from apparent presumptive evidence. Howitt alludes to "*the celebrated Mrs. Delany*," and because she was the "*sister of Mr. Granville*," and much regarded by George III. and Queen Charlotte, he concludes she must have been the patroness of Rousseau, and that she was his intimate friend, and that such being the case it was not wonderful that a pension of £100 a year was obtained for him! It does not appear that Mrs. Delany ever saw Rousseau, and her disapproval and dread of the influence of his opinions is very evident in

[1] "*Le titre*," Herbalist to the Duchess of Portland.

her own letters. Howitt also is in error in stating that Mary Cavendish Harley, Duchess of Portland, who wrote to Rousseau, was the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, instead of the *mother-in-law* to Lady Dorothy Cavendish, who married her son, the 3rd Duke of Portland, and Howitt *therefore* concludes that Rousseau also commanded all the Duke of Devonshire's influence.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, March 1, 1767.

I flatter myself this will be the last letter I shall write to my dear girl before I have the happiness of seeing her. I did not forget your birthday, and Lady Mary and I toasted you. I had a party at home on Tuesday last, the usual company, with the addition of Mr. *Maiden*. On Wednesday morning we went to town. It turned out such a *dibble-dabble*, that I only went to my sister Tweeddale. We have had March weather before March came. The old saying is it "comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion," but as it has now come in like the latter, I hope it will go out like the former. (Lady Asgill not well.) I fear your brothers went from Richmond very dry the last time they dined here; for, being accustomed to get up from table as soon as I have dined, I recollected after they were gone that I had done so, and they were too modest to say anything, though the wine was upon the table.

Mr. Lawton (our reader) has married a widow with £100 a-year jointure since you went. Lord Montague says he is much altered since. Lady Mary Mordaunt desires her compliments to you. She has made two moss-roses that really surpassed Miss Mary Holman's,

though they are her coup d'essai. Mr. Merrill has left Miss C. £100. She might have had him for better for worse. She is not yet able to come to me.

Mr. Thirwall has declined taking the E. of H.'s service on account of his folly, which I think shows *his own*, as *his* might have *been there* overlooked.

Compliments, &c.,

G. C. COWPER.

Mrs. Delany to her nephew, the Rev. John Dewes, at Welsbourne.

Delville, 26th March, 1767.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I should not have delayed so long acknowledging the favour of your letter from Welsbourne, dated the 31st January, but that I waited to congratulate you on your having taken orders, which I now do most sincerely, and hope it will not only be the means of honour and happiness to you here, but secure you both in a better world. I must give up my pleasing hopes of seeing you this year, for the still greater satisfaction of your doing what is right; depending on your friendship so far, that when it is proper and convenient for you to make me a visit, you will do it without further invitation. Your father's house cannot be more welcome to you than mine, let my habitation be where it will. The Dean of Down (who desires his kind service and congratulations on the good step you have taken), charges me to assure you the same from him. This day he enters into his 83rd year. I am sorry you could not procure the translation of Monsieur Rousseau's song. Your modest bard need not fear any criticisms here to his disadvantage, nor should

it be seen by anybody else if desired. I have not yet been able to get acquainted with your friend Mr. Berkeley, though a fellow-student and friend of his has undertaken to introduce him, who is a great-nephew of the Dean's, and has almost destroyed himself with study. We are trying to repair the injury his health has received by rest from study, good air, and gentle exercise. He is a very good young man. His name, Luke George. Your brothers know him.

I suppose *Councillor* Court will be at Welsbourne by the time this reaches you.

I am, my dear and reverend nephew,

Your most affectionate and humble servant,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 2nd April, 1767.

I was very happy in receiving my dearest Lady Andover's letter of the 16th March; and my acknowledgments would have flown with the return of the post had not a perverse cold made me unfit for such an indulgence.

I hope Time, that alleviates all sorrows in *some* degree, particularly with young people, will relieve Lord Suffolk's great distress,[1] and his own good understanding will give every assistance in his power; but that is not to be immediately expected, where the heart has been so tenderly concerned.

I am glad the dear little infant[2] is so well, and hope

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[1] On the 23rd of January, 1767, the Countess of Suffolk was delivered of a daughter, and on the 4th of February, 1767, the Countess of Suffolk died.

[2] Lady Maria Howard, daughter of Lord Suffolk by his first wife, Maria

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she will in every respect prove a delight to you. Every stroke your ladyship feels I take my share of, and was much concerned for your loss of so faithful an old friend and servant; but no consolation equals that of a friend's resigning life with Christian fortitude and due resignation!

Can my dear Lady Andover think an apology necessary for opening that heart to me that I admire and love so much? No testimony of friendship is so strong as that of confidence and unreserve; nor can any friend you honour with that distinction set a higher value on it than I do.

If the inoculation scheme takes effect, I most heartily wish success to it. Its great success is a vast encouragement. I am quite in your ladyship's way of thinking about it—that it is too nice a point to give one's opinion either way.

You are so good as to inquire about my inmates. I wish I could say all were well; but I hope I may say all rather better than when I last wrote to Elford. The Dean is apt to be low, and often attacked by his enemy. Yet I must confess I have much more reason to be thankful he is so well, than to repine at his suffering sometimes, which is only in a gentle degree compared to what others suffer from the same complaint. A very disagreeable affair hangs over our heads, and has been *hovering* ever since we came from England—a lawsuit continued with our old persecutors, or rather they with us, disputing our right to the mortgage of £4000 ad-

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Constantia, daughter of Robert, Lord Trevor, born Jan., 1767, and died July, 1775 On the death of her mother, she lived with her grandmother, Lady Andover.

judged to us by the House of Lords, and demanding an additional sum of two thousand pounds never mentioned before. If they carry their point here against us, which will not be strange (though excessive hard), considering who our Lord Chancellor is, we must have another appeal, and the mortification of soliciting and tormenting my friends over again is a thought hardly supportable. I mentioned this some time ago to *our friend*, as I thought its coming on at once might distress her, and appear as if I had a reserve towards her, which, in truth, cannot be, for she knows, and must know, as long as it has any pulsation, what passes in my heart, unless it may be to save her pain. This, truly, is what keeps D.D. so low. I do all I can to make it easy by *concealing* my own fears about it: and at times reason prevails so far as to show me the folly of anxiety for what we can no way help, and cannot be blamed for, and points out *how far our race is run*, and therefore worldly matters should seem trivial.

I am running on as if I was preaching extempore. If it has the same effect, and this letter luckily reaches your ladyship's hands when you are going to bed, it may lull you to sweet repose, which I hope ever awaits your pillow.

Dr. Sandford is now pretty well. The children are well, and seem to console *her* for all her sorrows of body and mind. All join with me in best respects to your ladyship and Miss F. Howard. I am more then I can say,

My dear Lady Andover's, ever obliged,

Affectionate and obedient,

M. Delany.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Delville, 23rd April, 1767.

I was doubly obliged by your last letter, my dearest Mary, though I think part of my obligation is owing to Lady C., who was so good as to make you enclose the pretty basket of flowers which I shall set a great value on, as your performance principally, though it has intrinsic merit. The Dean sends you his best and affectionate compliments, and wishes in return for the kind things you say on his birthday. Mrs. Pointz and Mrs. Collier are very good to remember an old friend at such a distance of time and place, my grateful and kind wishes attend them.

I enjoyed your agreeable surprise of Mr. G. coming to you in St. James's Place, and hope he was as good as his promise in making you a visit at Richmond, and which would be a gratification to himself.

Your extraordinary story of Lord Anglesey[1] would have been astonishing, but that his character is such as to make any strange behaviour of his believed; *how can friends*, (particularly *parents*), so easily agree to marry a daughter without time *to prove* the merit of the person they give her to!—and in general those virtues that principally constitute happiness in the married state are least attended to. A title, a good fortune, an air of the

[1] Arthur, Baron Mountnorris, Baron Altham and Viscount Valentia, claimed the Earldom of Anglesey, as legitimate son of Richard Annesley by his wife Juliana Donovan. His legitimacy was acknowledged, after four years' contest, by the Irish House of Peers, and he took his seat as Viscount Valentia; but the English House of Peers decided against his claim, and refused the writ as Earl of Anglesey. He continued to sit in the Irish House of Parliament as Viscount Valentia, and was created in 1793 Earl of Mountnorris.

world, fantastically called "*the bon ton*," are sufficient pretensions, and virtue, religion, and all the amiable qualities, if thrown into the bargain 'tis very well, but they are too often *not even* enquired after! A poor marriage is a silly, disgraceful, and imprudent thing, and may bring on a life of sorrow and repentance for entering into that state without discretion, but to be united to a worthless wicked man must be attended with such bitter remorse as no advantages of rank or fortune can make amends for.

I think your fancy about taking a gimp round the flowers on the toilet would be pretty, but too much work, nor would it I believe quite answer; I should think your best way would be to put the flowers between two fine catguts, and tack them slightly round the edges, to keep them in their place, with very fine thread or silk, and if with a brush pencil you put a little starch (which is better than gum) on the back of the flowers and leaves when you place them on the catgut that is to be the ground, it would give a stiffness that would be an advantage to the whole: it must be done in a frame, and were you to do it in flounces as mine was done, you would I think be better able to manage it; three flounces would be enough, and they should hang a little full; your largest flowers must be at the bottom. I am sure you will do better than I can direct you, this is only in complaisance with your request, and so with love and best wishes from all here, I end my long recipe for a toilet! We are tolerably well. Dr. S. at his living.

I am ever, my dearest Mary,

Your affectionate and faithful, M. D.

Our best respects to Lady Cowper.

To Bernard Granville, Esq.

The Duchess Dowager of Portland presents her compliments to Mr. Granville, to whom she thinks herself extremely obliged for the favour he did her in going to Bulstrode with her; she hopes he did not increase his cold; she flatters herself that next year she may hope to see him when the spring is more advanced, that Bulstrode may appear in a better light.

She troubles him with her compliments to Mr. Rousseau, and a book, which she hopes will give him more satisfaction than any he has had yet.

She hopes nothing will prevent her waiting on Mr. Granville at Calwich this year, and will take the liberty to write to know if it will be convenient to him.

Mr. Granville to Miss Dewes.

Calwich, 10th May, 1767.

DEAR MADAM,

I thank you for the favour of your letter, and was very glad to hear you were well at Richmond, and desire you will make my best acknowledgments to my Lady Cowper for the honour she does me. You must more likely make your own compliments to Mr. Rousseau, for he left last week, went for London, but I think he proposes making Chiswick the place of his abode for this summer. Mrs. Cowper, Mr. Davenport's housekeeper, behaved in so brutish a manner towards him, that it occasioned his sudden departure from this country —a sad loss to me; I would fain have had him come and stay at Calwich, but could not prevail. If chance

should bring you in his way, tell him how I mourn the loss of such a neighbour, and that I wish all good and pleasant circumstances may attend him wherever he is.

I am glad you have seen the Foleys, and agree with you in thinking the tapestry the finest of their kind that I have seen. Did not you admire the looking-glasses between the windows? the fringe to the window curtains seemed to me to be the best I ever saw, but the tapestry is a constant entertainment, and the *story* a very proper one to admit of variety of expressions.

I heard last post from Delville. If your brother Court is come to town, make my compliments to him, and ask him if he has not in his hands the writings belonging to Mrs. Delany's house in Spring Gardens. Did not you say that you expected Mr. Dewes also. If he is come make my compliments, but if J. is left alone why does not he ride over and make Calwich a visit.

The Mills dined here a few days ago, and desired their compliments to Richmond. I shall make yours the first time I see them again, adieu.

Who was the Duchess of Buccleugh?[1]

I had almost forgot to tell you Tony and Nan were well, but you forgot to enquire after Smut. You have had two fine tup lamps this year; as they could not conveniently be sent, as they are apt to be unruly, I have sold them for half a guinea a piece, so that you may draw for your money when you please!

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of George, Duke of Montagu, married, in 1767, Henry, 3rd Duke of Buccleugh.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Delville, 16th May, 1767.

It is so long since I heard from my dear Lady Andover that I can't live longer without enquiring after her, though I am ill able to write, being just recovered from one of my bad colds; but I cannot delay telling you the present state of our affairs, which though an unpleasant subject I must not withhold from a friend who has always shown me so much kindness and partiality, and suffer report to inform you in an unsatisfactory manner. Our pecuniary adversaries have pursued us ever since the Lords' decree, and have advanced their suit so far before ours that the £3000 and interest and a new demand of £2000, which they can come upon us to pay before we can lay hold of what *they are to pay us*, (that would more than balance accounts,) obliges us to retrench *till matters are accommodated*; and as that is impossible if we live on in this place, we are determined, please God, to visit our English friends this summer and to winter at the Bath. Surely I shall be able to see my dear Lady Andover some way or other. Our route and time of going not yet determined. It has not been in my power yet to break this affair to my dear friend at Whitehall, I have only told her of our going to Bath for D.D.'s health. I have consulted Lady H. Grey[1] whether I shall tell her more before I go to England.

At present *I am* a good deal embarrassed, but if *I can* keep up the Dean's spirits, and he bears the journey and fatiguing voyage pretty well, I shall hope to do very well myself. Leaving my dear Mrs. Sandford at a time when

[1] "Lady Harriet Grey," daughter of the Duchess of Portland, afterwards the Countess of Stamford.

she will want a female friend is also an anxious thought, but she has a better protector, and I hope a few months may give a turn in our favour.

My head will hold out no longer. I am indeed most impatient to know how you do, and those for whom you are dearly concerned, and trust if writing is disagreeable or inconvenient, my kind friend Miss F. Howard will add to the favours I have already received from her.

This house begs best respects to you and yours.

I am my dear Lady Andover's

Most faithful, affectionate, and

Obedient humble servant,

M. DELANY.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes at Calwich.

Warwick Castle, Monday morn. (1767?)

Neither the magnificence of this place nor the attentions I receive can put my dear girls and my Welsbourne friends out of my thoughts, even to the little sweet boy. I was so much agitated at *leaving you* that it made me very nervous and low, and I did not speak above once (and that was upon turning out of the road for a waggon loaded with hay) between this place and Welsbourne. I came under the hour. I hope good Mr. Dewes was not wet in his return home. It rained hard here as soon as he got off his horse.

On Saturday morning Lady Louisa and I took a walk before the rain came, which was at noon, and we could not stir out in the evening, so we had recourse to music. Lady Louisa and I played thorough bass, and we had two violins and a tenor. On Sunday morning at nine

o'clock we had prayers in the chapel, and as Mr. John Dewes was not to preach, I did not go to church. At eleven o'clock the Earl and I took an airing in his post-chaise round the park, which is indeed delightful. A thunder-storm drove us home, and the family of the Wise's dined here. We got a walk round the garden in the evening, and to-day we are to drink tea with them. So far I wrote before breakfast (which *does not* come up to that at Welsbourne, and I drank but one dish of tea), since then Lady Louisa and I have, by walking and the help of a cabriolet, gone all over the park, which is really more beautiful than can be imagined, and upon the whole I think this place surpasses anything I have ever yet seen.

Tuesday morning.

We drank tea yesterday evening at the Priory, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Baggott, (he in a bob.) They dine here to-morrow, and Mr. St. John, a pretty looking man. At night arrived at the Castle Lord Warwick's[1] two youngest sons from Edinburgh, one eighteen, the other sixteen—the latter a beautiful Vandyke. They have been absent almost three years, so your warm heart will easily believe there was great joy at their arrival, but they are to return again in the autumn. When the Earl and I were alone airing on Sunday, he talked to

[1] Francis, 8th Baron Brooke, created Earl of Warwick, 7th Sept., 1759. He married, 16th May, 1742, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Ld. Archibald Hamilton, by whom he had three sons and four daughters. Lady Louisa Greville, his eldest daughter, married, in 1770, William Churchill, of Henbury, Esq. The Earl's youngest sons were, Charles Francis, born 12th May, 1749, who died unmarried in 1809, and Robert Fulke, born 3rd Feb., 1751, married 19th Oct., 1797, Louisa, Countess of Mansfield.

me a good deal about the Countess, and showed one of the best of hearts; but I am convinced if the Countess *ever* had *one* it *never was his*. How happy will that man be that gets my dearest girl's, but I hope she will give it cautiously, and never have reason to resume it, and not have the hard fate of meeting with one who should, like "*the base Indian, throw away a pearl richer than all his tribe.*"

Wednesday.

We drank tea last night with Lady Mary Greathead[1] at Guy's Cliff; 'tis well worth seeing, though not well kept. We walked all about; she had with her a sister of her husband's, who looked like a man in woman's clothes.

We are to go this morning by way of airing to see the ruins at Kenilworth Castle.

I hope you and your good father arrived safe and well last night at Calwich, where I don't doubt you was gladly received. My best compliments to all with you, and in particular to Mr. Granville and Mrs. Delany, not forgetting Mr. Dewes, with many thanks for all his attentions at Welsbourne.

I hold my resolution of breakfasting with Mrs. Mead on Friday morning, where I shall be indulged with talking of my dear girl and meeting my *lover*.—I have here in my dressing-room a picture of a sleeping boy that puts me in mind of little Mun. I have just received a letter from Lady Talbot, who will expect me at dinner the 1st of August. They are all well at Spa.

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[1] Lady Mary Greathead, sister of the Duke of Ancaster. She died, April 23rd, 1774.

The weather is still unsettled, like April. There is only now and then a spark of fire appears; I believe it is kept under upon my account.

Lord Greville[1] is returned from his travels, and expected at the Castle on Saturday next. (Mrs. Harry Wise not well).

I am just returned from Kenilworth Castle; the ruins are worth seeing, but the wind was so high (though south-west) that we could hardly keep upon our feet; it belongs to Lord Hyde, four miles from hence on the Coventry road, which I allow to be very good. I must now go to dress.

I have left the company drinking coffee to finish my letter (which I hope is long enough to please you), as it must be put into the post early to-morrow morning. Let me hear from you soon and as often as you can, for my dear girl's letters are always most acceptable to her

Affectionate *mamma*,

G. C. COWPER.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Calwich, 16th June, 1767.

After distresses and toils of various kinds here I am, my dear Lady Andover, undergoing the fate of Tantalus in being so near so dear a friend, and *only near*, for the Dean is *so greatly overcome* with his fatigue that it is impossible for him to think of moving yet, and as impossible for me to leave him. My only hope is that when we go to Bath, where we intend to set up our

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[1] George, Lord Greville, afterwards 2nd Earl of Warwick.

winter quarters, that we may wait upon you for a day or two in our way thither. We came here last Wednesday: I hope time and good council will set all to rights, but my spirits have been so hurried that I am not sure if what has past has been a dream or a reality! My heart is full, and longs to unburthen itself to you which cannot be done in a letter.

I have had a most kind letter from our inestimable friend at Whitehall, but no hope of seeing her till she comes to Buxton, and that I fear will not be till the beginning of August, the time we proposed going to Bath, that we might be settled there before it was crouded.

I beg to hear from your ladyship soon, and shall rejoice to receive a good account of your health and spirits, and that will be an assurance that all are well you love.

I have an opportunity of sending my letter immediately, which only allows me time to add the best compliments and respects of all here to your ladyship and Miss Howard. I am most affectionately and gratefully my dear Lady Andover's

Most obedient humble servant,

M. DELANY.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq.

Ce Samedi matin.

Voici, Monsieur, un petit morceau de poisson de montagne qui ne vaut pas celui que vous m'avez envoyé; aussi je vous l'offre en hommage et non pas en échange, sachant bien que toutes vos bontés pour moi ne peuvent

s'acquitter qu'avec les sentimens que vous m'avez inspirés.

Je me faisois une fête d'aller vous prier de me présenter à Madame votre sœur,[1] mais le tems me contrarie.

Je suis malheureux en beaucoup de choses, car je ne puis pas dire en tout, ayant un voisin tel que vous.

ROUSSEAU.

Le chevreuil vient de loin et ne peut se garder.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Calwich, 29th June, 1767.

My brother will think himself honoured and happy in the very kind visit dear Lady Andover intends me, and how can I express my sense of your goodness to me! I feel it most tenderly, and am all impatience till the day comes that will bring me such a consolation.

I received your ladyship's letter yesterday dated the 19th, so that it was eight days on the road. My brother begs his best respects, and hopes you will do him the favour to let him know the day you intend coming that he may have the gates open, and that you will come to dinner, and as we dine late, I hope you may be able to do it without inconvenience, and I can't bear the thoughts of losing one precious moment you are so good as to in-

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[1] "*Madame votre sœur.*" It may be doubtful whether it would not have been a day of *pénance* rather than a day of "*fête*" to Mrs. Delany if Rousseau *had* been presented to her, as it is evident that, from the commencement of his residence at Wootton, she dreaded that her brother might be influenced by his opinions, and it is certain that Mr. Granville was *not* a happier man after his acquaintance with Rousseau.

tend me. And let me add my entreaty, that it may be as soon as possible after your receipt of this letter. *Happy moments are fleeting, and it is dangerous to delay them!*

The Dean is at present pretty well, but easily fatigued, and on the whole he has been wonderfully supported.

The Duchess of Portland says she can't come till the end of August, so that I fear my visit to Elford may be delayed so long as to make it inconvenient to my dear Lady Andover, but we shall talk of that soon I trust. Have I any hope of seeing dear Miss F. Howard with you? My affectionate compliments attend her. The Dean begs his best respects. I am much more than I can say my dearest Lady Andover,

Your ever obliged, affectionate,
And obedient humble servant,
M. DELANY.

The direction to Calwich is near Ashbourne, *Derbyshire.*

Since my writing this letter an opportunity has offered of sending it immediately, and we hope your ladyship will be able to come this week any day after Tuesday, (the *messenger* that delivers this will bring back an answer,) and that you will not be in such a hurry to leave us as you mention.

Gen. Fitzwilliam to Miss Dewes.

Richmond. *Monday*, 6th July, 1767.

DEAR MISS DEWES,

From the moment of your departure, to this of my writing, I have not seen an eye but what has been filled with tears. You have carried from us *all* our amusements, *all* our hopes; and the prospect of the approaching winter presents with it the most uncomfortable ideas, as you are to be succeeded by Patagonians, and yellow girls just scrambling out of their nurseries. Why then was this journey undertaken, or why are we to have the additional grief of knowing the *un*likelihood of your being to return to us? Is relationship and the ties of affinity to separate you from all those who love you; because they have the ill-fortune of being born without the honour of being allied to you? so that unless we are *Delanys*, or can come to *Welsbourne*, or to *Calwich*, we are condemned and excluded from your society. Lady Cowper has just showed you to us to make us bewail your loss, and it is *not fair* that *she* (who is extremely so), should have been guilty of such a crime to this neighbourhood; in which, I am I hope I may be allowed to say a very considerable mourner.

All this proem is the effect of real grief, in which as I said, I am to bear so chief a part, and yet hope (which is the constant friend and the refuge of the unhappy) keeps me alive, and who knows but the hand of the sylph who guides us, may unexpectedly bring you back to Richmond. Lady Cowper's tears upon parting with you, (for I am sure she cannot refrain from them, on such an occasion), may melt your aunt, and give you to

us again; brother Johnny may be of the party *with* Lady Cowper, and brother Banny may go to Calwich. Thus, your family is disposed and all parties are pleased!

In the meantime, I do myself the honour of inclosing Mrs. Greville's ode,[1] having taken and given forty copies of it, because it is known it was from a copy of yours; and I am desired by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, indeed, by all your friends here, to beg you will at the times of retirement allowed to you by your several lovers to tell them, (in a little packet to me), the scheme of what you are to do, where to be, and if we have any chance of seeing you at *Love in a Village*, where there is nothing *but love*, and *all* of it *occasioned by you!*

Pray present my most respectful compliments to Lady Cowper, and accept the same for your condescension and goodness in permitting me to have this honour. I shall be happy in knowing you forgive the liberty I take, being with great regard, and may I say affection,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN FITZWILLIAM.

Should Lady Cowper be desirous (I will not say curious because she has often said, she has "*no curiosity*") of seeing my letter, pray, show it to her, and say how much I am her most humble servant.

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[1] "Mrs. Greville's ode."—Frances, wife of Fulke Greville, Esq., and daughter of James Macartney, Esq., was the authoress of the "Prayer for Indifference," which commences thus—

"Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll strive my wish to gain
Of Oberon, the fairy."

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Calwich, 20th July, 1767.

With the greatest pleasure I obey dear Lady Andover's kind command of writing soon, and acknowledging the favour of your ladyship's letter which I yesterday received. I hope you had one from me, a short one indeed, but how can I express the sense I have of your goodness in the most kind visit you made to Calwich? My brother as well as myself lament the short duration of that happy scene, and the more so, as he fears it may not be in his power to accept the honour your Ladyship offers him; his health is in so indifferent and uncertain a state; nothing else could rob him of a pleasure he so much wishes for. I rejoice your journey agreed so well with you and Miss F. Howard, and that you found the little darling so well; may health and happiness ever attend your steps.

I hope we are going on as well as when you were here, the Dean I hope rather better. My nephew Bernard Dewes came last Monday, and makes an agreeable addition to our society. I expect his elder brother in a day or two, and next Tuesday se'night Mr. and Miss Dewes. Lady Cowper stays out her full fortnight at Welsbourne, as she designed doing before I came to England. Miss Dewes I am sure will think herself extremely happy to be allowed the honour of waiting on your ladyship and Miss F. Howard at Elford.

Though the events are past I cannot help having some sort of envy at Mr. Vise for his expeditious passage. But this has not hitherto been a year of lucky moments to *us*—chide me my dear Lady Andover for

this last *wicked* paragraph. Am I not in England, are not my dear friends better to me a thousand degrees than I deserve, and is not the Dean miraculously well *considering what he has undergone?* I will reform, and not dwell on the gloomy but more enlightened part of my portion, and be thankful.

I am glad your ladyship has heard from the Duchess of Portland. I have had the happiness of hearing also, and am impatiently waiting for the moment of felicity that will bring her to this place. Good wishes attend the orange myrtle. I fear you have had as many hindrances by bad weather from the enjoyment of your blooming hill, as we have had of our fairy pool and rock. A tempting sunbeam has sometimes betrayed us, and before we could return home have had a sprinkling shower, but the bow-room makes us some amends for our confinement.

I had a letter from Mrs. Dashwood, she mentions Lady W. being in good spirits. I hope she has not mistaken her time of confinement, the farthest was the latter end of this month, for beside the earnest desire and longing I have to see our most amiable friend, I should wish to be composed at Bath before the days shorten much.

The best compliments of the gentlemen of this house salute Elford, as well as those of

My dear Lady Andover's most affectionate,
Grateful and obedient humble servant,
M. DELANY.

Is it too impertinent to beg of Lord Suffolk six or eight covers directed to,

MRS. SANDFORD, at Delville,
near Dublin.

I beg you will not mention it if Lord Suffolk has the least objection; if he has not beg you will keep them till I have the happiness of asking you for them, for I have as many as will serve me till then.

I shall be vastly glad if I am so fortunate as to see him at Elford. Nobody can wish him happiness more sincerely than the Dean and I do.

The Countess Cowper to the Rev. John Dewes, at Welsbourne.

SIR, Barrington Park, Aug. 7th, 1767.

To convince you that I am in charity with you, I take the first opportunity of thanking you for your polite letter. Though to be sure it was a great omission for a *lover* to fail his rendezvous! I was beyond my time, for it was eight o'clock before I got to Welsbourne, and I found Mrs. Mead *in bed*, for she had been brought to bed but the night before! The Captain and Miss Mead did the honours of the breakfast extremely well, and sweet little Mun. brought me two fine nosegays, which are at present in my bed-chamber. I told him I would run away with him, but he said, "no no," and was not in a "*banger*" humour.

I heard of you at Warwick, and should been glad to have seen you. I got to Woodstock by five o'clock. I went through Blenheim Park, but only sent a compliment, and did not stop at the house, as it was the public day, but soon received a very polite note from the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough,[1] with fruit of all sorts, and

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[1] George, 3rd Duke of Marlborough. He married, in 1762, Caroline, only daughter of John, 4th Duke of Bedford.

said had they not been detained by company they should have waited upon me "*at the Tun.*" I amused myself there with looking over the steel works, and laid out £5 in it. I arrived here the next day by noon, and stay till Monday next, when I propose going to Newnham, and hope to be at home about the middle of the week; but I have not met with anything that I have liked better than the manner I passed my time at *Welsbourne,* which is the land of *peace and plenty!*

My best compliments to Mrs. Mead, &c. I have had two letters from your dear sister, and wrote her a long letter from Warwick Castle.

This is not one of your pens you will see by the writing. You ought to set copies for all your acquaintance. Your handwriting is *as good* as Mrs. Delany's! I wish mine was so.

Believe me with great esteem, sir,
Your sincere humble servant,
G. C. COWPER.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq., Calwich.

De France le pr. Aout. 1767.

Si j'avois eu, Monsieur, l'honneur de vous écrire autant de fois que je l'ai resolu, vous auriez été accablé de mes lettres; mais les tracas d'une vie ambulante et ceux d'une multitude de survenans ont absorbé tout mon tems, jusqu'à que je sois parvenu à obtenir un asyle un peu plus tranquille. Quelque agréable qu'il soit, j'y sens souvent, Monsieur, la privation de votre voisinage et de votre société, et j'en remplis souvent la solitude du souvenir de vos bontés pour moi. Peu s'en est fallu que je

ne sois retourné jouir de tout cela chez mon ancien et aimable hôte; mais la manière dont vos papiers publics ont parlé de ma retraite m'a déterminé à la faire entière et à exécuter un projet dont vous avez été le premier confident. Je vous disois alors qu'en quelque lieu que je fusse je ne vous oublierois jamais; j'ajoute maintenant qu'à ce souvenir si bien dû se joindra toute ma vie le regret de l'entretenir de si loin.

Permettez du moins que ce regret soit tempéré par le plaisir de vous demander et d'apprendre quelques fois de vos nouvelles, et de vous réiterer de tems en tems les assurances très-sincères de ma reconnoissance, de mon attachement et de mon respect.

ROUSSEAU.

Vous pourrez, Monsieur, si vous me faites l'honneur de m'écrire, addresser votre lettre à M. Josué Rougemont, banquier, *Green Lettice Lane*, *Cannon Street* à Londres.

Il me la fera parvenir.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Oct. 30th, 1767.

I am very glad to hear my dearest girl is so well amused at Bath. I *know* she is entertain*ing*, and I rejoice to hear she is entertain*ed*. I went the 23rd inst. to town in the morning to fetch Mrs. Helena Le Grand. She is a very sensible good sort of a woman; but so tall! that I feel like a pigmy by her, and was ashamed to walk about at our last *Ridotta* on Wednesday with her. It takes extremely, I believe. There was at least twenty-five couple of dancers; but the minuets are quite tire-

some, and many of the ladies have a *step* of *their own*, but quite unlike the minuet step! We had both Russians and Prussians last assembly. Madame Pouceskin dances both French and country dances very well, and is a pretty woman. Poor young Yeaman came up and told me he left you well at Bath, but gave me a very bad account of his amiable sister. The General used to say she was "like his picture of an angel," and I believe she will soon be one.

What is become of the Wyndham family? The more you are acquainted with *Mrs. Ravaud* the *better* you will like her, and I think that will be the case in respect of you.

As my money does not go *fast* enough, I have lost a Bank note of £20, or at least cannot account for it.

I forgot to tell you that Lady Cecilia Johnston[1] desired her compliments and thanks to you for the dirge, which she thought very pretty.

One ought not to lament poor Mrs. Granville's[2] being released from her misery. *She* was *always good*, in spite of bad example, and is now, I do not doubt, amply rewarded.

Your friend Captain Hamilton was at the second and third assembly, and danced minuets and country dances with Miss Sheffield. He kept back the first night in the minuets, and I asked him if he "did not intend to dance?" He said, "a stranger and an Irishman must not put themselves forward." I got him immediately taken out.

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[1] Lady Cecilia West, daughter of John, Earl of Delawarr, married General James Johnston.

[2] The Hon. Mrs. Anne Granville, eldest daughter of George, Lord Lansdown, died, October 18, 1767.

When I went away he happened to be at the bottom of the room, and, though in a violent heat, was so polite as to offer to hand me to my coach; but I would not permit him, and told him "a soldier's life was too precious to be hazarded unnecessarily." My best wishes attend the Dean and dear Mrs. Delany. I do not trouble her with a letter, as I write to you so often, and writing is not my passion.

Mrs. Jeffreys wrote you word of my having been serenaded, a gallantry of the Major belonging to the Light Horse! We had on Saturday last a concert performed by gentlemen and ladies at Sir Charles Asgill's. I wished for my dear girl both as *spectator* and *performer*. An awkward person sat himself down upon a marble sideboard, and brought it down with a branch of candles, and I desired to know his name, that I might *never* invite him to my house! I am to have a party for Mrs. Holman[1] below stairs on Tuesday next. I shall make up two tables. Mrs. Clutterbuck is still at Richmond. I carried her to the second assembly. I was blooded last week by Stradwicke by way of *precaution*. My blood, he said, was very good, but I have frequently faint sweats come over me, but they only continue a few minutes, and I am otherwise very well. I went on Tuesday morning to see my sister Tweeddale, and missed a second serenade. G. C. C.

The difference of Lady Cowper's opinion and Mrs. Delany's is manifested in this letter on the subject of young ladies being "performers" at public amateur concerts, as Mrs. Delany and her sister did not approve of such early exhibitions for young girls.

[1] "*Mrs. Holman*," the flower-maker?

Mrs. Delany to The Rev. John Dewes, at Welsbourne.

Bath, 19th Nov., 1767.

Your sister, my dear Reveyend, is so much better, she would willingly have answered your very entertaining letter; but, though much better, I thought it best not to trust her with pen and ink to-day, as I am sure her fancy would *run on wheels*, and her pen keep pace with it, which, though happy for the person to whom it would be addressed, might be rather too much for her with a blister on her back not yet healed. I assure you and Mr. Dewes that she is vastly mended; her cough very much abated, and her spirits (notwithstanding the discipline she has gone through) very good. She is now playing on the clàvicord to the Dean a new Scotch song.

Had not a succession of interruptions prevented me and taken up all my morning, you would have had a longer letter, but no more now, than kind compliments from all to Welsbourne, and that I am your affectionate,

M. DELANY.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Dec. 6th, 1767.

I rejoice to hear that my sweet girl is quite well again. Your illnesses are always *huge bad*, and I hope they will always be soon over. You are *too precious* to all your friends not to give them very painful sensations when you are ill. My horses have all had the epidemical distemper, but, thank God, myself and family have escaped. Godwin is going to be married to a person in great busi-

ness at Woolwich—a young man well enough in his person, and in good circumstances. It seems he came here by chance with a relation of hers last summer, and fell in love with her!—'Tis lucky the *flirtation* is over! I had a quadrille party at home on Friday last—two tables. The Richmond company are all dropping off very fast, but my *neighbours* remain till spring. I hope to keep Mrs. Le Grand till after Christmas. She loves music, and plays on the harpsichord. I read aloud as usual, and she works, which she says she greatly prefers to the card parties. But I only *think aloud* with my dear girl, "When shall we meet again?" Your brothers dined here on Thursday last, and brought me the poem, for which I am much obliged to you. They both look well, and were in good spirits. I asked them to stay all night, and would have carried them with me that evening to Mrs. Jeffrey's, but they had business early the next morning, and returned by moonlight to town. I hope they did not meet with any *collectors*. Lord and Lady Spencer have been in town for a few days, but are returned to Althorpe till after Christmas. My son[1] is *spending money* both at Northampton and St. Albans in odious elections. I shall now wear my pretty glove-tops, and I am sure they will be admired. All your Richmond friends desire to be remembered to you. My best compliments to the Dean. Pray, my sweet girl, take great care of yourself, *for the sake* of your *tender affectionate mamma*,

G. C. COWPER.

Puff sends her respects to her *governess*.

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[1] "My son." John, 1st Earl Spencer.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, Bath.

Whitehall, 10th December, 1767.

My dearest Mary, you are indeed *l'aimable enfant.* I cannot tell you how sensibly I feel your kind attention to my dear D.D. Pray give him my love and duty, and tell him I am very well and very careful of myself; were I not, my friend here is most kind and watchful. But I am so hurried with business that my head turns round, for on examining the house in Spring Gardens[1] I found so much to do in separating what I would keep from what I would dispose of, that I have not yet done half, and find it would be impossible for me to leave London before next Wednesday, and hope to be happy with you both on Thursday by four o'clock. I was so much determined to go on Monday that I let your brothers fix that day for going into the country, and they have engaged themselves to company, so that they cannot put it off.

Mr. Hammersley was here this morning, and says he will have a proper attention to what the Dean desires him, and thinks our affairs bear a better aspect. Our appeal cannot come on before the middle of February, and *if* the grand Douglas cause comes on this year, it will not be heard this year, which will give us a great advantage. He has made me write to day to Mr. Collis. I send the Dean a copy of it and desire

1 Mrs. Delany had left Miss Dewes with the Dean, at Bath, while she went to London to sell her house in Spring Gardens.

him to keep it; I only added the Duchess of Portland's name at her desire and that his answers might be directed hither.

I believe Mr. Hammersley will buy my house with what furniture I think proper to leave. He is very earnest to have it, and I hope the Dean will approve of it.

Many kind compliments from hence to my dearest Mary, ample justice to all.

Believe me more than I can say

Affectionately yours

M. DELANY.

I insist on your going to the ball on Tuesday if you have a proper chaperon that you like.

My brother's letter gave me a great pleasure; and though his hurricane was frightful, his account made me laugh.

You don't say a word of Mr. Whitfield's sermon?

With what face could our friend, Mr. Franak, appear in *Harlequin Row?*

The Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Delany.

Sunday night.

My dearest friend's goodness is such that I know you will be pleased to hear I had a very pleasant journey and I think myself much better. I was so hungry that I got a piece of bread at Uxbridge, and have just now made a comfortable meal on tea and bread and butter. I most heartily wish you was well enough to come here, but

beg as you love me you will not think of it till Juxton gives full leave. I am really refreshed by the air. Adieu, my dearest friend; good night.

Tony flew at me and would have bit me. Coz Nan was here yesterday.—*What an escape!* and the Chatterreins!

It was very hot for the first half hour.

Their Majesties drove about the Park on Tuesday.

The following Notes and Invitations, found amongst Mrs. Delany's papers, are given as specimens of the style and spelling of the time.

"Mr. Cole presents his compliments to Mrs. Delany and begs her acceptance of a Mezzotinto, of Mr. Jenyns."

Carey Street, Thursday.

"Lady Leicester sends her compliments to Mrs. Delany. She will be *extremly* glad of her company to dine with her on *Wensday* next to meet Lady Gower and Mrs. Montagu. Her humble service waits on Miss Dews, who she hopes will be of the party."

Monday, April the 17th.

"Dutchess of Leinster's compt[s] to Mrs. Delany—thanks for her inquiry—is pretty well—and sorry to find Mrs. Delany *not so*."

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, at Countess Cowper's.

Saturday.

I enjoy this bright morning, as I hope it will afford my dearest Mary a pleasant and salutary airing. I like

the accounts of you from your Brother B. and your own letter tolerably, and don't expect you should get your appetite till you have been in the air and used exercise; and now I hope you are so stout that with prudence the enemy will have no more power over you. I don't attempt coming to you now, as it would interfere with your airings, and I hope you will be able to make some return to your kind *nurses* by a perfect re-establishment of health and spirits, and when you are *well able* and *they* willing, here you will find a home most glad to receive you. I have not the least thought of you till the end of next week, but your bed and room are kept constantly aired. And now, my dear child, having much to do this morning and to dine at Whitehall, probably I shall not have time to add more to my slender epistle than my best wishes and compliments to the triumvirate.

Part of a Letter without date.

A word in the envelope to thank my dear child for her filial letter, and for the very great cordial of hearing you are advancing in two such material points as spirits and appetite. May every blessing hourly increase with my own dear Mary.

As to your amiable Countess, who has taken so much care of you and does you so much honour, I can only say I am sure the pleasure she takes in doing kindness pays her better than any acknowledgment I can make her. To say I did not long to receive you in my *little thatch* would be falsifying my own sentiments, but I must add, could I with as much ease come to you as her ladyship can come to London, I might be less impa-

tient to have you; but do me the justice to her to say I have not hastened you a day. As to you, my other dear niece, are you so hardened as not to know you stand in need of no advocate to assure me of your goodness and indulgence to your affectionate A. D., and so adieu all three.

Miss H. Thynne well again. Lady Stamford has drawn a tooth. Lord Edward Bentinck come to England. Lady Mary Somerset very ill at Nice. I have not room to add all the kind things from everybody.

If N. R. sees this she will not scandalize me any more with speaking of a "*copper-plate*," &c. Mr. Perkins just come to town; saw papa perfectly well again as he passed through Welsbourn.

Miss Dewes to her Brother.

Bath, April 27th.

My dear Brother,

I wrote to you a strange hurrying scrawl by Mr. Lucy's gamekeeper last week, but since then I have heard from my father, who writes me word that you are gone to Oxford. Why does not Bath lie in your way? I think I have not had a right comfortable letter from you since you were last at Oxford: if you have time I know you will indulge me with one, if you have not I am well assured your silence will not proceed from want of affection to me; and I find mine for you too strong to doubt of yours. It is now near eleven o'clock, and the moon is shining full into my room, which is backwards, and I have from my windows a most delightful prospect. Pray send me word some account of your water and fishing-parties, and if you have met with any more lines

as pretty as those you once gave me that was written upon Godstone Nunnery.

If Mr. Trevor is now at Oxford pray make my compliments to him, and tell him the Bishop of Durham (his uncle) is at Bath; also tell him I heard Mr. Frampton preach at the Abbey to-day, and that he was full as convincing and as eloquent as usual. He can give you a particular account of Mr. Frampton.

Mr. Granville goes to London on Tuesday. The Dean is much as he was, some days better and some worse; he goes out airing most days, but is very low, and has little or no appetite and great shortness of breath; poor man! My aunt *has a sad time of it!* her kind love attends you; she longs to see you, and *how much* I do I think it will be needless for me to say! but when I shall God knows, for the Dean, I think, will *never* be able to leave Bath! and it is impossible for me to leave my A. D. in her anxious state except my father was ill. To-morrow I am to go with Lady Trevor to a public breakfast at a place they call Spring Garden; we cross the water to go to it. I wish you could be of the party. There are public breakfasts there twice a week, and music and dancing. Mrs. and Miss Tomlinson are to be there to-day. Mr. Snell is gone to London, I imagine to consult his father about the wedding, for I believe he is certainly to have Miss Phillips and her twenty thousand pounds.

I heard the other day from Richmond. Lady C. desires her compliments to you; she was very well, and as kind and obliging as ever. I do think—to say nothing of her greater qualities—that she has the most constant flow of good humour and good spirits I ever saw.

Oxford must now begin to look very pleasant. How go on your concerts? here is one every week, which I generally go to. Linley's daughter sings at it, and she has a sweet voice; but he makes her sing *too much* and *too hard* songs, for she is very young; there is a good deal of bad music, and some very good, so it is, (as it is in life) checkered.

Tuesday.

Mr. Granville sets out to-day. He takes London in his road to Calwich. The Dean and Mrs. D. now talk of taking a lease of a house at Bath, if they can meet with one to their mind.

My dear brother, I do long to have you acquainted with my friend Mrs. Ravaud; she is a most charming woman, and her *uncommon* talents are only exercised to make others happy and amuse herself, not by way of showing off, for she has the greatest diffidence of herself in the world, but is so good-natured and obliging that all who know her admire her prodigiously. As to me she is vastly good, and I never have a wish she does not perform if in her power; she knows you, though you do not know her, for it is impossible for me to be so intimate with any one as I am with her and not talk of one who is so dear to me; I showed her a bit of one of your letters the other day, and she says you write "a copper-plate hand." I wish you would send me the drawing you promised me so long ago, when you return to Welsbourn I hope you will; whilst you are at Oxford I know your time will be too much taken up.

Your affectionate sister,

And humble servant,

MARY DEWES.

P.S.—There is a fine riding-school here, and gentlemen and ladies go to learn, and there is a gallery where the company go to see them ride. If you know anybody that wants a coach, Mrs. Delany desires you and papa would be so good as to inquire, as she would sell hers, and her harness for six horses, which is very good. The coach has been made but six years, and by Wright, it cost a hundred and thirty pounds. This was written in the dark, but you used to love *hieroglyphical* letters.

Miss Dewes to the Rev. John Dewes.

Richmond, May 12th, 1767.

Pray, if you are well enough, write me one of your entertaining long letters. I now wish myself at home to nurse you. I fancy I shall come down with papa, at least I hope so, as Lady Cowper will come the end of July. I desire you will send me some account of Mrs. Vernon's christening, which I hear you were at. I think the key of the clavichord hangs up upon one of the nails in the closet in the little parlour; it has a paper tied to it, and wrote upon, "The key of the clavichord." We went to see Mrs. Foley the other day.

Your most affectionate sister,

And humble servant,

M. DEWES.

Miss Dewes to the Rev. J. Dewes.

(Bath) February 5th.

Many thanks to you, my dear brother, for the favour of your letter. To begin with an inexhaustible subject—*Mr. Frampton.* He dined with us last Tuesday, and was as entertaining as usual. He preached a sermon to us (at Mrs. Delany's request) upon predestination, and a most excellent one it was, he said he preached it at the Abbey three years ago; his text was, "*Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate.*" He said that some people told him it was rather too learned a discourse for the greater part of the congregation, upon which he preached again there the next Sunday (extempore as usual). The exact words of his text I forget, but this was the purport of it, "*I am a debtor to the Greeks, and also to the barbarians*;" and he began with saying, "Last Sunday I addressed myself to the Greeks, I now do to the barbarians. He did not," he said, "mean by that that they were a barbarous set of people, but to be sure they were *not* Greeks." He put it in much better words than I have done; in short, it is doing him an injustice to pretend to relate anything he has said, I only wish you were acquainted with him; I think his talents cannot long lie in oblivion. Lord Suffolk is his great friend; enclosed I send you some verses he made for Lady Maria, his daughter, and also some verses he sent to Dr. Delany the other day, with some verses that he sent to Lord Trevor, and the Dean desired to have them, but they will make my letter too large, so I will send them the next time; you may take a copy of these, but must return them again, as I have no copy; I will give you a fortnight to do it in, and that is very fair! Mr. F.

repeated to us an ode he had made upon Mr. Handel, which I think is delightful; he has promised to give it me and then you shall see it. I also send you some lines he wrote *in an arbour*; but before I have done with him I must tell you that in one of his sermons in which he preached against the Methodists (who are most of them, to be sure, a strange set of people) he said, "Let us dismiss *this unfortunate doctrine* (meaning that the Methodists say the Liturgy favours *their* doctrine of *assurance*) with one petition from it—"*from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, good Lord deliver us.*"

Mr. Lucy called here two mornings, but I was gone out a walking, so did not see him, but this morning the Dean and I went to see him. He complained of the pain in his face, but seemed in good spirits, and Mr. Gill pretty well. Mr. Lucy said Mr. Charles Mordaunt and Miss Mary talked of coming to Bath, do you know anything about it? The Dean and Mrs. Delany desire their best wishes and compliments to you and my father, to whom I beg my duty; they are both pretty well again. My aunt desired when I wrote next to ask my father whether he could conveniently let her coach stand *if* they come to Welsbourne in the summer, or if she should have an opportunity of sending it to Welsbourne.

I heard from Lady Cowper last week; but you nor my father have ever mentioned how you like her picture which she has given me which has arrived at Welsbourne before this time, I understand. Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Ravaud were here this afternoon, and I am to go to the play with them on Monday; Lady Trevor wanted me to go with her to-night, but I refused as I am to go on Monday. The Dean and Mrs. Delany do not dine out

anywhere, and of course I do not either, except now and then at my friend Mrs. Ravaud's. Lady Charleville invited us to dinner the other day, but we refused. Mr. Granville we are in daily expectation of. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Talbot the other day; they always inquire very particularly after you and my father, and desire their compliments—he preaches almost every Sunday at the Abbey. Some people think his sermons are too long, for they generally are an hour all but ten minutes, and *three quarters* constantly, except one Sunday when he had read prayers and was to administer the Sacrament, he was thirty-five minutes! He preaches in an afternoon for somebody or other likewise.

Your most affectionate sister,
And humble servant,
M. DEWES.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Jan. 21, 1768.

I rejoice to hear my dear girl and her amiable aunt has got safe back to Bath. I was really *quite in pain* for Mrs. Delany, for fear the breaking up of the frost should have carried off the poor Dean in her absence, which would have made her doubly unhappy! Thank God, I have escaped colds by not going out during the severe weather, though I ran a great risk of it by twice venturing into the next door *furnace!* They have both had violent colds, which I do not wonder at, but, notwithstanding, I think them very agreeable, I could *not* live with them to be roasted every day for the *Granville*

blood has too much fire in it to bear stewing! *The Serpent* seems to me very like your friend—just enough to give him pleasure, but not enough to give him pain. He sometimes forgets himself and *thinks aloud!* One night at Figget's your friend was at cards, and *Madame* sat by her. He came up to the table, and said softly *to himself* (but as she heard it others might,) "*Ah! your dependence must be upon her, not upon me.*"

By what you say of your new *acquaintance* I conclude *he is caught.* Perhaps Mr. W—'s old wounds may bleed afresh; *l'amour se reveille d'un rien.*

The Dean[1] has wrote to me himself from Durham, and is, I hope, almost well. Lord Spencer came to town for the birthday, but Lady Spencer was prevented by a cold.

This morning Godwin[2] was married at nine o'clock at Richmond Church. Her relation, Coll. Godwin, paid her the compliment to come with the bridegroom to give her away. She had a new white satin nightgown and petticoat, a white spotted satin cloak, and bonnet trimmed with blond, new lace handkerchief and ruffles upon gauze, a clear apron, and I gave her a very handsome pair of stone shoe-buckles. After they were married they came here, and I ordered that breakfast should be ready for them in the steward's room—Chocolate, tea and coffee, and as soon as they had breakfasted, I received them in the great room with a fire at each end. The bridegroom is not unlike the bride in the face—not

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[1] "*The Dean.*"—The Hon. Spencer Cowper, Dean of Durham, son of the 1st Earl Cowper, and consequently brother of the 2nd Earl Cowper, the second husband of the Countess Cowper who wrote this letter.

[2] "*Godwin.*"—Lady Cowper's waiting woman.

vulgar, for such a sort of man; he seems to be about thirty. One of her sisters came here on Monday from Stafford, and is to stay with her a month. The bride and bridegroom went from hence at eleven o'clock in one of *their own* post-chaises, and another Richmond one for her sister and Coll. Godwin. The bells here rang, and music at the door, quite in a high style! I wish it had proved a fine day for them, but 'tis rather triste.

My best compliments to the Dean and Mrs. Delany, and my tender love and affection to my dear girl shall conclude this.

G. C. Cooper.

Rousseau to Bernard Granville, Esq.

A Crye, le 25eme Janv., 1768.

Je n'aurois pas tardé si longtems, Monsieur, à vous remercier du plaisir que m'a fait la lettre dont vous m'avez honoré le 6 novembre sans beaucoup de tracas qui, venus á la traverse, m'ont empêché de disposer de mon tems comme j'aurois voulu. Les témoignages de votre souvenir et de votre amitié me seront toujours aussi chers que vos honnêtetés et vos bontés m'ont été sensibles pendant tout le tems que j'aie eu le bonheur d'être votre voisin. Ce qui ajoute à mon déplaisir de vous écrire si tard est la crainte que cette lettre vous trouvant déjà parti de Calwich ne fasse un bien long circuit pour vous aller chercher à Bath. Je désire fort, Monsieur, que vous avez cette fois entrepris ce voyage annuel plus par habitude que par nécessité, et que toutefois les eaux vous fassent tant de bien que vous puissiez jouir en paix de la belle saison qui s'approche, dans votre charmante

demeure, sans aucun ressentiment de vos précédentes incommodités. Vous y trouverez, je pense, à votre retouz un barbouillage nouvellement imprimé, où je me suis mêlé de bavarder sur la musique, et dont j'ai fait addresser un exemplaire à M. Rougemont avec prière de vous le faire passer. Aimant la musique, et vous y connoissant aussi bien que vous faites, vous ne dédaignerez peut-être pas de donner quelques momens de solitude et d'oisiveté à parcourir une espèce de livre qui en traite, tant bien que mal. J'aurois voulu pouvoir mieux faire; mais enfin le voilà tel qu'il est.

Le défaut d'occasion, Monsieur, pour faire partir cette lettre, rend sa date bien surannée et me la fait écrire à deux fois. L'occasion même d'un ami pres à partir et qui veut bien s'en charger ne me laisse pas le tems de transcrire ma réponse à *l'aimable bergère*[1] de Calwich, et me force à la laisser partir un peu barbouillée. Veuillez lui faire excuser cette petite irrégularité, ainsi que celle du défaut de signature dont vous pouvez savoir la raison. Recevez, Monsieur, mes salutations empressées et mes vœux pour l'affermissement de votre santé.

L'Herboriste de Mme la Duchesse de Portland.

Comme l'exemplaire du Dictionnaire de Musique qui vous étoit destiné avoit été addressé à M. Vaillant, qui n'a jamais (*illegible*) pour soigner des commissions qui me regardent, j'en ai fait envoyer depuis un second à M. Rougemont pour vous le faire passer au défaut du premier.

[1] *L'aimable bergère.*—Miss Dewes.

CHAPTER XX.

1768—1769.

Death of the Dean of Down.

The Editor does not possess any letters which give an account of the last weeks of the life of the Dean of Down. It has already appeared that Mrs. Delany returned with him to Delville a few months after her sister's death, 1761; visited England again within two years, and returned to Ireland in 1763, where they were detained by the continued ill-health of Dr. Delany, which at last rendered him unequal to the performance of his duties during the months he was annually accustomed to reside at Mount Panther, and disabled him from taking the journey between Delville and Down: thus four more years were spent in unceasing anxiety on the part of Mrs. Delany, when in June, 1767, the Dean with his usual *un*selfishness determined to make a great effort once more to cross the Channel, which he probably decided upon with the conviction that his life could not last long, but urged on by his desire to restore Mrs. Delany to her own friends and connections, so that in the event of his death she might be spared any aggravation of suffering. Mrs. Delany accompanied him to Calwich and then to Bath, in the vain hope that he might be benefited as on former

occasions, and he lingered several months, occasionally reviving, and then sinking. It was during one of the former periods that Mrs. Delany went to Town, and sold her house in Spring Gardens; that house which had been purchased expressly for herself thirteen years before, when the Dean had his first serious attack of illness. There is little doubt that the renewal of heavy law expenses, which are mentioned in some of her letters, had a great deal to do with this determination, and that, sunk in spirits, and hopeless of his recovery, she considered that the greatest satisfaction to her own mind, would be to relieve him from anxiety as to any further claims after his decease by having a large sum of ready money in the banker's hands, more than sufficient for any possible legal demands. She also appears to have felt at that time that she would not have spirit and energy to resettle in London alone, and that after his death, (which occurred four months after her house was sold,) she would remain at Bath for the rest of her life. Miss Dewes was with her at the period of that event; the Duchess of Portland came to her after its occurrence, and succeeded in persuading her that she ought eventually to return to London, and live amongst those who were most attached to her, but that a complete and long interval of repose for mind and body, with change of scene, ought first to be ensured.

Lady Cowper expresses her "fears" in Jany 1768, that the Dean might die during Mrs. Delany's absence in London about the sale of her house, but he survived till the month of May following. His remains were conveyed to Ireland, and buried in the spot of ground chosen by himself, which (it is said) was once part of his gar-

den, but which had been thrown into the churchyard for this purpose. The Editor possesses an inscription to his memory in the handwriting of Mrs. Delany, which is as follows: "Here lyeth the body of an orthodox Xtian "believer, an early and earnest defender of Revelation to "the utmost of the abilities wherewith it pleased God "to endow him, a constant and zealous preacher of the "Divine laws, and an humble *un*meriting penitent."

This inscription, with a slight alteration, is engraved on the tablet to his memory,—*that* alteration being the addition of "Patrick Delany, D.D. formerly Senior "Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, late Dean of Down," with the omission of the word "*unmeriting*," and the conclusion in the following lines, "hoping for mercy in "Christ Jesus, he died the 6th day of May 1768, in the "84th year of his age."

The style of the composition in Mrs. Delany's handwriting is so similar to that of the Dean, that it leads to the supposition that he dictated it himself, desiring her to add to or alter it at her own discretion.

In Miss Dewes's handwriting, pinned to the same paper is the following account of his death:—

"Dr. Delany, Dean of Down, died at Bath on Friday, the 6th of May 1768, at 9 in the morning. The Sunday before he died he was complaining of want of sleep and repeated some lines which began

'Sleep, thou Sabbath of the mind
And greatest friend of human kind,

Thy brother Death thy place supplies,
And kindly seals the wretch's eyes.'

God of his infinite mercy seal my eyes. He will

when He thinks fit.' 'God of His infinite mercy grant me patience, resignation, and submission to His will.'

"At 6 o'clock, the night before he died, he said to Mrs. Smith,[1] 'I thought it would all have been over long before this time.'

"At 8[2] he bid his servant come and close his eyes, and he prayed for him, and blessed him."

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford remained at Delville, after the Dean's burial, and settled the affairs there, and Mrs. Delany left Bath with the Duchess of Portland, when it appears that they both went to Mr. Granville's at Calwich, and afterwards to Bulstrode, where the following letters were written; the style and tone of which not only prove the efforts she made to be cheerful, but the real commencement of returning spirit and energy. This part of Mrs. Delany's life is perhaps as instructive as any of the more exciting trials which she bore so nobly at an earlier period of her existence. She was now sixty-eight years old, she had gone through more than seven years of unceasing effort to support the spirits and preserve the life of the Dean from the time of her own severe loss by the death of her sister, and the fact of her intention of spending the rest of her life at Bath, proved that after his death she *for once* believed all further power of exertion was over! But no sooner was she awakened by the representations of the Duchess of Portland to the conviction that there were others still living whom she could serve or solace, than she followed the plan advised by her friend for her recovery, and it

[1] Mrs. Delany's waiting-woman.

[2] "*At eight.*" This must have alluded to eight o'clock on the Friday morning that he died, not to the night before.

will be seen that though she restricted herself to a certain seclusion at Bulstrode, she carefully avoided all appearance of uncontrolled grief, and unaffectedly offered to come down to breakfast or tea when by so doing she could quietly aid the Duchess without being involved in any scenes inconsistent with her recent widowhood, or distressing to her feelings. In this age of selfishness and absurdity, when even the outward signs of mourning are so often rendered disgusting or ridiculous by the outrageous exaggeration of the types of woe,—when envelopes are *black*, and *purses* are put into weeds,—when collars are made of black bugles, and grief is to be measured by the number of yards of crape,—when sorrow is to be computed by the apparent absence of all clean linen,—and the unhappiness of a widow is often estimated by the number of months she has been totally invisible, or her sensibility extolled in proportion to the tears shed in company; it is refreshing to the mind to read the simple journal of Mrs. Delany's life written by herself four months after the death of the Dean, and it will not perhaps be deemed too great an effort of imagination to believe it possible that when Mrs. Delany did appear in the drawing-room at Bulstrode, she had *not* made herself *conspicuously hideous* by a white spectral flying cap with broad rolled hems, or a black crape *head cover* (which forbid the touch of a laundress), but that she may now be pictured to the mind's eye in a pure white *narrow-bordered* mob, closely fitting round the face, and fastened under the chin, with a hood, or a black veil thrown over it.

The Duchess of Portland to Miss Dewes.

May, 1768.

This letter was written in answer to one from Miss Dewes, soon after the death of Dr. Delany, though the day of the month is omitted.

DEAR MADAM,

I have this moment received your letter, and though it is too late for the post I cannot help telling you how extremely I suffer for my dearest dear friend, who I am sure, is in the greatest affliction. I am glad to hear she has cried a good deal, and wish that may be encouraged, as it may prevent the bad consequences to her health. You certainly judged very right, dear madam, in opening the will; there was nothing to be done, *but to comply* with the Dean's desire!

I think it very proper Mrs. Delany should have a house of her own, but beg she will not determine immediately, nor can I see any reason for her settling at Bath. Why not have a house in London? that would certainly be the most advisable; she would then be *amongst* her friends and relations, and she could spend every summer with her friends, who would be *so happy* to have her company. I hope she remembers how much I was against the selling her house in Spring Gardens. How vexatious that it is gone! How long a time has she in this house she now is in? I beg she will not take a sudden resolution, at least by no means *to buy* a house at Bath. *I must intreat* that scheme may be laid quite aside; for I *cannot bear* the thoughts of it. I shall send to Mr. Hammersley, and talk over all her affairs: if he can come to me to-morrow, I may be able to add something to this letter.

It is a great satisfaction, dear madam, that you are with my amiable friend. I have some business at present, which I fear will keep me ten days in Town; as soon as that is over, I shall fly to my dear friend, to whom I am most affectionately hers, and to you,

Dear madam, a most faithful
Humble servant,
M. PORTLAND.

P.S.—I hope you will pardon this hasty scrawl, but my spirits are a good deal hurried.

As soon as I am able to come to Bath, I shall trouble you with a few lines to beg you will get a lodging for me as near Mrs. Delany as possible.

Tuesday.

Mr. Hammersley has just been here; he desires that Mrs. Delany will postpone proving the will, till he can hear from Mr. Colles, and he desires that you will send a copy of the will to Town, that he may send it to Mr. Colles, and he will write to-night to Colles to do what is proper in the affair; and that you will be so good to communicate everything to your brother, who has an opportunity of seeing Mr. Hammersley every day.

I do beg Mrs. Delany will not take any resolution about buying a house, &c. for these six months.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Bath, 23rd May, 1768.

Too well I know what my dear Lady Andover has felt for me, and I am most sensible of her goodness in her

kind inquiry after me, which, unfit as I am for writing, I cannot suffer Miss Dewes to acknowledge for me. I am truly grieved for your mortification on Lady Maria's account. Alas! how many sorrows will she escape if it pleases God to make her an angel in her infancy! My heart *is, indeed,* full;—time I hope will give it relief. My constant affectionate regards attend my dearest Lady Andover, and those she loves.

M. D.

The following P.S. was written by Miss Dewes:—

I must make my own acknowledgments to your ladyship for the honour of your letter, though I am grieved to hear so indifferent an account of Lady Maria, who I hope, has relieved all your anxiety by this time. Lord Suffolk was so obliging as to send me a note the other day, to inquire after my dear Aunt Delany, whose strength and spirits are *not* mended as one could wish. When she has heard a little more about her affairs, and is a little determined where to settle, she will let your ladyship know.

I beg my kind compliments to Miss Fanny, and am, madam,

Your ladyship's obliged, and most
Obedient servant,
Mary Dewes.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Whitehall, 25th August, 1768.

Friday morn.

I have not spoke to my dear Mary since last Tuesday. But I have thought of you and spoke of you every day. Wednesday morning I spent in looking over papers till I was summoned to the museum above stairs, at twelve o'clock, where my kind friend amused me with about a tenth part of the new prints and shells she has acquired since we last met, which, seasoned with her conversation, banished sad thoughts for a *little while*. At one o'clock, Lady Mansfield came. She was very obliging, and insisted on my making a morning visit to Kenwood, with the Duchess, before we went to Bulstrode. I believe we shall go to-morrow. After she was gone, we took a tour through the two parks, left a message at Lady Wallingford's, and home. After dinner we sat quietly for an hour in the dressing-room, and then parted till tea-time. In the evening Mr. Hammersley came by appointment, and we had two hours' conversation. The papers are come from Lichfield (tell Bernard), and will be sent immediately to Ireland. Mr. Hutchinson's opinion on the withdrawing of the appeal is come over, and it is thought, best it should be withdrawn. Mr. Hammersley seems satisfied that Mr. Colles is very diligent and judicious in his proceedings in my affairs, and they are both sanguine about the mortgage cause. There is no necessity, he says, that Delville should be sold by auction, if it is bought by the A.B^{p}. of Tuam, or the Lord Chancellor, as there can be no doubt made of their giving the full value of it: forgive this long paragraph of business, which you will communicate to your brothers.

I must tell you that we keep very good hours—dine at four, sup at ten, go to our rooms at eleven. Yesterday morning the Duchess insisted on my going with her to Kensington Gore or Knightsbridge (I don't know which), to see Mrs. Anne Pitt's little improvements, as out of a very ugly odd house, and a flat piece of ground, with a little dirty pond in the middle of it, she has made an uncommon pretty place; she says she has "hurt her understanding" in contriving to make it so. At our return we went to my Lord Carlisle's in Cleveland Court (nobody in Town), to see the King of Denmark,[1] who is in Lord Bathe's old house at St. James's, and opposite to Lord Carlisle's.[2] (I should have said Sir W. Musgrave's.)[3] His Majesty was dressing, and the blinds down all but a little peep; the Duchess had the satisfaction of a glimpse of him, and I of his *valet de chambre!* We dined by ourselves as we do every day, Mr. Achard of our party, and had a quiet uninterrupted afternoon. I thank God she is much better, and I hope we shall go to Bulstrode on Monday. I know I must say something of myself: I have had a better night or two, and am tolerably well, but my appetite not so good as at Calwich. I must now rest.

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[1] Horace Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, Aug. 13, 1768, says, "The puppet of the day is the King of Denmark. He arrived the night before last, is lodged at St. James's, where he has levees, but goes and is to go everywhere—to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Bath, the Lord knows whither, to France, to Italy; in short, is to live in a crowd for these two or three years. He is not twenty, and is an absolute Prince."

[2] Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle, born 28th May, 1748, succeeded his father, 4th Sept., 1758.

[3] Sir William Musgrave, Bart., married Isabel, Countess Dowager of Carlisle, daughter of William Lord Byron, and mother of Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle.

Friday evening.

The morning was chiefly spent in looking over part of Mr. Achard's collection of medals, that are very fine and well-preserved, and neatly set in order; we have got no further than the Cæsars. After dinner I came down to my room, as usual with an intention to go on with my journal. Lady Wallingford and Mrs. Pitt[1] came, and I went up and drank tea with them: immediately after Prince Czartoriski was announced, and I made my escape; but as he remembers everything and everybody, another summons was sent me, and I went up again, and as his Princess was not with him, and there was no form, I would not make any fuss. He is the same lively, well-bred man he ever was, and he and the Princess are to come to the Duchess to-morrow, but I shall keep in my cell, having much business to do in sorting papers, and looking over dismal things. I have just received a letter from my brother, and bid you good-night, and must read it without saying more till to-morrow. The visit to Kenwood put off.

Monday morning.

A great chasm in my journal, and I have nothing to add that's agreeable. On Saturday morning, the Prince and Princess Czartoriski came, we staid at home all day, the Duchess not as well as she had been for a day or two, and I have a little cold which prevented my going to church yesterday; but I thank God it did not fall upon my chest, but was more on my spirits which were a good deal ruffled by an alarm the Duchess had of Lord

[1] Mrs. Anne Pitt, sister of the great Earl of Chatham. She was a very clever and eccentric woman. She was made Privy Purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and died mad, 9th February, 1781.

Edward's being ill of a fever. She went immediately to him, and found him very ill; the occasion of it, a match at Tennis; he was taken sick on Saturday, and brought up three ounces of clear blood, and was very feverish; Dr. Tuxton, who attends him, had him bled immediately, and after that he brought up two ounces more; he has lost *in all* with bleeding, *fifty* ounces of blood in forty-eight hours! You may imagine what a day; the Duchess spent yesterday she was not allowed to see him for fear of raising his fever, and he was not allowed to speak a word. A very good account is come this morning, and before I close my letter, hope to send still a better.

Poor Sir Charles Whitworth,[1] he is absolutely run mad, and now under proper care for it. I am quite vexed at having written a facetious account of him. They say the sudden honours conferred on him, was undoubtedly the occasion, and the violent hurry of going from place to place, overheated his blood, just like Miss V. Such a stroke ought to reconcile us to the mortifications of life, as they humble the mind, and if properly made use of may prove the best means of happiness here and hereafter. This account of Sir C. Whitworth is certainly true. Dr. Tuxton, who attends Lord Edward, attended him, and never left him till his family came from Bath, and that he was put into another physician's hands. Our Bulstrode exhibition put off till Lord Edward is quite out of danger. I pine for the country, and want the sweet breezes of Calwich. I

[1] Sir Charles Whitworth, Knt., M.P. for Minehead, married, in 1749, Miss Shelley, daughter of Richard Shelley, Esq. His eldest son was a distinguished diplomatist, and was created, in 1800, Baron Whitworth, and in 1816, Earl Whitworth.

had a pretty good night last night, and am better to day. I received Dr. Sandford's letter that was sent to Calwich; he says he has sent the catalogue of books by Mr. George Boyd (a cousin of Mr. Boyd of Danson), who is gone to Buxton, and will leave it at Ashbourne. My brother perhaps will be glad to look it over, and may then send it by the coach from Ashbourne to Whitehall, if he has no readier way of sending it. Should there be any book or books he would like to have, I desire he will mark them. Lord and Lady Lifford[1] made a kind visit to Delville, and are very obliging to our friends.

Tuesday morning.

Lord Edward had last night a return of his fever and spitting of blood, but in a less degree. You may imagine the state of mind the dear Duchess is in, which with her indifferent state of health bears hard upon her. More physicians are called in, though Dr. Tuxton, who has just been here, says he is better, but as the fever has a fair intermission, he thinks the bark may be given, but he *will not* go on by himself; he has not left him night or day ever since Friday last. I cannot remember who it was at Somerset house, a *madame* something, who spit blood violently, and was cured by the bark, but I can't recollect the particular circumstances, perhaps my brother can. Many thanks, my dear Mary, for your letter, and good account of my dear brother. I saw Dr. Forde[2] yesterday, who made many inquiries after you. The Duchess of Portland

[1] James Hewitt, 1st Baron Lifford, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland in 1767. He married, first, a daughter of the Rev. Rhys Williams, and secondly, Ambrosia, daughter of the Rev. Charles Bayley, of Navestock, in Essex.

[2] Dr. Forde was probably the same physician who attended Mrs. Dewes's death-bed at the Hot Wells at Bristol.

intended going to Richmond, but her own ill-health, and Lord Edward's has prevented her, and me of course (for I can't leave her); and though I feel much when I see her suffer, I can't but be glad I am with her, as her partiality to me makes me hope I am some comfort to her. Lady Weymouth at Bushy, and too near her time to be alarmed, and Lady Stamford[1] at a distance, and, indeed, most of her intimate friends out of Town. The only consolation we can have, when a friend is sick or in affliction, is to show one's desire of being some consolation to them. My cold is quite gone, and I am much better to day than I was yesterday. I hope you will have fair weather for your Matlock jaunt; I shall, in my imagination, enjoy some of its romantic scenes with you. The Duchess has shown me a sea-caterpillar she has in spirits, which was found at Buxton, that is beautiful; it is one of the hairy ones, but all the hairs, or bristles, look like a rainbow. If Mr. Lucy had the eyes of a virtuoso he might pick up such a thing for one? Should *the misses* go, perhaps they might, and I'll send a little sketch of it. I am much obliged to little Peggy for her good morrow. The Duchess's best compliments, and my love salute Calwich. The second letter directed to Calwich was from Mrs. Boyd, to desire me to be godmother; she is not yet brought to bed.

Nine o'clock Tuesday night.

Dr. Warren was called in to Lord Edward; approves of what has been done: a better account this afternoon, and

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[1] Lady Henrietta Cavendish Bentinck, second daughter of William, 2nd Duke of Portland, married, in 1763, George Harry, 5th Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

hope in a post or too I may tell you he is past all danger. The Duchess as well as can be expected, and *will* mend if *he does*.

Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Whitehall, 2nd September, 1768.

(Friday, 8 o'clock morning.)

Lord Edward Bentinck is so well again that, please God, we shall go to Bulstrode to-morrow; but as I have half an hour to spare this morning, I dedicate it to my dear friends at Calwich. I have left Prince Czartoryski, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mrs. Dashwood above stairs; the Princess expected; but I am more disposed to talk to my dear Mary than to their Highnesses. The Duchess is much recovered as to her health, but her spirits have suffered a good deal; a month's quietness and sweet air at Bulstrode will be of use to us both. I wish, now I have begun upon so large a plan as a folio sheet, I had wherewithal to make it worth the trouble of reading, but I'll recollect all the chit chat I can. Evening.—Poor Lady Hervey[1] died a few hours ago; Lady Tavistock[2] very much recovered. Lady Weymouth saw Lady Cowper a few days ago, and she was very well; I am sorry we have not been able to go to Richmond. Shall I tell you all the nonsense I hear? To begin: the King of Denmark went to see Mr. Garrick act Ranger; such a crowd as was

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[1] Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, died 2nd September, 1768, aged 68.

[2] The Marchioness of Tavistock was Lady Elizabeth Keppel, daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. She married, in 1764, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse, 22nd March, 1767.

in the pit, I never heard of. They were so close and *so hot*, that every man pulled off his coat and sat in his waistcoat! some had sleeves, more had none, and the various hues made a most surprising sight! When the King of Denmark came in the clapping and noise was prodigious; the poor boy looked almost frightened, but bowed on all sides over and over. When Garrick came in the house redoubled; his little majesty took it all to himself and redoubled his bows; many of the *men* fainted away—there were few or no women in the pit. He is gone now a northern tour. Whilst Mrs. Dashwood was at the Duke of Ancaster's (from whence she is but just returned) the King of Denmark came there to *breakfast* at *four* o'clock afternoon! and went on somewhere else to dinner (*nine at night*)!

Lady Harrington[1] and her daughter Bell have had a quarrel. Lord March,[2] it seems, is a great favourite of Lady Bell's. When he went away t'other day after paying a visit, Lady Harrington said, "I am glad *he is* gone, a frightful old fellow." Lady Bell took his part, on which Lady Harrington said, "I suppose he trod on your toes." "*No, madam, not on mine, but I know he has on your's.*" Upon which repartee on repartee ensued till it produced a scolding scene. How despicable a figure those people make in the world, who have given their whole life up to vanity and folly! it would be well if it ended here, but it too often leads them on into every sort of vice.

[1] William, 2nd Earl of Harrington, married, 11th Aug., 1746, Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Grafton. Lady Isabella Stanhope, their second daughter, married Charles William, Earl of Sefton.

[2] William, 3rd Earl of March, who succeeded to the Dukedom of Queensberry in 1778, on the death of his kinsman, Charles, 3rd Duke.

I am ashamed of having written you such a story, but the moral is good.

Saturday morning.

I have received the catalogue and am sorry you did not open it, for there is a little parcel directed to Mr. Mills at Norbury, with a great many thanks from Dr. Sandford; it is too big to send by the post, unless I would unroll it, and too small to send by the coach. Pray tell me what I must do with it?

Saturday morning, eight o'clock.

Now that I see my letter by daylight I am ashamed to send such a blot; but if friends will not excuse infirmities and mistakes there can be no scribbling with ease. So I proceed: Mr. Tom Monck[1] is in England, and will carry back any parcel for me to Ireland. I am sorry my brother did not see the catalogue, that if there had been any particular book he had liked I might have marked it with my own.

The chaises are ordered at eleven. The Prince and Princess Czartoryski, Countess Opeska (a friend that is with them), and Monsieur and Madam Williamos (all Polanders) come to Bulstrode to dinner next Tuesday, and stay till Thursday; they leave London for Paris on Saturday. The turmoils of the state of Poland have driven them out of their own country till they are a little subsided. I have not seen the Princess, when I have I will describe her to you; but I shall endeavour to keep away. (Here I rest).

As to politics I wish I could send my brother some

[1] Thomas Stanley Monck, son of Thomas Monck, Esq., and first cousin of Henry Monck, who married Lady Isabella Bentinck.

news, but at present they are quiet—nothing talked of but the two grand divorces. The Duke of G's, they say, will not be easily brought about. Mr. Her. and Miss Che. will most certainly be divorced.

Very indifferent accounts of Lord Bute, and Lady Bute very miserable in the country. The Duchess will go and see her as soon as she is well enough, and that she is recovered of the bustle of her company. She has had a great loss in regard to her birds. Ned Salmon, the keeper of the birds, and who had the honour of showing them to the king and queen, is just dead of the small pox—to her Grace's great concern, as he was a nonpareil in his way. Don't imagine I have tired myself with my long letters; I make several pauses, and the pleasure of writing to my dear Mary gives me spirit to go on, as I know she likes to hear from me.

I am now reading Oldys' "History of Sir Walter Raleigh," and am much amused with it, as he gives so particular an account of that worthy but unfortunate man. I have had also a little *family pride gratified* in his account of our ancestor, Sir Robert Granville, who distinguished himself so greatly against the Spaniards; *where are there now* such *loyal* and such *valiant men?* As Sir Walter Raleigh[1] is a great favourite, I must transcribe some lines of a poem of his I found in Oldys; he does not say to whom they are addressed.

"But seeing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire and none deserve
A place in her affection;

[1] A Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to his History of the World, was written by William Oldys, who published several valuable works, and died 1761.

I rather chuse to want relief
Than venture the revealing,
Where glory recommends the grief
Despair disdains the healing."

The poem is called "The Silent Lover;" the thought is prettily expreseed, and one likes every trifling circumstance of so great a man: it reconciles one to trifling by way of relaxation, when it is only the delicate finishing of so perfect a work.

I thought to have kept this till next post, but then I should add to it, and it is long enough to tire your patience.

The Duchess begs her very particular compliment. She was but indifferent yesterday; is better to day, and happy to be at liberty.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, Tuesday, 6th Sept., 1768.

8 o'clock.

We came here on Saturday. At Uxbridge we were obliged to get out of our chaize, the waters were so high, and the bridge that is now building not yet finished, but only a foot-bridge. I suppose the newspapers have informed you of the extraordinary inundations occasioned by only one night's rain on Thursday last. The Virginia water broke head and is *entirely gone, fish and all,* and a house in its way carried off as clear as if no house had ever been built there! it was surprising to see the water on the parade at St. James's like a great lake, and all the way between London and this, people labouring

to throw up the water in pails full that overflowed the lower part of the houses and cellars.

We found Bulstrode in the height of beauty within and without. The Duchess often wishes for my brother and you, and I most heartily join in the wish; but we are destined to other company, and this day expect the grandees to dinner, but I have compounded with the Duchess, that if she will permit me to keep home *till tea time,* I will then wait on her and stay till supper; and as an *early* breakfast does not agree with her Grace's constitution, I have promised that on those terms I will be *her deputy* at breakfast. I owe her too much not to make myself of some use if possible, and her spirits have by no means recovered the shock of Lord Edward's illness; but a very good account came of him yesterday. On Sunday by chapel time Mr. and Mrs. Morris of Piercefield came (you know she is Mrs. Shipley's sister). After church the post-coach was ordered, and Mr. Achard and I went with them a tour round the park; the Duchess not well enough to venture: they were indeed worthy of it, and took very particular notice with admiration of everything as they have as fine a place of their own. We had much talk of Mordaunts and all their connections; the goodness of Lady Cowper to the Lady Mordaunts, and her great regard for you. Mrs. Morris is very civil and good-humoured, but she is *very affected* and I don't like her so well as her sister; the youngest Miss Shipley is to be some time with Mrs. Morris. They staid here till yesterday twelve o'clock, then came Mr. Hammersley, and we had hours of law discourse that wore my spirits, but it was in order to have little more to say again about the subject; the re-

sult was *a determination* that *Delville, &c. should be sold as soon as possible,* a thousand pound immediately remitted, and the overplus lodged in safe hands to be produced on demand, the mortgage cause pushed to be heard as soon as possible; and if an account was after that ordered, then would be the time for some compromise. All this to be done before the appeal is withdrawn, which will not be till ten days after the meeting of Parliament. Mr. Hammersley to answer all my letters of business, and Dr. Sandford and Mr. Colles to have the ordering of everything on the other side of the water. This is an abstract of the whole, and I shall say no more about it till something is done worth mentioning.

Tuesday, noon.

The letter of attorney to empower Dr. Sandford to act goes next post; but Mr. Hammersley made me write to him yesterday to set everything forward directly. This moment I have received my dear Mary's letter and my brother's postscript, many thanks for both. A courier has just brought an excuse from the Polanders. The Princess is ill and confined; but if the Prince can leave her he comes to-morrow. We both want peace and rest, tho' the Duchess, I thank God, is much better to day. We have just breakfasted, and the little Jonquil parrot[1] with us; it is the prettiest good-humoured little creature I ever saw. The chaise is at the door, we are going to consult about the cave. Adieu till by and by. I think your whim on the island[2] will be an improve-

[1] "*The Jonquil parrot.*" This bird's picture was exquisitely worked by Mrs. Delany in chenille, sitting in the midst of sprays of china asters and holyoaks.

[2] "*Island*" on the River Dove at Calwich.

ment. I hope there is to be a *chimney* in it, and then there will be no great danger of damps! I wish you and my brother much pleasure in the building, and much enjoyment after it is built. I walked a solitary hour this morning as soon as I was up, and intend doing so as long as the weather will permit me. That is merely for exercise and contemplation, for I reserve all observations and admiration of the place and its contents for the hours that the Duchess and I go out together.

I am just returned from our circuit: it would take up a quire of paper to tell you what I have seen this morning only in a cursory way; but nothing pleased me more than the gold and silver fish I have seen in shoals, thousands I am sure, all swimming up in a body to the Duchess, who fed them with bread, and we have spent our day more agreeably than if their Highnesses had honoured us with their company.

Wednesday morning, (though I was not sensible of it at the time). I was too weary to add to my journal last night. I have slept pretty well and feel refreshed.

The Duchess has a new picture of Elsheimer's [1] that is the finest and most agreeable one I ever saw—I don't know whether my brother saw it—it hangs here in her dressing-room, and a moonlight of Berchem's [2] as fine in its way. Her birds are many and beautiful, I mean those in cages; for we have not yet been at the menagerie. It

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[1] Adam Elsheimer, a celebrated painter, born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 1574, died 1610. An excellent artist in landscapes, history, and night pictures with small figures. His works are not numerous, and the great pains he bestowed in finishing them raised their prices so high, that they are hardly anywhere to be found but in the cabinets of princes.

[2] Nicholas Berchem or Berghem, a celebrated painter of landscape and cattle, born at Haarlem in 1624, and died in 1689.

is pleasant to see how she *enjoys* all her own possessions, and at the same time is so ready to give every other place its due. We talked an hour last night of Calwich, to which she gives the preference to most places she has seen, and lamented the weather and her illness prevented her walking more about there.[1] Mr. Ehret is here, and she is very busy in adding to her English herbal; she has been transported at the discovery of a *new* wild plant, a Helleboria. Lord Edward continues to mend.

I had a letter last post from Dr. Sandford. Mrs. Sandford has had a bad cold, and he but very indifferent, the children well.

Thursday.

We took another tour yesterday, and examined everything more minutely. Prayers between twelve and one brought us in. No Prince Czartoryski yet; went out again in the chaise after breakfast; saw the two crown birds and rams with horns standing thus:

the wool, dark-brown and white. Came home at half an hour after four, work, a little sauntering about the house, and looking over prints finished the day; and I left her Grace last night better than she has yet been at half an hour past eleven, which we have yet never exceeded. The Moncks are expected the 20th for some days, they then proceed to Welbeck in their way to Ireland. Miss Monck much better.

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[1] "*Prevented her walking more about.*" It appears from this and preceding allusions, that the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany went to Calwich after they left Bath, and before they returned to London after the Dean's death.

The inundations alluded to in this letter (1768), were terrific. At Leyland, in Lancashire, on the 26th of July in that year, the thunder was incessant for four hours, and the rain swelled the Malding brook so rapidly that it carried away the bridge and four houses, in one of which were inhabitants. The inundations in South Wales were ruinous; in the counties of Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Carmarthen, torrents poured from the mountains and swept away men, women, and cattle, destroyed the crops, and laid the town of Neath under water. In the Isle of Man the lightning fell on a clergyman's house and struck his wife dead in her bed. From Inverness to Perth the country was flooded, and at Norwich the lightning fell on one of the city towers, killed a boy, and threw down part of the battlements. The Serpentine, in Hyde Park, rose so high that it forced down part of the wall, and poured with such violence upon Knightsbridge that the inhabitants expected the whole town to be overflowed. The Canal in St. James's Park rose higher than ever was known, and the water flowed up to the garden-wall belonging to the Treasury, where the lower parts of the houses were overflowed, and the sentinel near the little gate leading to Duke Street was obliged to quit his box. The offices under the Earl of Suffolk's house had water in them, and the whole of that side of St. James's Park and the Bird Cage Walk was overflowed.

Colonel Morris, of the Isle of St. Vincent, bought Piercefield (the place mentioned in this letter), near Chepstow, in 1736; he was father of the Valentine Morris to whom it owes its celebrity, but who by profuse generosity and his propensity to gaming was compelled to retire to his estates in the West Indies, and to offer Piercefield for sale. Coxe relates that on his last visit to this favourite place, before his final departure from England, he surveyed his own creation with apparent composure and resignation; that on his return to Chepstow he was surrounded by the poor, who, throwing themselves on their knees, thanked him for the numerous instances of his bounty, imploring the blessing of heaven upon their benefactor. He bore this spectacle with

silent composure, and entered the chaise which conveyed him to London, but had no sooner crossed the bridge into Gloucestershire than he heard the mournful peal of muffled bells, when he could no longer control his emotions, but burst into tears. He afterwards became Governor of the Island of St. Vincent, was involved in great distress on its surrender to the French, suffered a long imprisonment for debt, and died 26th August, 1789.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 21st Sept., 1768.

Four long days I have been without writing to my dear Mary. My thoughts have been more faithful than my pen, though much perplexed with letters of business regarding the things at Delville, where the appraisers had been at work some days by Dr. Sandford's last account, and I was obliged to answer some necessary questions about what was to be reserved, and what sent to England. This you may imagine has been a dejecting employment, and I would not begin my journal till it was over. I daily expect the inventory.

The Duchess of Portland, I told you in my last, went to Lady Bute's. I had business to do in London, and went to Whitehall two hours after her, and returned on Saturday; worked in the evening whilst Mr. Achard read to me in French, for two hours, the lives of some of the eminent painters.[1] Sunday evening at six o'clock came Mr. Monck,[2] &c.; I was obliged to exert myself to do the honours in the Duchess's absence. Miss Monck has gone through a desperate illness, and though much

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[1] Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres; avec leurs Portraits gravés en taille-douce. Par Monsieur L'Abbé Gedouyn.

[2] Henry Monck, Esq. His only daughter, Elizabeth, married Hon. George Beresford, afterwards Marquis of Waterford.

better, looks thin and tender. She is a pretty sort of young woman, which all things considered, is a little extraordinary.

Her Grace came home to dinner on Monday, thank God, very well, and has her hands full in showing all the alterations and beauties of the place. I retire when I can, as being long in company is more than my spirits will yet bear—how long they stay we cannot yet guess at; the Duchess has got them tickets for the Ranelagh Masquerade, which is to be given by the King of Denmark the 7th or 8th October, so *that* of course must carry them to town, and they talk of going to Ireland before winter, and I am sure they will be imprudent to make it *too late in the year*. The Queen began the ball on Monday night with the King of Denmark, and the King danced with the Duchess of Ancaster all in the best spirits and good humour, and everybody pleased; the Queen and Duchess of Ancaster expect to lye in in November, so that they could not, I suppose, dance more than their two dances. Lady Weymouth played at cards to keep herself quiet: the ball and supper lasted till four in the morning!

A thousand thanks, my dear Mary, for your letter from Matlock, which gave me very great pleasure; but I believe I told you so before I sealed my last. I am impatient to know how your cold bath continues to agree with you. I hope as it is a salutary thing, *use will make it pleasant*.

I have got Swift's last three volumes of letters, and to my very great mortification find six or seven letters of Mrs. Pendarves' there![1] I have searched for what *she*

[1] Letters written by herself, when Mrs. Pendarves, to Dean Swift.

said of Bath, but don't find anything particularly said of the place; one letter dated from thence mentions her hopes of seeing Swift there, and she speaks of living in Ireland as much cheaper than London!

Thursday.

Have you heard lately from Lady Sarah Poole[1] and Miss Caulfield? when you write assure them of my best wishes and compliments. Has Mr. Mills got the little roll of paper Dr. Sandford sent from Ireland with the catalogue of books? and has Mrs. M. been able to match the Manchester quilting for me? if she has, I beg you will be so good as to pay her for me, beside my acknowledgment. I have had the pleasure lately of hearing from Welsbourne that they are all well. I am afraid the wet weather has given a great check to your pleasures at Matlock; I hope you will all escape cold, and that your cold bathing will make you *invulnerable* that way. Mr. Monck has kept his bed two days past with a feverish cold—*a panic*, least a fit of the gout should seize him here.

When you have finished your screen, I desire you will pack up my chenilles ready for me when you have an opportunity of sending them. I find *no other* work amuses me sufficiently, and my head will not bear reading a great while together. My mornings in London will be long, and company, (unless of a very particular friend,) rather fatigues than entertains me; but I am in no haste about them, as I shall hardly be in a settled way till towards Christmas.

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[1] Lady Sarah Poole was the only daughter of Edward, 5th Earl of Drogheda. She married William Pole, of Ballyfin, Esq. There was a connection between the families of the Earl of Drogheda and of Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont.

Friday.

Sir William Musgrave is expected here to day, which I am glad of for the Duchess's sake; they will botanize charmingly (and I shall come in for some scraps of knowledge), and make up for the dulness of *other company*. I pity the girl, she looks melancholy and dejected; they are not yet determined whether they shall stay in England this winter or not. I wish them at home, for they are a sad interruption on our retirement. I have been so touched with the enclosed epitaph that I could not help transcribing it for you, though it is likely you have seen it in the newspaper. More authentic accounts this morning of the ball at the Queen's house; the Queen danced, beside minuets, four country dances with the King of Denmark. The King danced all night, changing partners as the rest did every two dances, and finished with Lady Mary Lowther[1] and the Hemp-dressers, that lasted two hours. The whole very clever and agreeable and nothing else at present talked of. Sir William Musgrave just come in; if he brings any chat I will add it in the evening. My love to my brother and Banny. Hope my brother has got free from his painful complaint, and that the dampness of the season will not return his rheumatism. Mr. Monck very bad, has been bled to day; they think his complaint the gout on his lungs. Poor Mrs. Chambers has been bit by the house dog, which has terrified her, though the dog is not mad, and did it in play. Her hand is very painful, and swells every night; the Duchess is so uneasy about it, that she is going to send her to town to Mr. Hawkins. If I

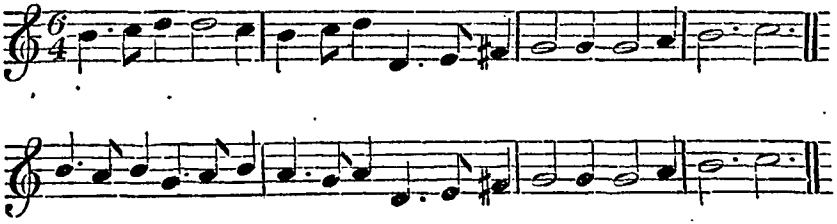
[1] Lady Mary Lowther, wife of James, afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale, (1784,) and daughter of John, 3rd Earl of Bute.

hear nothing new I shall add no more, but conclude with assuring you, I am

Affectionately yours,

M. D.

The following is the Air and the directions for dancing the Hempdresser, (which King George III. danced with Lady Mary Lowther for two hours,) as given in "*The Compleat Country Dancing Master.*" Published by J. Walsh, 1718.



Lead up all a D. forward and back ·_ That again :_ First man change places with the 2nd wo. ·_ Then with the 3rd man :_ Then with the 4th woman ::_ Then with the 5th man :_: Then with the 6th and so on to the last.

Sides all ·_ That again :_. First cu. cross over, fall into the 2nd place ::_. Cross again, fall into the 3rd place :_ Cross again, fall into the 4th place :_ and so to the end, every cu. doing the like.

Sides all ·_ Lead up as before. As before, the wo. doing it :_: All do this changing as before.

Arms all ·_ That again :_ Turn your own wo. changing places :_ Turn each the 2nd :_ Turn each the 3rd :_ Turn each the 4th and so to the last, the rest following.

Explanations.

D. stands for Double. A double is four steps forward and backward, closing both feet.

·_ Denotes the strain of a tune play'd once over.

:_ The strain twice over.

::_ The strain thrice over.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 4th Oct., 1768.

Tuesday morn.

The dear Duchess I think better reconciled to Lord Edward's going abroad; and indeed is now solicitous he should go, as she finds it the physician's positive opinion he should spend this winter in a dryer climate. He writes in good spirits, and that has cheered her: but I own I am very apprehensive he is in a bad way. He goes the latter end of this month, which I fear will carry us from this sweet tranquil place even before Lady Weymouth sends a summons, as the Duchess wishes to see him before he goes. On Saturday we lost our company, and endeavoured to sustain our loss philosophically! We had recourse to plants, to books, and to work. Sunday after chapel the Duchess carried me a very pleasant airing through a riding she has had cut through a wood, three miles and half long, that joins to her park and goes out on the common, which from a brown, dreary-looking heath, she will by her bounty and good taste make very pleasant; but I believe the frequent stops we made to examine plants and funguses increased the pain in her face, but she was better last night. She devoted yesterday morning to writing, and I have of late been so overpowered with it, that I would not even begin my journal to Calwich, (which is a refreshment and not a toil to me,) but I took a basket of food for the creatures, fed them, and walked an hour and three quarters, so much amused with the variety I met with and the delightfulness of the place, that it for some time banished sad thoughts, and I was not sensible I had walked rather

too much till I came home and sat down. I was chid by my kind friend, who says she will not trust me again alone; but I thank God I had a pretty good night, and find myself to-day not the worse for my walk; part of my time was spent in the cave settling what was to be done in our absence. How often in my walk did I wish for my dear brother and niece, who would have been pleased, and added to my enjoyment of it. And now it is time to thank you for your letter of the 25th September. The Duchess, who desires her best compliments to Calwich, will be much obliged to Mr. Granville for the *red pear plum*, and hopes it will not be troublesome to him to look out for the fern, as this is the best time of the year to find it, and take it up. She wishes it could be convenient to him to make her a visit when she returns next to Bulstrode, though not an advantageous time for seeing the place; but should any scheme bring him this way, perhaps he would call, it would really give her pleasure, and make me very happy. I hope we shall stay here till near Christmas. I have already answered you about my half petticoat. I hope by this time Mr. Hill[1] has got his plan safe, it was sent a fortnight ago. I must again desire you not to give a copy of the verses of "Holyrood House," for I was not to take one; they are fine and affecting, but I have *not* kept a copy. The author was a Sir Gilbert Eliot,[2] and he gave them with an injunction they should

[1] Arthur Hill, Esq., younger brother of Trevor, 1st Viscount Hillsborough. On the death of his grandfather, Sir John Trevor, in 1762, Mr. Hill assumed the name of Trevor, and in 1765 was created Baron Hill and Viscount Dungannon.

[2] Sir Gilbert Eliot, father of the celebrated General Eliot, created Lord Heathfield.

not be given away, so I am sure you will be true to your trust. I hope Mr. Lucy returned from Scarborough in good health, and that you find your cold bathing has agreed with you.

Tuesday evening.

Dr. Sandford made the Archbishop of Tuam the offer of Delville. He said he heard the Chancellor had a mind to it, and desired the first offer might be made to him, which was very friendly; but the Chancellor, who sent his compliments and thanks, is in treaty for Mr. Mitchel's place at Glasnevin, the banker that died lately. I have not yet got the Archbishop's answer. I wish I could add any entertaining chatter. We hear of nothing but the King of Denmark's feasting, &c., and the preparations for his royal mask ball, which is to be at the Haymarket, and not at Ranelagh, as was at first designed. I suppose all the friseurs of Paris and London will hardly be sufficient for the demand there will be, as everybody will try to outvie their brother beau and sister belle in fancy on the occasion. I have had a letter from Mrs. Preston, who talks of coming to England. Mr. Preston comes to leave his eldest son at Oxford.

The Duchess and I took a short walk in the morning, and were driven home by the rain. A pretty and uncommon scene is now before me on the lawn: a flock of sheep, shepherd and dog at a little distance, and in the foreground (to talk like a painter) fifteen or sixteen hares *feeding with peacocks and guinea-fowl*, that make a beautiful mixture of pretty objects; but pleasing as all the scenes are here, I frequently elope in my mind, and walk by the waters of Calwich to *the rock* and the *Fairy Pool*,

and all its agreeable environs, in the company of my dear friends there.

The last account of Lord Bute was that he was better; he had left off the waters at Barege, as they thought they did not agree with him, but he has begun them again. Mr. Ehret is very busy for the Duchess of Portland, he has already painted above *a hundred and fifty English plants*, and now they are collected together their beauty is *beyond* what we have a notion of, particularly the water plants! but poor Ehret begins to complain of his eyes, he has hurt them with inspecting leaves and flowers in the microscope in order to dissect them.

Surely an application to natural beauties must enlarge the mind? Can we view the wonderful texture of every leaf and flower, the dazzling and varied plumage of birds, the glowing colours of flies, &c. &c., and their infinite variety, without saying, "*Wonderful and marvellous art thou in all thy works!*" And this house, with all belonging to it, is a *noble school* for such contemplations! Smith, who desires her duty, says, she "does not think that the Curiosity House in London is so curious as this." Adieu, my dear. Every kind wish to Calwich.

I am ever yours,

M. D.

The ball the Princess of Wales gave was magnificent and agreeable, but there was nothing so pretty as the two little Princes[1] dancing an Almand and two country dances together.

[1] The two little Princes must have been George Prince of Wales, and Frederick Duke of York.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Oct. 9th, 1768.

I have been longer than usual in my dearest girl's debt, but it is not for want of thinking of her, but going out in the morning and company has prevented me writing; but I have wrote to ——— and have received an answer. I never write letters of condolence, as I think them absurd, and as you *were* with her, and I wrote to inquire *after her through you,* I cannot say I think there was any room for complaint, and I cannot possibly make the * * of * * * a visit until she has been here; but I wrote cheerfully and took no notice of the hint you had given me.

You had sad dibble-dabble weather for your party to Matlock. How did it turn out? All sunshine within doors I do not doubt. Nothing is now talked of but the masquerade to be given at the Haymarket on Monday next by his Danish Majesty. I wish you were in town that I might give you my ticket; I shall not make use of it myself, as I am of Solomon's opinion that there is a "*time for all things.*" Lady Frances Bulkeley left me with tears in her eyes on the 26th of last month. I was very sorry to part with her, and have now invited Lady Mary Mordaunt—I have not seen her a great while. I had a party at home on the 1st inst. Two quadrille tables in the gilt drawing-room, and the dressing-room lighted up for those that were desœuvrés. I have many new things to show you. I now am got into the room below stairs, which I have *only* new ceiled and corniced, floored, wainscoated, and hung with paper of my own bespeaking (which I am sure you will like), new covered the sofas, and made lustring window-curtains; in short

the room is *jolie, jolie,* and only wants the presence of my sweet girl to make it quite to my taste.

Poor young Yeaman had lost all his complaints at Lisbon, but here all his former complaints are returned, and he is determined to go back to Lisbon. I fear he will not live to get there; it is a pity he came away, as he has no chance in this climate. Poor young man! he seems quite resigned, and will not let his brother be with him for fear of infecting him. The father is vastly distressed, and spares no cost; my heart quite bleeds for them.

Mrs. Clutterbuck is just come in, and desires her compliments to you. Mine to Mr. Granville and your brother Bernard. I hope all are well at Welsbourne—not forgetting your agreeable friend Mrs. Mead. My sister Shelburne[1] has a second son, and is pure well. I shall make her a visit after the tenth day is over.

Lord Fitzmaurice says he "loves *Aunt Cow* better than *Aunt Tweed.*" I am in a rapture with him, but I own I *only* love *pretty* children. I have not forgot little Mun. and hope he is well. Adieu, ma très chère.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 10th Oct., 1768.

Many thanks to you, my dear Mary, for your letter of the 2nd, which I received on Friday; and as you say

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[1] Sophia, daughter of John, Earl Granville, by his second wife, Lady Sophia Fermor, married, in 1765, William, Earl of Shelburne, by whom she left one son, John, who succeeded as 2nd Marquis of Lansdowne, 1805. He married Lady Gifford, but died without issue, 1809, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Lord Henry Petty, the present Marquis of Lansdowne (1861.)

my brother has some thoughts of going soon to Welsbourne, I write the sooner for fear the birds should be flown and miss my letter. When you are at Welsbourne pray take my things out of your little japan cabinet (the key of which you will find fastened to one of the handles), and pack them up in a box; when your brothers go to London they can carry them there for me.

I should be surprised if music did not go on well with you, with your industry and *such a master*.[1] I cannot *yet* bear the sound of my own fingers, though the Duchess has had her harpsichord tuned twice.

Last Thursday we went to Old Windsor to see Mr. Bateman's, which I had not seen since his converting it from the Indian to the Gothic. Its outward appearance is venerable—arched porticos and windows, Gothic towers and battlements, encompassed and shaded with large trees, the verdure fine, the river winding most beautifully; an island at a little distance, with many pretty circumstances that make the situation (when floods don't prevail) most delightful. The inside of the old monastery (for such it is to represent), is not so easily described; it is below stairs divided into four very small rooms, and a passage, all filled with an innumerable collection of china, japan, and knick-knacks. The walls are embossed with undescribable oddities brought from all corners of the world; the chairs, the tables of all forms and sizes. His windows are glazed with as much variety as a glazier's sign, but he has picked up a vast quantity of pretty old painted glass. His library is indeed as *fribblish* as himself, and so furnished with looking-glass

[1] Her uncle, Mr. Granville.

that had it the property of representing to him his inside as well as outside, it might read him a better lesson than he could find in his whole collection of books, and shew him his own insignificancy. You'll say I am satirical, I don't mean to be so, but I was a little provoked at his chapel, which is within his dressing-room. It is not above eight feet square, or rather an octagon; it is an exact representation of a popish chapel expensively decorated—not a circumstance omitted, and more than I can enumerate; but all I can say of it, it is like peeping through a show-glass in a box. There are many crucifixes in it, ivory figures of saints, crowns, and crosses set with sapphire, a little case called the treasury filled with rosaries, crosses, and a thousand things relating to ceremonies that I don't understand; and it is so adorned, so crowded, that it is almost impossible to distinguish one thing from another, but what must offend every serious observer must be the intent of this chapel, for if he does *not* make use of it in *good earnest*, his making a joke of it is *shocking*; and at least he should have omitted the *sacred figure*, which ought to strike us with awe and reverence, besides nobody can justify turning any religion into ridicule, though some ceremonies may be trifling and absurd, but I don't suppose he desires to be thought a papist, and perhaps he would rather be thought a heathen!

You go up a narrow staircase to the bedchambers, which are all fitted up whimsically; two of the rooms are pretty enough and cheerful, two more that are called "the monkish apartments" are dismal dark cells that would give one the vapours to inhabit. Were I to particularize all I saw within and without the house—the vestibules,

the "refectories," the "monuments," &c., &c., you would think I was quoting old Dugdale; but as I should fall far short of him, I'll not attempt it, and what I have said is only to you and my brother, for my visit answered the Duchess's kind intention, and amused me very much; besides I had the pleasure of seeing Lady Primrose, for whom I have a real regard, and she had so great an esteem for my late friend that I must always regard her. Is the Island House finished, and how do all the living creatures? I thank you for your epitaph, it is very pretty. I wanted to repeat to the Duchess of Portland Lord Delawarr's[1] verses on his sister and Jemmy Pelham, but can't recollect them, pray send them to me. I wish I were able to exert myself enough to amuse her at this time; for her spirits are very low in hourly expectation on Lady Weymouth's account, and very anxious about Lord Edward, indeed I fear with great reason, for he is certainly in a dangerous way. I wish he was gone abroad, as his physician thinks it is necessary, but am apprehensive it is too late, and it will be a terrible shock to my dear friend. I beg my love to my brother, and tell him I make no apology for not writing to him whilst he hears so much of me from you. The Duchess desires her best compliments to both, so does Mr. Achard. Adieu.

We had yesterday for dinner a gold pheasant (but not one of the Duchess's acquaintance); it was yellow, both the outward skin and the flesh, and I think it rather better than a common pheasant. What a scrawl this is! it makes me blush; but have been forced to finish it by candlelight, and my eyes are bad.

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[1] John, 2nd Earl of Delawarr, born in 1729.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Friday morning. Whitehall, 14th Oct., 1768.

Now I must regale myself with my dear Mary. I thank her for her letter dated the 8th, which gave me a kind salute on my arrival at Whitehall, and made me amends for leaving the delices and tranquillity of Bulstrode. We had a fine day for our journey; and it was lucky, for the chief postillion and his horse tumbled down, and we were obliged to get out of the chaise in the middle of the road; at first the shock was very great —as we had reason to think the man must be very much hurt, if not killed; but, providentially, he was neither— only his leg a little bruised; but it was a frightful sight, and we neither recovered it for the day. We called on Lord Edward Bentinck; the Duchess went up to him and found him in bed with a blister on, and very low, though she says he does not look thin or pallid; his spitting of blood has not returned; but they cannot get the better of his fever, and his blood is very bad. There is to be another consultation of physicians to day to determine positively whether he shall go abroad. I believe they will agree to it; for by all account his chance will be very small of recovering if he stays. It is impossible for me not to feel for my dear friend, who suffers a great deal. Thank God, Lady *Weymouth* and her bouncing girl are very well, and that keeps up the Duchess's spirits at present. We took *her* in our way to Whitehall, and I made a visit to the nursery; the rest of the children are at Bushy. The Duchess went again in the evening to see her children, and I sat me down to consider how to pursue my own business. Yesterday was a day of trial with me; I examined all

the books, that *are* to be appraised to-day or to-morrow, and I will dispose of them as soon as I can, laying by the money, which I am to be responsible for. I *have* found my prints and drawings at the bottom of one of the cases (pray tell your brother).

I hope you and my brother had a pleasant and safe journey, and the satisfaction of finding all well at Welsbourne; my love and best wishes attend the whole society. I have seen nobody since I came; but I hear the masquerade at the Haymarket[1] was *fine* and *costly* and *ill*-attended; the Duke of Richmond was dressed like a farmer, with a sample of wheat; the Duchess as the Fatima described in Lady Mary W. Montague's letters. One lady was *Night and Day*: her *right side* was gold and white, to represent the sun; her left side the moon and stars in silver on a black ground; her head I suppose was *terrestrial*, and that it served for *an eclipse!* that's my own conjecture. I believe you have seen in the newspapers an account of the Welbeck masquerade; but lest it should have escaped you I inclose it with Mrs. Montague's account. She gives me a very indifferent account of her own health; she has such a shortness of breath and palpitation that she can with difficulty go upstairs, or even cross a room; but the entertainment that beat all others was given by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland[2] at Sion. There

[1] Oct. 10th, 1768. "The King of Denmark gave a superb masked-ball at the Haymarket, at which were present the greatest number of nobility and gentry ever assembled together upon any occasion of the like nature. It is computed that not less than 2,500 persons of distinction were present. The illuminations were particularly splendid."

[2] Sept. 12th, 1768. "The entertainment given to the King of Denmark at Sion House, by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, was remarkably

was a temporary pantheon erected in the court round which the house is built, which was illuminated with four thousand lamps in variety of pretty forms; the King of Denmark's cypher on four parts of the building. Nothing could be more suited to a royal entertainment; and though there were above three hundred in one room not the least bustle. Twenty persons of the King of Denmark's own choosing dined and supped at his table, and he expressed great pleasure and admiration at every thing. He is gone, to the great regret of the populace, but I pity his poor queen, who must be sadly tantalized to hear of all these fine doings and not have any share of them.

I hear that Lord Bute is much better; the waters of Barege have at last agreed with him, and his appetite very much mended.

The Duchess of Portland, with her kind compliments to you, desires you will make hers to Mr. Granville, and return him *many thanks* for the plants he has been so good to send her, which she hopes will come safe, and for the great trouble she is sure he has had about *the fern.* She hopes in the spring it may be found.

Noon.

The physicians (Heberden, Warren, and Tuxton,) have all agreed Lord Edward must go abroad without loss of time; he takes a *surgeon* with him, and only waits now till *he* is ready to go; which I hope will be soon, as it may hereafter be a consolation to his dear mother that nothing was neglected; but I fear it is too

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grand; an inexpressible variety of emblematical devices were illuminated with more than fifteen thousand lamps, and the temple erected in the inner court was ornamented with transparent paintings that had a very happy effect."

late. He has amiable qualities, is addicted to no vice; but he has a youthful love of pleasures, which, though innocent in themselves, have hurried him on too fast. I am glad you have heard from my dear Mrs. Sandford, and that you have written to her, which I know will be a cordial to her in the midst of the sad hurry and business she and Dr. Sandford have been engaged in on my account; they have shipped most of the things I desired might be sent, and Sir William Musgrave has promised to take care of them for me when they come; and with what I have already the apartment I have here[1] is crowded like an auction-room, as the rooms are small. I have unpacked the trunk of clothes that came from Bath, and found many of the things stained with wet that had got to them, and everything very damp. No words can express the Duchess's goodness to me; her most kind attention and her friendly pressing me to remain with her as long as convenient; but I am myself unequal to the way of life unavoidable here—of late hours and company, which latter I can very well avoid *at present;* but some time hence not so easily, which makes me think it most prudent to seek after a house in *good earnest,* which hitherto I have only done at a distance. I was told of one yesterday, and went to see it; the place is called Catherine-wheel Lane; it is behind the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street; but it is not near enough to be at all incommoded by it; it is very small, but both prettily and conveniently situated; the front faces a cross street now called Little St. James's

[1] "*The apartment I have here.*" Mrs. Delany forgot she was writing at the Duchess of Portland's house, Whitehall, and she alluded to the apartments she had engaged in London.

Street, and the back looks into the Duke of Bridgewater's garden *very pleasantly*, and a coach drives very well to the door, and people of fashion live in the row. The landlord is a man of good character, and is going to fit it up, and will make any alterations I shall desire; it is to be entirely new painted, &c., and the best rooms new sashed; it has been built about five and thirty years. It cannot possibly be finished before Christmas, at which time, if I agree with him, the rent will commence; but I shall not hurry into it; it will be some employment and amusement to settle my things in it; and its being so near the park, the chapel, and Whitehall makes it very tempting. The landlord is to paper the rooms in the manner I like. And now farewell. I shall not seal till to-morrow; if I hear anything worth adding you shall have it.

Ever most affectionately yours,

M. D.

The Moncks have made me a morning visit; they go to Ireland the end of this month. I hope to hear a favourable account of Mr. Pole. Poor Lady Sarah! I hope I shall be less oppressed when all my sad affairs are at an end.

The man that owns the house says he will not let it under seven years' lease if he makes the alterations I require; but if any alteration happens he will immediately take it off my executors' hands, or if I don't like it I may let it to any body I please. He seems fair in what he says.

The following composition, found among the MSS. of Mrs. Delany, probably has reference to the lady who represented Night and Day.

"The Manifesto of Phebus, Lord of the Skies, to Night, Queen of the Earth,—

Setting forth that since the elements have been kept in decorum and as long ago as chaos was first set to rights he had always made a considerable figure, had been ever held the brightest body, that he was formerly the light of the world, was worshipped by a great nation, admired by the philosopher, courted by the husbandman, watched in every motion by the mathematician, and celebrated by the poet; that he was the parent of wit and gold, powerful in mighty matters, and necessary in small ones; that not a genius or a cucumber could ripen without his help; then for his excellency nothing could compare with him, the brightest could not shine in his presence, and he tarnished the finest complexion he looked upon; that the sage got up when he rose, and the lazy would not go to rest till he was withdrawn; that his appearance had in the finest places been always thought the greatest ornament and his influence courted by every thing in nature, but that he had lately been eclipsed by a *Night* whom all the world preferred to day, who has outshone him and put out every star whom he used to permit to appear in his absence; that this Night being already more admired, more worshipped, and more gazed at than himself, he expects to see himself deposed and her crowned in his stead, and must now be obliged to sit away his time with old Thetis, send his steeds a grazing, and sell his chariot to the next beau who is

made Grand Master to the Free Masons: Phebus thinks this usurpation most hard, and that the world will repent the revolution. He shines upon *all*, but she much distinguishes persons, and is singularly partial to merit; that for his part clouds and vapours often obscure his brightness and relieve the eyes of his admirers, but she shines continually, never darkened or eclipsed, is constantly an object of admiration; that he oftener rises and sits unobserved than she does, and is less the subject of idolatry; he complains that she has seduced his subjects, even his particular votaries. The diligent prefer her to the busy day, the wise to the early hour of contemplation, the beau to the time of dressing, and the parson had rather see her than his dinner at noon. As for ancient Night, she was a melancholy, civil, sober suited old gentlewoman, who used to wrap the world in her sable-scarf during his absence; she used indeed to wink upon some iniquity, being of a dark and secret temper, and unapt to discover what she knew, and this indulgence was often abused; but she was really a good kind sort of woman, and a favourer of rest and quiet. That the Night he complained of was the dread of those to whom the other was most a friend, and kept more eyes awake than the other closed. These things considered with his promise to dazzle and scorch less than the fair Night the world so much admires at present, he hopes his subjects will fall into their obedience again.

PHEBUS.

Given at our Palace of Brightness in Sky Region."

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes, at Welsbourne.

Richmond, Oct. 16th, 1768.

I wrote to my dearest girl last week, which I hope she has received, and that this will find her safe arrived at her beloved Welsbourn, where I am sure she was joyfully received; but I flatter myself *the best of men* will spare you a little to me, and let you come up when your brothers come to town, which I conclude will be next month.

I went on Thursday last to town in the morning to see my sister Shelburne, who has had a very good lying-in, and her child looks strong and likely to live. Next week I shall pay a visit upon the same occasion to Lady Weymouth.

The King of Denmark's masquerade was too much crowded, but very splendid. Lady Spencer was one of the *finest*. I lent her my diamond stomacher, which, added to her own jewels, made her very brilliant. Her outward dress was white lustring, spotted with silver, and her inward blue and silver. Lord Spencer had a pale blue lutestring domino, trimmed with a darker blue in chenille and gold, and was a fine figure, and had white leather shoes with blue and gold roses. Miss Shipley went with Lady Spencer and looked quite pretty, as she told me, but she distressed her greatly by fainting away at the masquerade; the Duke of Cumberland held her, and kept the crowd off her till she recovered. I think I shall now convince my *neighbours* that I have no "curiosity," as I have actually *not seen* the King of Denmark!

We go on here as usual. I have kept a letter I re-

ceived in the summer to show you, and then shall burn it.

Till I got to Salisbury I did not know that I was to go to Devizes in my way to Bowood. I should, I believe, have desired Mrs. Ravaud to have met me there; though the Bath road brought to my remembrance sorrowful scenes, and I think I was *hardly ever lower* than the night I lay at Reading, in my return home.

My best compliments to le cher père, les chers frères, et la chère amie; et je suis,

Ma très chère,

Toute à vous,

G. C. COWPER.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Whitehall, 17th Oct., 1768.

Though I don't know positively where my dear brother and niece are, the moon told me last night that *you* were kindly thinking of me, and if she has any fidelity in her she told you the same of me! I begin a day or two before I intend sending away my letter that I may not write to my dear Mary in a hurry, as it is paying the friend one delights to converse with a bad compliment to give them the refuse of one's time; mine has been, ever since I came to Whitehall, spent but in a melancholy way, but I am glad to get *every necessary business* over as fast as I can.

Lord Edward's illness is so alarming that it is impossible for me not to feel what my friend does, and I fear must suffer. He is to set out for Nice to-morrow or Wednesday, if he is able.

Yesterday evening Sir William Musgrave came. He is very conversable, and told us abundance about the King of Denmark, whose absence is much lamented *by the mob!* He threw *out of the window* the day before he went *an hundred and fifty guineas* among them, and he gave a thousand pound among the king's servants, and presented Lord Hertford[1] and Lord Talbot[2] with very fine snuff-boxes set with diamonds. He did the same to Mr. Garrick. His travelling, they say, is to conquer a fancy he has for a young lady in Denmark, and that he dislikes his wife extremely!

What unhappy wretches are *some* Princesses! how they are sacrificed! It is to be hoped they all have not the tender affections of their happier subjects.

Mr. Selwyn says, that the King of Denmark and his favourite are strollers that act the part of our king and Lord B.

I am sure when you communicate the chatter of this babbling world you don't name authors.

The Duke of Northumberland, when the King asked him, if it was not very difficult to have four thousand lamps lighted in time, said, "No, for he had two hundred lamp-lighters for that purpose." I fancy that was *a stretch*, and that *a dozen* might have done the business.

Are Mr. M. and Miss P. to be married; here they say he is to have Lord Warwick's daughter.

Pray look among the poems, &c. that used to be in the bureau in Mr. Dewes's room, for a dialogue between

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[1] Francis, 1st Earl of Hertford, was in 1766 nominated Lord Chamberlain of the Household.

[2] William, 1st Earl Talbot, Lord Steward of the Household to George III.

"a Poet and his Friend;" 'tis charming, and *called* Lord Hervey's, but it was made by an elder brother that died many years ago, who was superior in abilities to any of his brothers.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, Nov. 21st, 1768.

I am very sorry to hear that one of my dearest girl's letters have miscarried, as they are always too good to be lost. Poor Mr. Arden's living Mr. Bulkeley was to have had, but it was so circumstanced that I thought it would turn out more to his advantage to decline it, and my son is to ask immediately a living of the Chancellor for him, so situated that he may hold it with one of Lord Spencer's of £200 a-year in Dorsetshire whenever it is vacant. I do not doubt *my Chaplain's* being well provided for in time, but he is young enough to wait. "*The righteous are never forsaken,*" *&c.*, then what may not the offspring of *Mr. and Mrs. Dewes* expect? especially as they follow so good a track. I had a party at home on Friday; two quadrille tables below stairs in the pretty room. *The General* brought his nephew, who has been ill with being over-heated at the King of Denmark's masquerade, but I liked him last night better than ever I did. Were he to fall into good hands, I think he might not only be happy himself, but make others so; at present he seems quite unhappy, as he has no comfort at home. His father being *odd* and *bad*, and his mother *odd*, though *good*, and fitter much for the next world than this, so the heir apparent is going to seek a *new creation* abroad, though I could recommend

to him a faultless creature at home which would make him like herself, both fit for this world and the next! I have not dared to take in Lady Grace Hay (which has been a great mortification to her), the small pox has raged so much at Richmond, and of a bad kind.

I desire, when little Mun. comes to you, you will lay out half-a-guinea in something for him as my gift. Say something pretty for me to agreeable Mrs. Mead, and my best compliments to Mr. Dewes and my Chaplain. I shall send your brothers each a ticket for a benefit ridotto for the General Lying-in-Hospital, on the 28th instant; you would like our Richmond ones I assure you. There is to be one this evening, and next Monday will be the last this season.

Lady Spencer is still confined, and were she to remain so, I believe would be safe; but the *constant hurry scurry* she lives in can never be proper for a person with child.

Is *a certain person* dead, or recovered, *or neither?* which is worse than the former.

> *"For words are wanting to discover*
> *The torments of a hopeless lover!"*

I am certain we shall not find the evenings long when we meet, we shall have so much to say to one another.

If the weather permits (to-day is dismal) I propose going to-morrow into St. James's Place, and will get this franked.

Aimez-moi toujours comme je vous aime.

Adieu,

G. C. COWPER.

Mrs. Delany to Lady Andover.

Bulstrode, 24th Nov., 1768.

The Duchess of Portland was happy with your ladyship's letter this morning, and charges me with her love and acknowledgments, and for fear an extraordinary empressment for writing should seize her Grace I snatch the present moment to return my dear Lady Andover my best thanks for the favour of her last letter, still unanswered, and can with pleasure assure her, that our most dear friend is very well, and in very good spirits; confirmed by good accounts at home and abroad. How well she deserves felicity! For how bountifully does she bestow it! but every soil is not as grateful as her good culture deserves: I am too true a sample, who receive hourly such tender marks of her goodness, and yet am at times no better than a noxious weed! However, I must do myself the justice to say that I am not quite unworthy, as my heart overflows with true and grateful affection for her, and my health is certainly better.

Apropos, has your ladyship, amongst the authors you have perused, met with KRACHSCHENNINNECHOFF; he must be a great man by his *name!* I should think he must be a Patagonian! This learned man the Duchess of Portland and the ingenious Mr. Lightfoot have at their fingers' ends, with a million more little inferior in sound,—that an ignorant person sitting by, whilst they are displaying their knowledge, might expect to see the candles turn blue, and that they were at their incantations; but nothing can be more *simple* and innocent than

these amusements, or more calculated to drive away the foul fiend. I am sure your ladyship's esteem for the Duchess of Portland is such that any escape from harm or *disgrace* must give you satisfaction; and she has had such an escape! When *Prince and Princess Czartorisky*, the *Countess Opeska*, *Monsieur and Madame Williamos*, and *Monsieur Le Comte Zabiella* were to come to Bulstrode, her Grace, out of the abundance of her politeness, intending to entertain in a superlative manner, thought of *cards*—(unnatural thought, for her, to be sure!) but she took care to buy them, and bring them down herself, and kept them choice till the hour of need; *they* did *not* come! The cards lay *un*molested on the toilet. Fossils were examined, and sorted, a loud cry for patty-pans all exhausted, the *choice cards* were seized upon for the purpose, the *packthread cut*, the paper stript off, and behold appeared fair, unspotted, virgin cards! What would the princely guests have thought when their spirits and hopes were high about engaging in *dear quadrille* or *delightful loo* to have had such a damp?—You can, I am sure, my dear Lady Andover, in sprightly colours, figure to yourself the rage, the disappointment of the company, and the amazement and *confusion* of our friend. She bid me tell you this, or I should not have said so much about it.

I am, indeed, most truly rejoiced at Mr. Frampton's promotion, and hope he will long enjoy a station, that he is so well fitted to shine and to rise in; but I believe he has forgot me and the good wishes he knew I have had for his good success, or why has he not taken any notice of me, by message or a line, since I left Bath? He came *once* to my lodgings, when I was too ill to see

Joseph Brown sc.

JUDITH TICHBORNE.

Countess of Sunderland.

From an enamel by Zincke
in the poſſeſſion of Frances Baroness de Bunsen.

him; but never called or sent again! However, he is too worthy a man for me to quarrel with, and I hope your ladyship will be so good, when you see him, to assure him I am sincerely glad he is at last distinguished as he deserves. May I beg my affectionate compliments to Miss F. Howard. I rejoice the dear little Lady Maria is so well. Whatever contributes to your happiness must in a great measure to that of your ladyship's

Most affectionate, and
Obedient humble servant,
M. DELANY.

I hope you will not be buried in snow at Charleton. My best compliments attend Lord Suffolk.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 28th Nov., 1768.

Though I begin on so large a sheet, I am not much disposed for writing, having been much shocked with the account of my dear Miss Sutton's death—a very unexpected stroke; but I suppose my dear Mary has known the progress of her illness, which prepared you for the event—an event of great happiness, I hope, to our friend, but *nobody* of all my intimate acquaintance, *except* the dear friend I am with, could have been so great a loss to me! Besides her being the child of a friend[1] I loved so tenderly, she had every quality that could make a most desirable companion, and an attachment to me and those I love, that claims my grateful remembrance and the tribute I sincerely pay her. She was it seems

[1] The Countess of Sunderland.

very ill when I was in London, but the Duchess of Portland charged every one not to tell me, as she was then altered to a degree, that would have alarmed me greatly, and she knew I would go and see her. It was most kindly *meant*, as my having been of late not quite so well as I was when I first came down, made her unwilling I should know it yet; and she went to town on Saturday, to see Lady Weymouth, who is confined with a violent pain and swelling in her leg, attended with a fever, they say occasioned by her milk, tho' she was better yesterday, when the Duchess left her, at three o'clock. In the morning, I received a letter from our amiable Ravaud, which acquainted me with my loss, she *not doubting* but I *had* been acquainted with it; but don't let her know *that* circumstance, as her tender heart! would be hurt if she knew the *sad surprise* it was to me. Now, my dearest Mary, I have written so much on this subject, my spirits are easier, and I still feel such comfort and blessing in *my amiable child*, that it makes me truly thankful to Providence, not only on that account, but that I still possess so many valuable friends.

The weather has been so uncertain and bad, that it has prevented our taking proper exercise, which about this sweet place would have been delightful and salutary. We make use of every fine day. The Duchess talks of going to town again on Thursday or Friday, to see Lady Weymouth, and if *she* continues long confined, I fear it will end in our settling in London before Christmas, which I shall be sorry for on every account but the pleasure I shall have in seeing your brothers. They have lost a kind friend, and I am sure are sorry, and your father too, who had a *great esteem for her*. My mind at present is so full of this

one subject, I can think of nothing else, and find that being possessed of a *great* sorrow does *not* prevent the feeling of lesser ones,—the ocean is only augmented by small rivers!

I must add my thanks, my dear child, for the little box so neatly packed up.

Mrs. Delany to Lady Andover.

Bulstrode, 11th Dec., 1768.

I was greatly obliged to dear Lady Andover for her kind intelligence of her safe arrival at Charleton, where I hope everything will conspire to make the season you pass there pleasant, and that as soon as Lord Suffolk's hospitality has paid due homage to the Christmas holidays, you will all decamp for the city of Westminster, by which time you will have friends at Whitehall impatient to see you.

I must assure your ladyship that our dear friend is very well, and I hope Lady Weymouth is so much better that she will soon get quite rid of her complaints. The Duchess of Portland went to town last Wednesday to see her, and she returned on Friday; proposes doing the like on Wednesday next if not intimidated by the Brentford mob[1] or some such rioters.

I am indeed in perfect charity with Mr. Frampton, and few of his friends more sincerely glad of his preferment. His duty and inclination will sometimes call him to pay his respects to his *benefactors* in London, and then I hope to *prove his sincerity* if he wishes to continue our ac-

[1] "*The Brentford mob.*" A riot took place at Brentford on the 8th of Dec., 1768, on the election of a member for the county of Middlesex.

quaintance; but as the advantage will be all on my side there can be no doubt of my desiring it.

I know your ladyship's indulgence for your friends is so great, that as you was certainly a good deal fatigued with your journey, you will as soon as you can relieve our cares about you. The Duchess sends her best love to dear Lady Andover, and we both beg our best compliments to Lord Suffolk and Miss F. Howard. I am, with true affection,

Your ladyship's most faithful,
And obedient humble servant,
M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 28th Dec., 1768.

If a cold corner could lurk in my *heart* towards my dearest Mary, her dear letter, dated the 24th, just received, must make *it* glow with warmth; but though it is delightful to receive testimonies of love from those most dear to us, this was not wanting to make me feel the happiness of such a filial friend.

Let no *retrospection* give you a painful moment on my account. If I saw a *slight flaw* in the diamond, I knew it was only on the surface, and would easily polish off; but one thing gives me pain, and yet I don't know how even to wish it rectified, as it is the consequence of that disposition which makes you so *amiable*—you guess, I mean your *too great sensibility* on the account of your friends. Even there I have this consolation, that as you know perfect happiness is not designed for this world, you will be supported (in all great trials to which

mortality subjects us) by that aspiring hope to that seat "where only true joys are to be found;" and with the utmost satisfaction, my dearest Mary, do I consider you taking every step that (with the Divine assistance) will guide you thither—

"Thither let our hearts aspire."

And now I shall make no apology for this serious page, but proceed to talk like folks of this world, for who *can* be *so cheerful* as those that *endeavour to do their duty*, and amuse themselves innocently. Cheerfulness is natural to every being, and a grateful heart *must be thankful* for the blessings it knows how to enjoy!

I should have been glad to have peeped through a cranny like a little mouse to see you trip with your agreeable society *on "the light fantastic toe;"* but I would not willingly have produced my chilly wrinkled countenance unless I could have made you amends by good humour and good spirits. In idea I have enjoyed all your occupations, and don't know which I like best. Long may you all, my dear children, bless and be blessed.

I had a letter last post from my brother, and hope he may be at Bath before this kisses your fair hands; but he says he has still a great deal of pain—I long for *the answer*, but think it (almost) impossible he should object.

Now for *la Jupe:* it is too thick and clumsy for a gown, and were it not, I assure you there is not a scrap of the same sort to be met with. And thus far I have run on without saying one word of your dear letter of last week without a date, but full of kindness, which ought to have been acknowledged before; but now we are on the brink (alas!) of leaving sweet B. a thousand bottoms

are to be worked up that prevented my writing last post. I have finished three chairs' back and seats for the Duchess of Portland—(one of them was begun twelve years ago.) The rest of our works I postpone an account of till the happy time of meeting, on which my thoughts are constantly fixed. *Come* by all means *in your habit*, you will be immediately conveyed to my apartments and see nobody but myself. How does your maid come?

It is a great satisfaction to me that my dear John[1] has consulted Dr. Lewis. I hope he will have the virtue strictly to follow his prescriptions, and take warning not to be negligent of his precious health. The Duchess desires her best compliments, and is almost as impatient for your coming as I am. The *funguses are found*, they were snug in a portfolio that was overlooked. The bell rings for prayers—every duty is here performed with the greatest punctuality. Do me justice to everybody, to yourself more than I can say. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Whitehall, 7th Jan., 1769.

It is an age since I wrote to dear Lady Andover, and I suffer (as all naughty people do) for my faults. The truth, which I know always is the best solicitor with your ladyship, is, that on coming to town I was struck with the sight of my Irish goods that are arrived, and *so sunk by it* I was not able to write; and now being uncertain where this may kiss your hands, and not without hope that you may be preparing for London, I shall make it short. Surely London is the place that from

[1] The Revd. John Dewes.

December till *April* is the wholesomest place for man, woman, and child: I appeal to Miss F. Howard.—The Duchess of Portland is entirely of my mind, and sends her kind love and wishes to her *dear Andeline*. She is, thank God, very well, and good as —, but I dare not say what, as perhaps she will see my letter. Lady Weymouth very well, and everywhere, and very busy in removing from Pall Mall to the house that was the Duke of Dorset's in Arlington Street.

Lady Stamford comes to town in a fortnight. Lord Edward B. very well. My hut in little St. James's Street is not in great forwardness, which does not at all grieve my spirit. I am too sensible of my present happy situation to be in haste to quit it. Many happy new years to my dear Lady Andover and those that contribute to her happiness, is the fervent wish of

Your ladyship's most affectionate,
And obedient humble servant,
M. DELANY.

When I came to town I found a ticket of Dr. Frampton's, and immediately sent to Duke Street to desire to see him, but to my mortification he was gone, and greatly to the Duchess of Portland's disappointment. I was to have the honour of introducing him to her Grace. May I beg my compliments to him.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Whitehall, 19th Jan., 1769.

The Duchess of Portland was happy yesterday with your ladyship's letter. She begun to be uneasy at not

hearing, supposing she had written some time ago; but from dear Lady Andover's *gentle murmur* of "not having heard" from hence as often as she wished, we conclude neither her Grace's letter of about a month ago, and my last (which was the second I adressed to Charleton) have kissed your ladyship's hands. In my last I particularly mentioned Dr. Frampton, the search I had made after him in London, and my concern for the account I had heard of his illness, which I hope he has perfectly recovered.

It much rejoices us to hear your ladyship, &c., performed your journey well, and were safe at Elford, but hope you have no intention of making any stay there, as most certainly a watery situation and keen air cannot be as wholesome for your *little* angel as the *good honest smoke* of London, at least for three months to come. I know if you are convinced of that, we shall soon have you in our neighbourhood. And what more shall I say to invite? Many friends will be happy to see you, and that must gratify your benevolence; no one will be more truly blessed with your company and conversation than myself, and that, I am sure, will indulge your charity, for nothing but your own virtues can give you pleasure in bestowing your time on one so little worthy of it in every respect but that of an *un*altered attachment to you, and true gratitude for all your goodness.

I would tell you if I could what's doing in the Grand Monde, but that I believe you care as little for it as I do; a prodigious fine crowded birthday yesterday. The Duchess and I were comfortably at home the whole day. Lady Stamford came in the evening and was very well dressed, and glittered wonderfully. Lady Weymouth very

well again, and in waiting, so we see little of her now. The finest man I heard of was the imperial ambassador. Blue velvet, the buttons and *buttonholes* set with diamonds.

The Douglas cause begun to-day. 'Tis supposed it will last ten or twelve days.

Lord Weymouth, and five men beside, dined here, staid to drink coffee and tea, but are just gone all to Almacks as is her Grace.

The postbell tingles, and I can only scrawl that I beg my best compliments to Miss F. Howard, and to yourself more than I can utter or write. Adieu.

The Duchess charged me with her love.

Mrs. H. Mead to Miss Dewes.

Welsbourne, Feb. 2nd, 1769.

Many thanks to you, my dear Miss Dewes, for your kind note and letter, and it gave me great pleasure to hear you got well to town, that your brothers are well also, and Mrs. Delany better, to whom I beg my compliments; I am glad your hurry of company and late hours agree so well with you, though I dare say it is a sort of life you would not choose for a *constancy*, though very well sometimes; but no one is more capable of shining in polite assemblies, though at the same time you can look forward to scenes of pleasure far beyond the transitory ones here—a taste, I doubt, much wanted by many in your gay sphere. I assure you we have been very gay here also, where you was much wished for indeed; the bride and bridegroom came to Walton at the fixed time when

you left us, and we proposed paying our compliments to them on the Monday morning afterwards, when your papa said he would conduct us, but on the Sunday evening received a card to invite us all to dinner on the Wednesday and to spend the evening,—a method I find they took with their friends and neighbours at Berkley also, in order to "break the form a little," Mr. Mordaunt said, on those occasions, and indeed a very agreable day we spent. I went with Mrs. Vernon, (she being by herself,) Mr. Vernon not being able to be there before the evening, and your papa was so kind to convey the rest, though Mr. Mordaunt was so good to offer to send his coach or his chaise. I like the bride very much; she seems sensible, and appears of an obliging disposition, and behaves very affectionately to the eldest ladies as well as Miss Mary. She was dressed in a handsome white tissue negative, no jewels except pearl buttons, necklace and earrings, and those of the small sort; Mr. Mordaunt in light cloth, with a silver tissue waistcoat. I think Mrs. Mordaunt[1] is rather plain (though your papa says she was "handsome enough for a wife)"; the upper part of her face is rather handsome, pretty good eyes and nose, but a bad mouth, rather long visage, and pale though fair, and dark hair, she is tall and genteel, and a good figure in dancing. The company were *the parish of Welsbourne*, Mr. Mills' family, Miss Wren, who was with them, Mr. Ogleworth (who was powdered and curled very smart, indeed); Mr. and Mrs. Leg of Idlicot, who had Miss Musgrave and Mr. North, Lady Willoughby's

[1] John, eldest son of Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Prowse, Esq., of Uxbridge.

brother, with them, was also invited, and was set out to come, but was obliged to turn back by a brook being impassable between that place and Hulford; Mr. and Mrs. Shirley were there, but not invited, as they went but the day before, and came of a morning visit; but however it was very well, as Mr. Shirley[1] was a *proper partner* for the bride. I assure you we think she looks full five-and-twenty; there was rather a scarcity of gentlemen. The Miss Mordaunts did not begin dancing except Miss Dolly who prevailed on your papa to dance with her; I also danced two dances, and Mr. and Mrs. Mills, (who have *not practised* these twenty years, danced.) Sir Charles was excused for fear of the gout, and Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Mead by having their boots on. But Mr. Mills has promised Sir Charles he will dance at his wedding, if he will make haste. He replied: "The sooner the better." I dare say *he thinks so if with a certain lady,—you know who!* We had a very elegant dinner and supper, and didn't reach home till two o'clock. I was laid up for several days after with a fever and sore throat, which I felt a little of the day before, but am got very well again now, and have rid out to day, and your papa has been spending a tête-à-tête visit with me this afternoon, as Mrs. Welch, your brother, and Mr. Mead and Bell, are gone to Kings Head. The bride folks have returned their visits they made two mornings to Welsbourne; the equipage, &c., very neat—post-coach and four, lemon colour gilt; poor Mrs. Hayes the morning they went there, was *dressed out*, and she exerted herself so much she

[1] The Rev. Walter Shirley, fourth son of the Hon. Laurence Shirley, married Henrietta Maria, daughter of John Phillips, of Dublin, Esq.

had like to have died afterwards, and was forced to be bled! Mr. Lucy is much better, and *now he knows* he is to be sheriff, he does not seem to mind it much.

But I must hasten to conclude. If you are with the Lady Cowper, as I imagine you are, beg our respectful compliments to her, and am,

Dear Miss Dewes,

Yours affectionately,

H. MEAD.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

T. H. C., 10 at night, Monday.
Feb., 1769.

I am just come from Lady Weymouth and found your dear letter, my dear Mary, on my table; am glad your airing has agreed so well with you, and not a little glad with the hopes you give me of coming home next Saturday. Though my impatience does not fall very short of a lover's, yet if you see any reason for staying a day or two longer, or should it prove a very damp day, I charge you to do what is most agreeable to and safest for you, ever assured of being received with open arms and a warm heart. I pity those you are to leave, and must ever feel true gratitude for their kind care and attention to my precious child. Court dined with me to-day, and is very well. Bernard was engaged. Miss H. Thynne is better, but poor Lady Weymouth has been very miserable about her. I dined yesterday with our *little plump Montague* and her son; you were much inquired after, and your health drank. From thence I went by invitation to Mrs. M., *the witty* and *the lean*, and found a formal formidable circle!

I had *a whisper* with Mrs. Boscawen, another with Lady Bute, and *a wink* from the Duchess of Portland—*poor diet* for one who loves a plentiful meal of social friendship. The clock is impertinent, and tells me I must send away my letter before I have said half my say.

Your father is quite recovered. I have had a visit from Miss Furnival.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Wednesday, 6 o'clock.
Feb., 1769.

Inclosed I send you a list of the cards I have sent out for you to-day, if you recollect others let me know; these with half a score notes, pinning twenty patches together to make a chair cover, a visit from Bernard, and another from Mrs. Boscawen, must account for the hurry of this epistle.

I read my dearest Mary's letter in the chaise, and was affected by your too great gratitude, my dear child. We trotted on briskly, chewing the cud upon the pleasure we had enjoyed at Richmond; when hark! I heard a shouting and calling which I thought belonged to some waggon or stage coach behind us, when a man clothed all in scarlet, with a musket in his hand, and fiercer than Captain Parlande, gave the postillion a smart slap on the back and cried out, "Stop, for His Majesty is on the road." The postillion, ignorant of etiquette, and smarting with resentment, was going to exercise his whip hand. I screaming out, "Stop, stop," and Court the

same at the other window, and we had just prevailed as *the post-chaise* past by: and little did His Majesty know how he had flattered one of his humble subjects. I grumbled at the insolence and rebellion of the postillion, Court complained of arbitrary power, and we argued the point—he maintaining that the public road should not be violated by these proceedings—I, that it was due to royalty to have all those marks of respect kept up: and how do you think the dispute ended? With infinite good humour, and a *strict* adherence to our *own opinions!* My councillors could not stay the evening, which I regretted, as I had a pretty snug minority party,—Lord and Lady Dartmouth, Mrs. Montague and her son, and the Duchess of Beaufort, who came in person to thank me for my solicitude about her, and to inquire after you; and (so vexatious), her chairmen did by her as Lady Shelburne's did, *bounced* her against the door and broke one of her glasses; I did not know it till she was gone, and it really vexed me; but Mrs. Boscawen has undertaken to make all proper apologies for me and *my door!* though I sent a *lamenting card* this morning. Before my party broke up, in walked Lady Willoughby,[1] everybody congratulated her on Lord North's being First Lord of the Treasury.[2] No reason yet known why the Duke of Grafton has resigned; it seems an unkind behaviour to his benefactor at this critical time, and puts me in mind

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[1] Lady Louisa North, sister of the minister, Lord North, married, in 1761, John Peyto, 6th Baron Willoughby de Broke.

[2] Frederic, Lord North was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, Feb. 6, 1770. He had held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer from Dec. 1, 1767, and continued to hold *both* offices till March 27, 1782, when the Marquis of Rockingham became the Premier.

of what Louis XIV. or Charles II. said, that when he bestowed a place, he was sure of making many enemies, and one man ungrateful. "But a fig for politics." How do you, my dear child? and how does your kindest of nurses? and how did your card-party agree with you? and how did you relish mutton and turnips? I hope you nibbled more than you did yesterday, or a mouse would distance you.

I am just going to drink tea with Lady Primrose, and meet the duchess of all duchesses, and to-morrow I dine at Dowager Lady Gowers. Friday I stay at home and see company—Mrs. Shelley for one if I can catch her. Pray make my baise mains to the Countess, and tell her her arrow shall be shot off to-morrow. Adieu, my dear agreeable triumvirate, I pray for sunshine for you.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen[1] *to Mrs. Delany.*

Audley Street.
Monday, May 8th, 1769.

DEAR MADAM,

I hope you have been able perfectly to enjoy the sweets of Bulstrode, by having always the satisfaction

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[1] Frances, daughter of William Glanville Evelyn, Esq., of St. Clere, Kent, (by his first wife, Frances, daughter and heir of William Glanville, Esq.), married, in Dec., 1744, the Hon. Edward Boscawen, third son of Hugh, 1st Viscount Falmouth. Her husband was a distinguished naval officer. He died, Jan. 10, 1761. She died, Feb. 26, 1805. Their children were—1, Edward Hugh, M.P. for Truro, died at Spa, 17th July, 1774; 2, William Glanville, who was drowned at Jamaica in 1769; 3, George Evelyn, who became, in 1782, 3rd Viscount Falmouth on the death of his uncle Hugh, the

to observe that the Duchess is quite well, and has not had the least return of her indisposition. Your own health too is good I hope; as to Miss Dewes, I won't ask after her, persuaded as I am, that by this time her cheeks vie with the reddest tinge of the apple blossom. Now, for me to see all this would be delightful, and to say that such is my ambition is the purpose of *these few lines* which *wait* on you, dear madam, to know if it would be agreeable to the Duchess for me and my Missey to breakfast with her Grace on Thursday and return on Friday, or else to wait on her and you on Friday and return on Saturday. Either of these we can do, and therefore you may be sure we will, if it be agreeable to her Grace, and that she has no engagement. I have not a word of news, and the dulness of this is a sad specimen of the visitor I offer you. Dear madam, all the world is gone down to the House of Commons, and there expect to stay (at least the concerned) till *to-morrow morning!*

I congratulate you on this soupçon de pluie, indeed we were almost blind with dust, and my neighbour, Mrs. Howard, *won't join* in watering the street!

Adieu, dear madam; I will expect from you (or if you please from your amiable secretary) a word of answer to receive on Wednesday, that is to say by return of post.

2nd Viscount; 4, Frances, married, in 1773, the Hon. John Leveson Gower, son of John, 1st Earl Gower by his 3rd wife; 5, Elizabeth, married, in 1766, Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort. The brothers mentioned in the course of Mrs. Boscawen's letters were the children of her father by a second marriage. By the first marriage she was the only child, and she inherited the large property of her mother, who died young.

I beg my respects to the Duchess, and am with the truest regard,

Dear madam,

Your sincere and obliged humble servant,

F. BOSCAWEN.

My daughter sends her kind love to her young friend, and promises to bring her a perfect and particular account of the ridotto al fresco,[1] if she is so happy to go to Bulstrode this week.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 16th May, 1769.

Had not the Duchess of Portland written to dear Lady Andover my letter would not have been so long deferred; but though I know your ladyship's kind partiality gives some little value to my letters, I thought as you had heard so lately it was better to delay my intelligence a little longer. Our dearest friend is very well and happy in Lord Edward Bentinck's being come back perfectly well; he came here last night soon after we were sat down to supper, but was obliged to return this evening in order to pay his devoirs to their Majesties. I don't know which gave the Duchess the most pleasure — seeing him so well, or his kind and proper attention to her in coming *immedeiately to her*; to so delicate a way

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[1] The "ridotto al fresco," which was an object of interest at the period when this letter was written, became afterwards so immoral that it was stopped by government authority.

of thinking, as she has, *every mark* of a *good heart*, is of at least as much consequence as the health of the body.

I was very happy to hear the journey to Elford so prosperous, and that your dear little charge has found such benefit from change of air. Have you been starved with cold, or has your ladyship's constant exercise to and from your delightful hill made you bear the cold without shrugging. Here we make most woeful complaints. The Duchess heaps *cloaks* upon *cloaks* on herself, and fires are ordered; then—we grow too hot, and off go the cloaks; surely the wind is now south-west? notwithstanding all this grumbling and restlessness, we walk, we tour about the park, we feed the creatures, and feel *no cold whilst* the botanic garden is under inspection. Mr. Achard and I, who are the *youthful* part of the company, think the weather tolerably good; but I should think it so in Lapland, were I there with the dear friend I am now with. Unfortunately the day Mr. and Mrs. Greenvil and Miss Stapleton spent here was rain from morning till evening; but they had enough for one day's admiration within doors. To them succeeded agreeable Mrs. Boscawen and her daughter, who went away much delighted. On Saturday and on Monday came Lord and Lady Scarsdale [1] and Miss Curzon, they are still here, and I believe stay till Sunday or Monday; who succeeds next I don't know. I cannot wonder there are many candidates; though were I to indulge

[1] Sir Nathaniel Curzon was created Baron Scarsdale, 19th June, 1761. He married, 27th October, 1750, Caroline, daughter of Charles, 2nd Earl of Portmore. Lord Scarsdale died in 1804, leaving two daughters (besides several sons)—Caroline, who died, 17th May, 1841, and Juliana, who died 22nd Feb., 1835.

my own wicked selfishness there would be fewer, as I feel myself unsuitable now to much company. I cannot but regret dear Lady Andover's short stay here; such is my ingratitude, that I repine at the loss of pleasures and blessings without considering *how thankful* I ought to be that I *ever* possessed them.

As for news, the papers give you all and more than is done and doing. I hope the pretty views, the melodious birds, and all the pleasing rural scenes of the country make Miss F. Howard amends for the loss of Almacks, Ranelagh, &c., but that as soon as *their* beauties fade, she will return to the sprightly diversions of London and her friends there. I beg my best compliments to her.

The Duchess's love, and Miss Dewes's respects attend dear Lady Andover.

I am your ladyship's most affectionate and
Most obedient,
M. DELANY.

Miss Dewes's kind compliments to Miss F. Howard; may I beg mine to Lord Suffolk, if with you.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Hatchlands Park,[1] May 24th, 1769.

I am so happy, dear madam, with the honour and pleasure of your correspondence that I sit down to answer your obliging letter the day I receive it; but it is rather simple perhaps to tell you so, as I may deter

[1] Hatchlands Park, near Guildford, in Surrey, the residence of Admiral the Hon. Edward Boscawen, who died Jan. 10, 1761, aged 49.

you from ever writing again! indeed, dear madam, I will never desire it, much less expect it, but at your leisure, and then I shall certainly be very glad to hear of the Duchess's health and of yours, dear madam. I congratulate her Grace upon this delightful weather, which, coming after a plentiful rain, with all the warmth of June and sweets of May, makes the country really delightful. I came here last Saturday; was obliged to set out in all that deluge of rain, being engaged to dine with some friends at Bansted, and have done nothing ever since, I think, but walk and sit out of doors and take airings in my chaise, feasting my eyes with hawthorns and my ears with nightingales. I have only my daughter with me; and how happy we should both be could we entice you, dear madam, and Miss Dewes to come to us must not now be thought of, since you bid me despair of that pleasure! differé, il est perdu pour moi, nor do I flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you again before winter, because, instead of going to London to see the Duchess of Beaufort at the King's birthday; the Duke and she have promised me to come hither for a few days after it. I am heartily glad to be assured by you, (who see with piercing eyes) the state of the Duchess's health, that it is now perfect; my best respects wait on her Grace, with a thousand thanks for her kind remembrance, which is one instance among many of her goodness to me. You do not say that Lord Edward is recovered; but I hope he is, as I heard he looked vastly well. The marriage[1] which

[1] Henry Fitzroy, 3rd Duke of Grafton, married his 2nd wife, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, Bart., June 24, 1769.

excited your wonder did so to all the town, insomuch that I should not have failed to have wrote it to the Duchess of Portland the day that it burst suddenly upon the world if I had not concluded Lady Weymouth would acquaint her Grace with this *surprising piece* of news. Miss Fanny Wrottesley,[1] sister to the future Duchess, marries Captain Pigott (of the Navy), brother to Lord Pigott, but Miss Moore's marriage is not true, I believe; I know her well (dès le berceau) as she is an admiral's[2] daughter; she is a very fine girl, but not fifteen; my daughter spoke of the report to Lady Moore, her mother, who expressed great surprise that it should have been thought of. Though I have indulged myself in scribbling to you so soon, yet I shall not send it as yet, for it is not worth a farthing, and my son is not here to frank it. Young men are never weary of London, I think; if he does not come soon I will employ my right honourable neighbour, though his lordship is but an *indifferent scribe!* Be pleased to tell the Duchess of Portland that Mr. Harley[3] was here on

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[1] Frances, daughter of Sir Richard Wrottesley, married Admiral Pigott. Sir Richard's wife was the Lady Mary Gower, daughter of John, 1st Earl Gower and mother of the Duchess of Grafton, Mrs. Pigott, and other children.

[2] Sir John Moore, of the Drogheda family, was a Knight of the Bath and Rear Admiral of the Red. He was created a Baronet in 1766, and married Penelope, daughter of General Matthew. They had four daughters: Catherine, the eldest, married Sir Charles Warwick Bamfylde, Bart.; Penelope, the second, married Ralph, second son of Ralph Sneyd, Esq., of Keel; Anne and Selina Maria died single.

[3] John Harley, D.D., third son of Edward, 3rd Earl of Oxford, brother of Edward, 4th Earl, and father of Edward, 5th Earl of Oxford. He died, Jan. 7, 1788, being Bishop of Hereford and Dean of Windsor. He was cousin to the Duchess of Portland, who was the only daughter and heir of Edward Harley, 2nd Earl of Oxford.

Monday; he came with Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor,[1] who have thoughts of purchasing the place, and took a cursory view of it in all the heat of last Monday; it was the Rev. Mr. Harley: (is he not Rector of Marylebone) (*par la grace de Margarite la Bénigne*)? I have a notion so; I knew him by sight, having seen him (I think at Lady Bingley's).[2] Her ladyship is in this country, but has not yet taken any notice of us, which we bear very patiently. Adieu, dear madam. Whenever you will be so good to bestow a quarter of an hour upon me I shall be exceedingly thankful, and always most faithfully yours,

F. Boscawen.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 7th June, 1769. Nine o'clock.

How solitary my dressing room; but I am cheered with the thought of my ever dear Mary's being in a situation most pleasing to her, where the kindness of her agreeable friend, the beauties of her mansion,[3] and the moon in its full glory, she knows so well how to enjoy—and enjoy it my dearest child, with *hope* that *all things* will answer well *at last*. You have a never failing resource—

(Here the MS. is imperfect.)

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[1] Probably Thomas Grosvenor, 2nd son of Sir Richard, and brother of Richard, 1st Earl Grosvenor. Mr. Thomas Grosvenor married, in 1759, Deborah, daughter and co-heir of Stephen Skynner, of Walthamstow, Esq.

[2] Harriet, only daughter and heiress of Robert Benson, Baron Bingley, and wife of George Lane Fox, created Baron Bingley, 1762. At her husband's death, in 1773, the title became extinct, his only son, Robert, having died before him.

[3] The Countess Cowper's new house in Richmond, Surrey.

The middle arch of the old bridge had fallen in about an hour the day before the Duchess of Portland's coach drove over it. Happily nobody was on the bridge at the time it fell; they had made up a temporary bridge for walkers, and to-day the arch will be repaired and made passable for coaches. This, with setting out rather too late, occasioned an extraordinary revolution at Bulstrode.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

T. H. C., 16th June, 1769.

"*My books and work will now no longer please*," &c. nothing but talking to my dear Mary will do *at present*, though I have nothing to say but what *my faithful friend* in your breast will say better for me—our mutual feelings are our best interpreters, now you are geehoeing along Piccadilly, the sun shines on my dear travellers, no dust I hope, no unruly jolts, nothing to ruffle their passage. Ingenious minds find entertainment everywhere, "sweet converse" will beguile the time, every tree, herb, flower, afford them a subject for admiration; and every passenger for some observation: so I trust your journey will be pleasant, and the thoughts of making those happy (for that must be the case) you are going to, will be the *zest of all*. Think of me, my dear child, *without regret*; your kind attentions to me, and the happiness I enjoyed in your company must always be a pleasing recollection; I shall live upon it till we meet again, a prospect, I thank God, not far off; and in the meantime

I will obey my beloved Mary's commands, and *court* amusements, perhaps they will be coy, but *I'll pursue!* a note this moment from Mrs. Pitt; she calls me at three; adieu, till by and by.

Evening.

I saw nobody till Mrs. Pitt called me at the appointed hour. We had a pretty snug dinner in her bow window below stairs, and saw her cart loaded with hay in the field at the end of her garden, and all the jovial hay-makers following it in full glee, when behold a black cloud that had some time threatened, poured down and damped all their jollity; it soon cleared, and we had a pleasant walk round, sat some time in her green-house, then mounted her *bowery staircase* to the drawing-room, and drank coffee; she was very entertaining, and I did *my best* endeavour to enjoy it, but could not help wishing my Mary and her guardians had been of the party; she told me she heard, but did not believe it, that Lord Hertford was to be governor of the Prince of Wales, Lord Gower Lord Chamberlain, Lord Rochfort to succeed Lord Gower and Lord Sandwiche[1] to be Secretary of State. Many good things she said of the *chosen governor*—how proper a person to instil into the mind of a young Prince, noble and generous sentiments; a Lady Erskine, (widow of Sir Charles Erskine,) and her two little boys, came after coffee; she is a pretty woman, fine person, and very unaffected. *Her contrast,* Lady F. Coningsby,[2] followed,

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[1] John, 4th Earl of Sandwich. He was Secretary of State and First Lord of the Admiralty.

[2] Lady Frances, daughter and coheir of the last Earl of Coningsby, and wife of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

with Mrs. M. T—r., so lank and so lean! I wanted to make a round O of the day, and end where I begun; but, as I shall not send my letter till to-morrow, I perhaps may add a line or two. "Pa-ast nine o'clock."

Saturday morning.

Just come from St. James's. I fear yesterday's rain made it a little dabby, and if you halted near any church-yard, prevented your roving from tomb to tomb, in search of good things where, "*the rude fathers of the hamlet sleep.*"

You know Lady Stamford drinks tea with me, and on Monday Mrs. Montagu comes with Lady Leicester to town, and goes to Norfolk the 22nd. I intend going to her on Tuesday noon. I sent to Lady Willougby to try to tempt her here this afternoon; she writes me word she is a little grumbling, and that it is wiser to stay at home; but will be glad to see me to-morrow *evening*. I shall divide *it* between her and Mrs. Walsingham. I have done twenty odd dabs to-day; searched for my amber vase, and *have found it*, sewed another back of a chair into the frame, written a long letter to Mr. Granville, though perhaps you will have the pleasure of seeing him before my letter reaches him; I am distressed to know how he does? Smith was much out of order yesterday, and to-day I sent for Mr. Halifax, who has let her blood, and I hope it will not prove a matter of any consequence; she is now better. I hope Rina has had no return of her complaints, for your sake as well as her own.

Farewell my dearest M. believe me,

Ever affectionately yours,

M. D.

Love to your brothers, and my best compliments to Mr. Dewes, with many thanks for sparing you to me so long.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Richmond, June 23rd, 1769.

My dear girl's agreeable letter was most welcome. I rejoice to hear you found the *best of men* well, which I am sure brightened you up. Your last visit was so short that I hardly enjoyed your company, for I do not love short pleasures, and the morning you left me I felt very low. Mrs. Le Grand stays with me till Wednesday, and on Saturday the 1st of July I propose setting out on my progress, but I had rather be going northward to *you know who!* I expect Kerr to-day. My setting out upon so long a journey with *a stranger* is like advertizing for an agreeable companion to go to York! Poor Bache continues much the same; she has now kept her room five weeks, and has been well attended to. Her brother, who is in the Birmingham trade, has invited her to his house, where she intends to go as soon as she is able. Kerr is just arrived; I like her appearance very well, and I will let you know some time hence what I think of her.

I thought of you all Friday morning, and would have *waylaid* you, but feared it would *lower us both.* I am to go this evening to Hampton Court to Lord and Lady Delawarr, and to-morrow am to dine with my sister Tweeddale. My kind compliments to *good* Mr. Dewes, to your attentive brothers, and the amiable Mrs. Mead. But *all* my confidence and tenderest affection belongs

to my sweet girl, who shall hear from me again when I get to Mount Edgcumbe, till when I bid her adieu. My *neighbour* does *not* seem in spirits, perhaps you may see them at the Jubilee at Stratford; but I fear it will be too much for me.

Mrs. Le Grand desires her compliments to you, and has wrote out for you Lady C. H.'s lesson for the harpsichord, which I will convey to Mrs. Delany, that she may carry it to you.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Hatchlands Park,
Midsummer Day, 1769.

The weather is so dull, and the rain so unwearied, that I should not certainly choose this time to use the privilege of writing to you, dear madam, since I must acknowledge myself a few degrees duller than ordinary (as my weather-glass is many lower); but indeed I want very much to know how the Duchess of Portland does after her northern expedition? I know you will be so good to tell me! Shall you not make a short excursion to Bulstrode. I imagine so, and will trouble you, dear madam, with a little tribute to Bulstrode: the gardener will soon produce trees of this seed, and the Duchess will, I hope, see them large ones. Pray tell her Grace that I had a letter yesterday from Lady Edgcumbe,[1] in which speaking of her plan for the summer, she says,

[1] Emma, only child and heir of Dr. Gilbert, Archbishop of York, married, in 1761, George, 3rd Baron Edgcumbe, afterwards created Viscount Mount Edgcumbe and Valletort and Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

"the Duchess Dowager of Portland I am happy in depending upon; for fear of any doubt on her part from the report of my Lord's illness, I wish you would be so good to acquaint her Grace that he is quite well again, and that we both live in hopes of paying *our respects* to *her here* in August." I make no apology to you, dear madam, for reporting my message to you. I know you permit me, and I do not write to the Duchess at this time, nor have I indeed much chance of finding here any subject to write upon fit for her perusal or yours; but I should be extremely glad to hear of her health; and when Lady Stamford[1] is safe in her bed, to know that good news also, which my newspaper never reports.

I am, with the greatest esteem,

Your most faithful and affectionate
Humble servant,
F. Boscawen.

Pray name us kindly to Miss Dewes in some little corner of your next letter. If this is charged, be pleased to tell me, because I have more of my son's franks, and he is gone.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

T. H. C. 1st July, 1769.

Before I make my apology for not sooner returning my best thanks to dear Lady Andover for the favour of her last very entertaining letter, I must congratulate your ladyship on Miss F. Howard's being in so good a way, and hope it is not necessary for me to say how

[1] Lady Henrietta Bentinck, second daughter of Margaret, Duchess of Portland, married George Harry, 5th Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

much I was concerned at an accident that must have given her so much pain and you so much anxiety of mind.

The letter from Elford, which the Duchess of Portland received last night at Whitehall, gave us both great relief.

Now for my apology :—To make it short, I must say that a succession of hurries made writing for some posts impracticable, and our dear friend when she received your first letter would write herself, which made me wisely postpone mine to another post.

I was much entertained with your incomparable account of "*Cousin Pies,*" and the Duchess laughed most heartily. Yesterday morning came the summons from Lady Stamford, who with her little girl is as well as can be, and had a very short and good time.

Lady Weymouth is in town for a few days,—nothing less than such an event could make amends for leaving Bulstrode and its million of charms, in the midst of hay-making, botanizing, *roses* and Mr. Lightfoot *too*. I wish these ladies would consider all these things, and not make their demands on the Duchess of Portland till the dreary months of November, December, and January!

Lord Guilford has just been with me; he is pretty well, and Lady Willoughby and her little girl as well as can be wished.

I have had a thousand impertinent matters to interrupt this morning. I dine at Whitehall, am not dressed, —but at all times with true affection,

Dear Lady Andover's
Most faithful and most obedient
Humble servant,
M. DELANY.

My best compliments attend Miss F. Howard. The Duchess sends her love and "many thanks for her ladyship's comfortable letter last night."

(In the Duchess of Portland's handwriting.)

Though Mrs. Delany has expressed my sentiments much better than I am able to do, yet I must assure my dearest friend of my grateful thanks for her kind letter and good account of dear Fanny, to whom I beg my kind compliments. The bellman rings, and I can only say,

Your most affectionately.

The following part of a letter is in the handwriting of Mrs. Ravaud, who it appears was called "*Niece*" by Mrs. Delany, and who here calls Mrs. Delany A.D., but whether there was any actual relationship the Editor has been unable to discover.

. . . . There is nothing concerns you, that I am not very much interested in; I have felt a friend's share in your late troubles, and greatly anxious about your health; if my wings were at liberty, this interval, when the Duchess of Portland is on her progress, and our très aimable enfant is at Welsbourne, you should see me exert my utmost efforts to "beguile the time" (a good old expression, is it not?) during their absence; but *one* certain subject we would let sleep, for talking upon *that with temper* is, I fear as yet, beyond my philosophy.

(*Illegible.*)

She don't think herself much mended by her visit to Bath; entre nous, *I think* she distresses herself about public affairs, et *que l'épée use le foureau.*

I presume, as this time of the year is to be treated like summer, you will be unmolested in T. H. C.; this I rejoice at, for I know, my dear A.D., in mobs, noises, and riots you are no heroine; 'tis in the peaceful, virtuous, benevolent scenes of life you shine; no wonder then you detest the reverse; 'tis natural to us all to wish for the display of our talents! Mrs. Kitty scolds because I will not say anything for her, as if dear A.D. did not know how much we think alike.

The following letter was written by Frances Boscawen, who afterwards married the Hon. John Leveson Gower, and relates to her brother William Glanville Boscawen's death.

Miss Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Hatchlands Park, July 10th, 1769

DEAR MADAM,

I should have thanked you by the return of the post, if I had not that very day wrote to the Duchess of Portland, and given her all the satisfaction my mother's unfortunate situation would admit of. She still continues very composed, walks a great deal, and *don't allow herself to be idle,* which no doubt by leaving a vacancy in the mind nourishes grief; she reads a great deal and *even works!* all this she does to support herself, and to comfort us; her amazing resignation to the will of God fills me with admiration and respect.

If you had known the sweet young man we have lost, you would still pity my mother more than you even now do. In addition to every shining talent, he had such

innate virtue and goodness of heart that he was the delight as well as glory of our lives. My mother had taken infinite pains with his education, and they succeeded beyond her most sanguine wishes. In him she saw my father's merit revive, and the drooping spirits of his friends raised by the hopes they conceived of his dear son. Such was the young man we have lost before he was eighteen! but I am unequal to tell half his merits, tho' many knew him by reputation, who never knew him personally. My mother had endured many severe afflictions; and to him she looked for comfort, to rock the cradle of reposing age, if it had pleased God to have spared them for their mutual satisfaction and for the benefit of many, for dear William followed her admirable example, and never omitted any opportunity of doing good, tho' he shone in nothing so much as in his extreme gratitude and tenderness towards her; for he *really* doated on her. *My loss* is irreparable! we were by inclination and accident particularly united, and nothing can ever compensate to me the loss of such a brother. As soon as my sister heard the dreadful news, she came here directly, and arrived yesterday. The meeting between her and my mother was very affecting, but my sister has since been much relieved to find her dear parent bear this sore affliction with so much fortitude; indeed, I flatter myself, it will be of some use to both. The extreme tenderness and attention my sister pays my mother, rouses her and makes her wish to make her some return by not sinking under the weight of her misfortune. The Duke of Beaufort came here with the Duchess, but he is now gone to perform a very melancholy office and attend his mother, whose poor daughter, Lady

Harriet Williams,[1] is, I am informed, in the last stage of her disorder.

I must entreat your pardon, dear Madam, for indulging myself in troubling you so much, but I can hardly ever speak of what we have lost, without insensibly paying a tribute to his merit.

I am, dear Madam, with the greatest respect,
Your obliged and faithful humble servant,
F. Boscawen.

My mother desires her kind compliments to you.

The following verses were found with the letters belonging to this correspondence.

Verses on Mr. Boscawen, who was drowned as he was bathing in the Island of Jamaica.

Ah! William, till thy hapless hour
Shall fade on mem'ry's pensive eye,
The muse on fate shall curses shower,
That doomed a youth like thee to die.

Though lost, alas! thy lovely name
With incense shall the skies perfume;
And ev'ry flower of fairest fame
Shall wish where William sleeps, to bloom.

Till virtue seek her native sphere,
Till honour cease below to shine,
For thee shall virtue drop the tear,
And honour's envied praise be thine.

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[1] Henrietta, daughter of Charles Noel Somerset, 4th Duke of Beaufort, and wife of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., died a few months after her marriage.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Mount Edgecumbe, July 11th, 1769.

MY DEAREST GIRL,

Many thanks for yours of the 4th. I got safe and well here on the 7th by dinner. At my landing I was saluted from the fort by seventeen cannon (a *princess has* but twenty-one). Lady Edgecumbe met me on the shore. Lord Edgecumbe[1] was from home, and did not return 'till next day. Words cannot describe the beauties of this place without doors. The house is a gothic castle and looks well at a distance, but is but indifferent within doors, though convenient. On Thursday the 6th instant, I dined at Exeter, and went at four o'clock to prayers at the cathedral, and was treated with an anthem, but it was not a full choir, as neither the Bishop or the Dean were at Exeter. There is a fine painted window in the cathedral, in which are the Granville and Carteret arms.

My post chaise took me up at the church door, and I went that evening twenty miles, which were answerable to thirty, on account of the hills, which are the longest I ever saw; in other respects the roads are perfectly good and the prospects delightful. The Duke of Cumberland is expected here to-morrow from on board his frigate, but his Royal Highness returns on board at night by way of example to the sea officers.

I think the journey has carried off my flying pains,

[1] George, 3rd Baron Edgcumbe, succeeded his brother in 1761. He married, in 1761, Emma, only daughter and heir of Dr. John Gilbert, Archbishop of York. Lord Edgcumbe was created, 17th Feb., 1781, Viscount Mount Edgcumbe and Valletort, and 18th Aug., 1789, Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

but it has given Thompson just such a fit of the gout as he had at Bowood last summer. Kerr has acquitted herself à merveille upon the journey, and if she continues so, I shall never find fault with her, but think myself lucky in getting her.

My dear girl always judges right. I *have* wrote to Mrs. Delany *since* I came here.

The *Serpent* made a secret of your letter so I did not mention it. I believe I shall write them a few lines from hence if I find myself in a humour, as they seemed to set their heart upon it. I have at last told them what they are *like*, and with *my dressing*, it went down very well, and they said they would read Milton as soon as they got home.—*She* was present and laughed, and called them by *that name*.

'Till I get safe home from this journey I cannot think of another, but I am sure I want no inducement to go to happy Welsbourne, and can never forget how kindly I was received there, and how pleasantly I passed my time. My best compliments to *the "good man"* and your agreeable brothers. I am astonished at Strephon and Delia being no more, but think Providence ordered it so!

We have been in Lord Edgecumbe's barge this morning to a public breakfast. There was a good band of music, but the weather being hot they did not dance country dances. An elegant room seventy feet in length, breadth twenty-eight, height twenty-two. . .

We drink tea out of doors every evening, and I propose staying here 'till the end of the month. I have been very lucky in having such fine weather, which I conclude you enjoy as much as I do. I hope you have good nights, as well as days. Remember me kindly to Mrs.

Mead. Adieu, my dear sweet girl. We are just going to drink tea at a farm by the sea-side, where I shall wish for you. Car jè suis toute á vous,

G. C. COWPER.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Thatched House Court, 18th July, 1769.

My dearest Lady Andover, you are very good to me and my letters. I entreat you encourage that happy partiality for me, which alone can make me appear worthy of your favour, and I must confess I would rather owe that distinction to your *love*, than your judgment, as I have plenty of that *coin* to return; but demands of another nature, might not be in my power.

I rejoice Miss F. Howard goes on so well, I long to hear she is stout enough to foot it at the ball. How can your ladyship talk of your "refreshing evenings abroad" *to me* panting, and choaking, with the *heat* and *dust* of London? but I must do justice to my little cell which is rather less exposed to those *two tyrants* than might be expected.

I have spent two days at Danson in Kent, with Mrs. Boyd.[1] To see an old friend happy pays one for a dusty journey. At my return I found our much beloved friend very well, though a little tired with her attendance in London, which nothing but the good success could have reconciled her to; but she is much affected by the bad accounts she receives of Mr. Drummond from Bath, and the affliction poor Mrs. Boscawen is under for the

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[1] Mrs. Boyd. Catherine, daughter of the Rev. John Chapone (and sister of Sally Chapone, Mrs. Sandford), married, 1st Aug., 1766, John Boyd, Esq., who was created a Baronet, 2nd June, 1775.

death of her son that was abroad, a most promising youth, and his unfortunate end was no small aggravation; he ventured out in a canoe (which I suppose he had often before done), overset it, and was drowned.

I wish I could say any thing comfortable of Lady H. Williams, but all accounts are very bad. I hate to croak out such harsh notes, but harmony has fled from our isle. Next Monday, I propose to go in search of it into Warwickshire, where, if I can meet with my dear Lady Andover, I shall secure a large share.

In return to your question: does your ladyship go to Lord Aylesford's this summer, and when? Be pleased to direct your next letter to me at Welsbourne near Keinton; there I propose, please God, to be on the 25th, and if schemes answer, I am to meet the Duchess of Portland at Lord Guilford's on the 24th of August, and return with her to Bulstrode. I should have been glad to have left London a fortnight sooner and that might have given me a chance of spending some days at Elford, but I could not well desert poor Lady Stamford during her confinement, and she has been so well all the time that she has been very eager for company. Dash has been out of town, Lady Weymouth at Burley, and only comes occasionally; but I hope some way we shall meet before I return to London. My best compliments and wishes salute Elford. Adieu: I am ever your ladyship's most affectionate

And most obedient humble servant,

M. Delany.

Lady Willoughby and her girl very well. Lord Guilford not well, was taken ill on the road and forced to stop at Oxford, but he is better.

The Viscountess Andover to Mrs. Delany.

Elf., 24th June, 1769.

May this letter greet you safely arrived and well at Welsbourne. I imagine you at this time on the road, broiling; but to-morrow will, I hope, make you amends for to-day. May the morrows do so for all the afflicted people! for within yours and my knowledge there are many most grievously so. Mrs. Frances Dalbin, who is at Kensington with the poor Duchess of Beaufort, writes to Fanny every post. We expected to have heard Lady Harriot[1] was gone to day, but find she yet continues alive, though weaker every hour. The poor Duke[2] suffers on both sides, and all their sorrows are most severe; I am sensible you must share in that of your friend Mrs. Boscawen's. How was she when you came out of town or heard of her?

Our dear friend's heart is ever affected for those she loves and I am glad she is going her progress, as I hope it will do her spirits good. I am afraid the Mr. Drummond you mention as ill at Bath is the archbishop's son?

My dear Mrs. Delany, is it impossible I can see you here? I know not what to say about going to Lord Aylesford's; I have not yet heard they are come to Packington; as soon as they came, Lady Aylesford wrote word they would come here to stay some days. Their house is all to pieces, and I don't know whether

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[1] Lady Henrietta Williams Wynn, wife of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and 3rd daughter of Charles Noel, 4th Duke of Beaufort, died at Kensington, 24th July, 1769, having been married only three months previously.

[2] Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort, brother of Lady Henrietta Williams Wynn. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Admiral Boscawen, whose brother, William, had lately been drowned in Jamaica.

they could lodge us; besides, Fanny's lameness will not permit her to lie out of the house yet; and I am afraid the surgeon must not take his leave these ten days or more, so safely and tediously they proceed. All this makes me fear I should not be able to breakfast with you and Miss Dewes at Welsbourne, which I have had pleasure in thinking of, and will do if it is in my power. There never were two greater recluses than my daughter and me. I expect Frampton here in a few days; his company at present will be very acceptable, and aid, I hope, in dispelling the heavy gloom on my dear Fanny's mind for the loss of her most amiable young friend Lady Harriot. I hear the before-named doctor has acquired *great honour* at Oxford, and is *requested to print.*

You will have shade and cool recess at Welsbourne, at Warwick, and at Wroxton; and you'll carry away more of that place in the valuable book, I hope. Yet I do assure you *my hill* is tranquil and agreeable and grows luxuriantly; I wish I could enjoy your company at it some of these fine evenings. Is it impossible, my dear Mrs. Delany? My chaise (such as it is) waits your commands; I hope Miss Dewes will urge my wishes, and represent to you it would be easy for you and her to step into it. Fanny and I unite in our compliments to all our acquaintance at Welsbourne, particularly Miss Dewes, and wish her joy of your arrival.

Your kind letters make me happy.

Your most affectionate,

Faithful, humble servant

M. ANDOVER.

I wonder whether this letter will come directly to you, or whether it will not travel round by London.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Alresford, Aug. 4, 1769.

I return you many thanks, dear madam, for giving me the satisfaction to know that you were arrived at Bulstrode. I do assure you it was a very sincere one, since the Duchess of Portland has laid aside her journey to the west, though I am heartily sorry for the cause. All health to Bulstrode will ever be among my warmest wishes.

I cannot but be sensible of, and, indeed, dear madam, very grateful for, the very kind expressions of your friendship and compassion to me in my affliction; how bitter it is, and how great the cause, I am sure I will not speak of to you. Every consolation that the best of daughters can administer I have in the tenderness of my poor Fanny,[1] whose own particular loss is irreparable, as she too well knows and feels. Our dear patient[2] here is, I hope and believe, in a very fair way of recovery; but slowly, and not without some severe interruptions; for all last week she had so violent a pain in the foot of the broken leg as to bring on a fever. She was let blood, and is now, I thank God, easy again, and the fever subsided. She is still in the same posture; but her patience is admirable, and her spirits good whenever she is out of pain. We read to her by turns, and do all we can (you may believe) to cheat the weary hours, for this is the sixth week that she has lain without turning. Nothing can equal the Duke of Beaufort's tenderness; he is *the*

[1] Fanny, Mrs. Boscawen's daughter, afterwards the Hon. Mrs. Leveson Gower.
[2] Elizabeth, Duchess of Beaufort, Mrs. Boscawen's youngest daughter.

best and most judicious nurse I ever saw, which must be the best cordial that can be administered to the suffering patient.

Adieu, dearest madam. Present my affectionate, grateful respects to the Duchess, and favour me with one line when she has recovered her health. My best wishes attend you; and Fanny begs you to accept hers.

I am, with the greatest
Esteem, your obliged and
Affectionate servant,
F. Boscawen.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes.

Bowood Park, Aug. 12th, 1769.

My dearest Girl,

I am above a hundred miles nearer you than when I wrote last. I left Mount Edgecumbe on the 31st of last month, and got safe and well to the Down House in Dorsetshire on the 3rd inst. by noon. I spent four very agreeable days there, and got here on the 9th by dinner. There is not any company here at present. My sister is well, and seems happy. Her lord *is well-bred*, but he would not have been *my* choice, "mais chacun à son gout." Her boys are really charming, and I am in raptures with them, for I am not a *cool* admirer. I found your letter and Mrs. Delany's at my arrival; make my acknowledgments to her for it. I am sorry to hear her spirits continue so indifferent in such a cheerful society as the Dewes's are, and in rural felicity which love and innocence always enjoy, but I fear I shall not partake of it this year, for by the time I get home I think I shall

have had enough of travelling for this bout, and shall not be in a humour for any more excursions; and you know I am *nothing* when I do *not* feel in a *humour!*

I propose going on Monday next to Long Leat to see the improvements. Lord and Lady Weymouth are not expected there before the 20th instant; but I think I cannot stay here so long, though I am much pressed to do so. I wrote to our amiable Bath friend[1] to ask leave to go to her farm, or to desire her to meet me at Long-leat, but have not yet received any answer; so you see it will not be my fault this time, if we should not meet. How I pity the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Boscawen! Lady Edgecumbe was quite overcome with hearing of Mr. William Boscawen being drowned. He suffered, poor young man, for his obstinacy! It was quite infatuation. His mother received a letter from him in perfect health, dated the 19th of April. His commission was signed here on the 20th, and on the 21st the catastrophe happened in Jamaica at a gentleman's house where he was upon a visit.

Give my kindest compliments to Mrs. Delany, Mr. Dewes, your brothers, and Mrs. Mead, not forgetting any that remember me: May everything turn out according to your wishes, is, my dearest girl, the earnest prayer of your tender, affectionate mamma,

G. C. Cowper.

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[1] Mrs. Ravaud.

The Dowager Countess Gower[1] *to Mrs. Delany.*

Bill Hill,[2] 30 Augt, 1769.

Few, d^r^ Mrs Delany (yo^r^self excepted), think of ye absent. I was much flatter'd by yor kind enquiries; nothing in retirem^t^ rouses and pleases more y^n^ unexpectedly to find one's self remember'd by those one most esteems. After I saw you I was not well for some time, ye fine weather I believe cur'd me and qualified me to persue my rural amusem^ts^; ill planets I hope won't always over-rule and prevent me ye pleasure of seeing you here.

Lady Leicester[3] has been much out of health wth a humour y^t^ has affected her face and teeth, more troublesome y^n^ of any bad consequence. There 's no impropriety to say I congratulate you in finding those I look upon as yor family, so much to yor heart's content. To see a value set upon *time* such as to con-

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[1] The Dowager Countess Gower was the fourth daughter of Thomas, 6th Earl of Thanet, who married Lady Catherine Cavendish, daughter of Henry, Duke of Newcastle. The Earl died in 1729, without surviving sons, and the Earldom and Barony devolved upon his cousin, Sackville Tufton; the Barony of De Clifford, which he inherited from his grandmother, fell into abeyance, and his estates were inherited by his five daughters:—1, Catherine, married, in 1708, Edward Watson, Viscount Sondes, eldest son of the Earl of Rockingham; 2, Anne, married James, Earl of Salisbury; 3, Margaret, married Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester; 4, Mary, married, first, Anthony, Earl Harold, eldest son of the Duke of Kent, and secondly, John, Earl Gower; 5, Isabella, married, first, Lord Nassau Powlett, and secondly, Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

[2] Bill Hill, Berks, the seat of the Dowager Countess Gower.

[3] Lady Margaret Tufton, third daughter and coheiress of Thomas, 6th Earl of Thanet, and sister to Lady Gower, married, in 1718, Sir Thomas Coke, of Holkham, K.B., who was created, in 1728, Baron Lovel, and, in 1744, Viscount Coke and Earl of Leicester. He died, April 20, 1759. Their only son died in 1753.

sider how to employ it, is rare indeed; and y^t^ you had no interruption in yor health to hinder ye enjoym^t^ of ye pleasures they gave you.

I shall be greatly obliged to you, d^r^ madam, if you will let me know how the D^ss^ of Portland does, concluding by y^s^ time you are wth her; I much lam^t^ y^t^ *she* (who makes all she knows happy) sh^d^ have any check to her own ease and tranquillity. I shall soon see a scene of distress: poor L^y^ Albemarle[1] comes here on ffriday, quite shock'd and dejected at ye repeated mortality in her ffamily; says L^y^ Car. Adair's[2] behaviour latterly has been so good, y^t^ she lov'd her as well as if she had never offended her; this she may think at pres^t^, but I think and hope ye impression cañot be so deep. I'll change my subject to ye witty and gay: ffortune has bless'd y^s^ fforrest wth ye genius's of ye age. Mrs. Montagu,[3] Mrs. Carter,[4] Mrs. Dunbar,[5] &c. &c., and Ld Littleton,[6] are at Sũñing Wells, and sport sentim^ts^ from morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve; I molest 'em not, contenting myself in my rustick simplicity, 'tis a stupidity y^t^ may be felt I don't doubt, but not by me. M^rs^. Montagu has comenc'd author, in *vindication* of Shaks-

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[1] Anne, daughter of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond, married, Feb. 21, 1723, William-Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. He died Dec. 22, 1754. They had fifteen children, most of whom the Dowager Countess survived.

[2] Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Albemarle, married Robert Adair, Esq.

[3] Elizabeth Montagu, author of the Essay on Shakspeare.

[4] Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus.

[5] Maria, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Monaghan, Ireland, and wife of Lieut.-Col. George Dunbar, who, in 1781, succeeded to his father's Baronetcy.

[6] George, the literary Lord Lyttelton, born January 17, 1709.

spear, who *wants none*, therefore her performance must be deem'd a work of supererogation; some commend it. I'll have y^t^, because I can throw it aside w^n^ I'm tired.

Adieu. Believe me, d^r^ mad^m^,

Ever most faithfully y^rs^,

M. GOWER.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 3rd Sept., 1769.

Are you not all gazing at the Comet, and what are your observations? We have seen it twice, but had not Mr. Lightfoot assured me it was a comet,[1] I should have taken it for a stream of the northern lights. Smith says the last comet appeared as big as the moon, *this* is no bigger than a shilling, but to make up for that Mrs. Anne says, "its tail is as long as the gallery at Bulstrode," but I suppose terrestrial affairs more than celestial take up your attention at present, and the blaze of *Stratford* will for some time eclipse sun, moon, and stars. And are you resolved upon the nun's habit? a *sylvan* nymph I think would be more *port*-ly![2] tell me *all about it*, and take care, my dearest Mary, of catching cold. I have this moment received your dear kind letter, and till I read your postcript was quite in a fidget about the letter you had said you enclosed. I am very sorry poor Lady W. has been so ill, and hope your next will

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[1] A comet was observed at Greenwich, in Sept. and Oct., 1769.

[2] "*Port*-ly." A joke alluding to the expected marriage of Miss Dewes with Mr. Port of Ilam, and the "*sylvan*" scenes which surrounded that beautiful place.

confirm her being better. Surely they will send her to the Bath.

I rejoiced at the fine weather we have had, as I thought it would be favourable to your agreeable visit at Radway. I think it is a very pretty place, and am glad to hear they are all so happy.

I thank God my dear friend is much better than when I came, and her spirits not so low. Mr. Lightfoot and botany go on as usual; we are now in the chapter of *Agaricks and Boletus's*, &c. &c., this being the time of their perfection, and her Grace's breakfast-room, which is now the repository of sieves, pans, platters, and filled with all the productions of *that nature*, are spread on tables, windows, chairs, which with books of all kinds, (opened in their useful places), make an agreeable confusion; sometimes, notwithstanding twelve chairs and a couch, *it is* indeed a little *difficult* to find a *seat!* but your inquiries are indefatigable, and I don't know whether they sit or stand! Mr. Lightfoot, poor man, immersed in law, was obliged yesterday to leave *virtu* for lawyers, so we laid our plan for the day. This morning the Duchess dedicated to business, and we resolved to enjoy our amusements luxuriously the rest of the day. There were pot pouris to be made, great preparations for the garden room, and the many little matters which our happy leisure would allow us, to fill up chinks. We sat down comfortably to dinner, first course ended—second almost—when said her Grace, looking most earnestly at the road in the park, with a countenance of dismay,—"A *coach and six!* My Lord Godolphin[1]—it is his livery, and

[1] Francis Godolphin, Baron Godolphin, succeeded his cousin in 1766. He married, first, in 1734, Lady Barbara Bentinck, sister of William, Earl of

he always comes in a *coach and six*, take away the dinner —will you have any apricot tart? what will they think of all these *great puff balls?*"—"Well, but I must have some tart." So we both eat tart, still her Grace watching the road—"Well—now they are just here, where's my knotting? what shall I do without my bag?" Said I, "Pray let me retire." "No, no, you must stay and entertain them." These preliminaries settled, the table cleared, we were ready to receive my Lord and Lady Godolphin, when, to our infinite surprise and satisfaction, the supposed *coach and six* was converted into a phaeton and whisky, with company who came to drive round the park. What will not the force of imagination do? So we quietly pursued our plan of the day. We have begun Dryden's Virgil. The Duchess bids me tell you, with her kind compliments, that she heartily wished you had been here, for she is sure you would have been diverted. Did I not fervently join in her wish? There is no end of A. D.'s *bagatelles*. You have by this received my second letter finished at T. H. C., after spending the afternoon at Mrs. Stainford's and walking in the Queen's garden.

I believe I have got a footman that will do, if his character answers. Richard designs to go into the grocery business till the place comes he is in expectation of. I hear Mr. Mason has an estate left him of £1500 a year by a distant relation, it is happy when fortune falls into such good hands. I am a little surprised at Mr. G.'s *hint*, which I suppose must be complied with.

Adieu.

Portland; and secondly, Anne, daughter of John, Earl Fitzwilliam. Lord Godolphin died without issue in 1785.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 17th Sept., 1769.

I saw an article in one of the newspapers of a downfall of some of the machinery at Stratford that had endangered Lord Carlisle. I rejoiced that moment that my dear Mary had escaped the terror of it, and hope your brothers were not near the spot; perhaps it was a newspaper fib—I hope so.

In return for your pretty ode, the Duchess of Portland sends you the enclosed, with her "*very affectionate compliments.*"

I have finished the garden-room, and it looks very smart, and yesterday we deposited, in the fossil drawers there three baskets loads of curiosities.

I have worked *Caton*[1] in the back of one of the chenille chairs I am doing for the Duchess, in the midst of *purple astres* which sets off his golden plumage to admiration. I see much wanting in making it what I wish, but my partial friend says she is satisfied, and that's enough. Mr. Lightfoot has deserted us. The *briars* of the *law* have laid hold of him when he would much rather pursue the *briars of the hedges!* but next week we hope will restore to us our botanical master; en attendant we have Mr. Ehret, who goes out in search of curiosities in the fungus way, as this is now their season, and reads us a lecture on them an hour before tea, whilst her Grace examines all the celebrated authors to find out their classes. This is productive of much learning and of excellent observations from Mr. Ehret,

[1] "*Caton*" was the Jonquil parroquet before alluded to.

uttered in *such* a *dialect* as sometimes puzzles me (though he calls it English) to find out what foreign language it is.

I am extremely glad to hear Lady Willoughby is so well recovered, and that you had a pleasant ride with your good friend Mrs. Mead. I won't tell you who I *guess* presented the *bouquet*. I don't wonder you should attract *all three!*

I am impatient to know if your visit to Barford concluded with a ball; I hope it did, and that you had a good partner, and caught no cold. If your friend Miss Miller had been of the party, I should have expected an excellent ballad on the occasion; some part of the subject would have been written, as the Italians say, *con amore*. Lady Primrose is better.

You know that Mr. Dunbar has got a great estate by the death of Lord Blessington.[1]

I had a letter last post from Mrs. Foley, dated from Newport, which they are repairing and fitting up.

Pray, madam, send us some *Shakspeare ribbon*, two yards (or one yard) to be sure you may send in a letter.

A letter is just come from Miss Boscawen, with an account that the Duchess of Beaufort is much better.

The Duchess has sent an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick to come for a day or two, and tell us all that has passed, and I hope he will repeat his ode[2] if he comes;

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[1] William Stewart, Viscount Mountjoy and Earl of Blessington, died 14th August, 1769, when the peerage expired.

[2] The Jubilee, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in honour of Shakspeare, began Sept. 4th, 1769. Garrick delivered an ode on that occasion, written by himself, beginning—

"To what blest genius of the isle," &c.

but *that* I fear, (as plays are begun in London), but it would be probably my only opportunity of hearing him speak again.

The Countess Cowper to Miss Dewes, at Welsbourne.

Richmond, Sept. 21st, 1769.

Many thanks to my dearest girl for all the entertainment she was so good as to send me. I am sorry you did not partake of the amusements, and admire your prudence in staying at home.

Our Richmond assemblies are in great vogue this year. The Duke of Cumberland and Prince Ernest (the Queen's youngest brother) constantly come, and dance country dances and cottillons. The latter desired Lady Harriot Vernon[1] to present him to me, and said he hoped I would permit him "de me faire sa cour chez moi."

The 15th instant (being the *full moon,*) I had an assembly in my great room, with above five dozen of wax-lights in the room. Three quadrille-tables, and one table for Prince Ernest for vingt-un. He came before eight and staid till ten, and seemed much pleased, and *said* it "was the finest and most elegant room he had ever seen." I did the honours *well,* for *I lost my money!*

There were above forty in company. I had invited above sixty; but some were sick, and others afraid of being robbed. My sister Tweeddale and all her family were here, and said "she did not find me rusticated by living in the country." Everybody seemed in good humour, and it appeared as if I literally had had above

[1] Lady Harriot Vernon was sister of William Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and wife of Henry Vernon, Esq. Lady Harriot was Lady of the Bedchamber to Princess Amelia.

forty friends in poor Mrs. Holman's style. I have had two morning water-parties, but *nothing* in my opinion is *quite right* without my sweet girl! The heir apparent is returned home, and was at my assembly. None of that fidgety family can stay long in any place, but are always in search of new creations. I think I shall prove a true prophet concerning *Mr. P.*, and by what you say of him there can be no reasonable objection made to him. And if that *sweet place* could be drawn near to Richmond, I should quite approve of it, and if it should ever belong to my dear girl, I should break through my resolution of not taking any more long journeys! But *she* must make me *two visits* for *one*, and I desire to *see* the gentleman before I give my *consent!* I carried Lady Grace Hay home yesterday—she is almost well, and brought Lady Catherine back with me. She and Mrs. Le Grand desire their compliments to you. Be assured, my dearest girl, of my unalterable affection.

G. C. COWPER.

On the 18th October of this year (1769), Mrs. Delany commenced a manuscript book at Bulstrode, which she completed with her own hand. It appears to be a translation of the first edition of Hudson's "*Flora Anglica*," published in London in 1762. It fills 474 quarto pages in manuscript, *besides* an appended list of the Genera in Latin! Notes are also added, among them one on "*The Fir-coned Hydnum*"—"this was found at Bulstrode on fir-cones, in November 1769." Mrs. Delany was then in her 70th year! but there are no blunders of the pen! It is possible Mrs. Delany might have copied this from Mr. Lightfoot's manuscripts, who wrote the "*Flora Scotica*" in English, and the Catalogue of the Duchess of Portland's Museum. In another part of this volume are ten sheets superscribed "*Mrs. Delany, Bulstrode, 4th December*, 1778," with 39 drawings of the

crystalline forms of minerals, and the names of 54 species of the "*Systema Lapidum*" of Linnæus, with 12 pages of English descriptions of them, all by Mrs. Delany's own hand.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 19th Oct., 1769.

I have satisfied the Duchess of Portland, that your not accepting the honour and kindness of her invitation, was not want of sensibility to her favours; but I have convinced her, that it would be more convenient to you to go directly to Lady Cowper, and impatient as I am to see you, I must own, I think it will be better than your coming here; but when your bed is well aired I shall send you a summons to T. H. C. Molly Ker wrote her aunt word that Lady Cowper was "*very impatient* for your coming to Richmond, and was afraid you would be tempted to Bulstrode." I hope *the visit* intended in your neighbourhood will be before you come away; I suppose *he*[1] makes it his way to Bath. I am impatient, with some uneasiness, for a letter from him. How I long to see you! my heart and thoughts are full about you. Pray God guide you through the mazes of life, and may you meet with as few thorns and briars as possible; some must be every one's lot, but as prudent attention to one's steps may avoid many, I think you will not want that caution. When an evil is evident it may be in our power to avoid it, but there are some hazards in life that bear the aspect of real advantages, by a flattering appearance; there our utmost inspection and caution will be necessary to find out the snake in the grass, before it has wounded us. Alas!

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[1] "*He.*" Mr. Granville.

my dear M. so very careful was I of your painted silk negligée, as to *lock it up* in my japan chest, and cannot well give that key to anybody; but the instant I go to town I will send it away to Richmond, that it may make its appearance, though the wearer wants not tinsel ornaments to set her off to advantage, and if her merit cannot be read in her eyes, those faithful intelligencers of her heart, a rich robe will only allure those who are not worthy of more valuable allurements! all this is to reconcile you to my over carefulness about your *negligée*. As to the patterns you are to have from Mr. Ashburner, I fear you cannot judge very well of a pattern silk. I should have no objection to a rich pink, plain satin, if they are fashionable; but a flimsy satin is very ugly: perhaps you may see something you like of mixed colours, (some pink by all means,) and what you like I shall most certainly like. It might be made, and sent to meet you at Richmond, and then, perhaps, you will not want the other. I should be afraid, as it is delicate, that packing backwards and forwards might hurt it; but I will send it carefully if you will have it. Pray make my compliments to all who remember me, and tell Mrs. Venor I *fear* cards usurp the *needle's* dominion at Welsbourne, or your ruffles would be done long ago.

I heard last packet from Ireland: Dr. Sandford pretty well, she much out of order, with her bad headaches. Mr. S. Hamilton[1] married. I think your brothers should congratulate him. They are all very happy with this wedding.

I had a letter from Miss Boscawen last post; she says

[1] Sackville Hamilton, afterwards Secretary of State for Ireland, married Arabella, daughter of Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne.

the Duchess of Beaufort got safe, and with very little fatigue, to Badminton. Mrs. Boscawen and her daughter at Hatchlands. Miss Boscawen says her mother is very well in health; she wishes she could say there was any abatement of her sorrow. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, at the Countess Cowper's, Richmond.

Bulstrode, 4th Nov., 1769.

I must thank you, my dearest Mary, for your dear kind letter of the 1st, though I am not just now very fit for writing, having had a melancholy account from Stoke, which I hope you will know nothing of till after the ball, as I know your good nature will make you feel for the young people, and for poor Mr. Foley, the *great loss* they sustain in Mrs. Foley.[1] The account came this morning from Mrs. Price the housekeeper, in a letter to Smith, wherein she says, "*that it had pleased God to take her lady from them at a moment's warning,*" but no particulars—the letter dated Wednesday at midnight. I had a letter last post from my poor Mr. Foley, written on the 31st, which was *the day before she died!* How uncertain are all this world's enjoyments, and the moment that we must resign them! and how it points out to us the necessity of conducting ourselves with that rectitude, that may insure us, (as far as it is in our power,) that happiness hereafter, which will more than recompense all our sufferings here!

I shall write to Miss Foley, and to Miss Tomlinson.

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[1] The Hon. Mrs. Foley (Grace Granville) died Nov. 1st, 1769.

The shock I should think must be very great to Mrs. Granville, and I would have gone to her to Hampton Court, where she is, but as I have not been very well, the Duchess of Portland will not let me go. I suppose when Lord and Lady Weymouth come to-day they may bring us some farther account. Pray be easy about my knee, for it is perfectly well.

Now, as to your lottery ticket: if I don't hear by your answer to this that you have got one, I will write directly to my bankers to secure one for you. As to my being in town on the 11th, it is uncertain; for, should the weather be tolerable, and the works we have in hand be not finished, we shall stay most likely till the end of the month; you need not fear a challenge. As soon as I am satisfied your bed is well aired, and should it be convenient, *perhaps* I may fetch you, and stay a day or two with dear Lady Cowper, but I depend on your telling me if it will be inconvenient, as if it is, I will postpone my visit. I shall finish this to-morrow if I have anything more to add.

Lord and Lady Weymouth had heard nothing of Mrs. Foley's death till they came here. I suppose it will be to-day in the newspapers. If you have not your black silk with you, you will want it, and could you send to your brother Bernard to take it out of your drawers, and send it you? It is, I suppose, but a week's mourning, (according to the *present* fashion). You must send him the key of my desk to get at your keys. Mr. Foley was at Whitley when this sad change happened at Stoke; happily so for himself to escape seeing the great shock, but worse for the poor girls. I am truly grieved for them.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, at the Countess Cowper's, Richmond.

Bulstrode, 21st Nov., 1769.

This moment made happy with my dearest Mary's most cordial letter, which gave me great pleasure; and I believe I should not (grateful as I am for it), have so soon answered it but to inform you of a letter I have received from Dr. Sandford, from Sandford. His father has been ill some time, and wrote to him that he *requested* to see him *immediately*; upon which he immediately left Dublin, and got to Sandford on the 16th of this month. He found his father in a deplorable way, by an utter inability of receiving any kind of nourishment into his stomach; it is apprehended by the physicians to be a palsy in the gullet, that the power of swallowing is quite gone, for four ounces of quicksilver were forced down three days before he came without passing on. He is kept up by broths in such a manner as cannot support life long; and some alteration must happen soon. It is to be hoped that this state will give the poor wretch proper reflections on his past life, and make him repent.[1] The Duchess of Portland has been so good as to desire Dr. Sandford would come to Bulstrode, if he is at liberty to come within ten days.

I am glad your ball was so pleasant; all your pleasures, all your pains, my dear Mary, are faithfully shared by your own A. D. Don't grudge me the latter, I cannot share them singly! This makes me restless till I know you have heard from our amiable R.; letters often miscarry, and unavoidable interruptions happen. Best and kindest compliments from hence to

[1] Thomas Sandford, of Sandford, Esq., died Dec., 1769.

dear Lady Cowper. I am glad you went to Hampton Court. We are very busy finishing our works; and though my present quiet situation, with the enjoyment of such a friend, is suitable and pleasant to me, the thought of seeing my dear child gladdens my heart, which can never be other than most affectionate and faithful to one so deserving of my tenderness. Adieu.

Mr. Achard desired me to make his best compliments.

The Dowager Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Holkham, 29 Nov^{r}, 1769.

'Tis long, d^{r} madam, since I had ye pleasure of yor most obliging and entertaining letter; having nothing but dull thanks to return, postpon'd writing, hoping some chance w^{d} bring me something worth yor reading; y^{t} has not hapen'd, but, least you sh^{d} think I'm superannuated and quite lost my memory, I will deferr it no longer.

I came here about a week ago: to my great satisfaction found my sister extreamly well; indeed, I have not seen her look more in health y^{n} she does at pres^{t}. I pass'd thro' London; by w^{t} I saw of it thought it empty; indeed, it must be so, by hearing little y^{n} ye D^{s} of Marlborough's Xing;[1] she *left-out* L^{y} Essex,[2] *her aunt*, tho' I know she was told she sh^{d} invite *all*

[1] Caroline, only daughter of John, 4th Duke of Bedford, married, in 1762, George, 3rd Duke of Marlborough. Their second daughter, Lady Caroline Spencer Churchill, was born Oct. 19, 1769.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Wriothesley, 2nd Duke of Bedford, was the second wife of William, 3rd Earl of Essex, who died Jan. 8, 1743. Their son, William-Anne, was the 4th Earl.

her relations to meet ye Queen; it seems none were worthy but those of ye side of *mañia!* I fancy *she* directed ye whole, tho' at Bath.

The D^ss^ of Grafton,[1] I'm told, is not in ye least degree intoxicated wth her preferm^t^. I believe it; for ye D^ss^ of B^d^ [2] says she "*wants dignity,*" w^ch^ *implies* she *wants insolence!* I will jump from one extream to another, to say I've had some oportunities of hearing ye D^ss^ of Portland was well; as I look upon you as a bird of passage will direct y^s^ to Whitehall, as ye surest way for it to kiss y^r^ hands.

Mrs. Mountagu is metamorphiz'd into *a rustick;* I c^d^ hear noth^g^ of her in London ye middle of Novr. I have wrote to her previous to her seeing Montandre, y^t^ I hope if she sh^d^ not know her she won't deem ye poor woman superanuated.

'Tis time to make Lady Leicester's complim^ts^ to you. We both desire (if you are wth ye D^s^ of Portland) you will name us to her Grace as her very h^ble^ serv^ts^.

Ever yor most faithfull and ob^t^,

M. Gower.

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[1] Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, Bart., became, June 24, 1769, the second wife of Augustus Henry, 3rd Duke of Grafton. Their son, Lord Henry Fitzroy, was born April 9, 1770.

[2] Gertrude, eldest daughter of John, 1st Earl Gower, and second wife of John, 4th Duke of Bedford. Their children were Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, and Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Dec. 18th, 1769.

DEAR MADAM,

I left the Duchess of Portland so anxious and uneasy for Lady Weymouth's indisposition that I knew you will forgive me if I trouble you with an inquiry after her ladyship's health, and if I beg the favour of a line which I hope will inform me that the tranquillity of our dear and noble friend is as much restored as it can be till she has the satisfaction to see Lady Weymouth safe in her bed.

I had a very wet journey last Thursday, but in the afternoon the rain ceased and it became so clear that we got as far as Marlborough, and next day reached this place by noon. I had the satisfaction to see my dear hostess[1] had *walked* to the hall-door to receive me, and I thank God I have found her much better than I expected: she can walk with a stick only, but I am better pleased when I see her also lean on some one for support, as she is still very lame and cannot bend her knees, or make a curtsey upon any account; but every one tells me that she has made a considerable progress lately, which I hope will continue, as her health and spirits seem remarkably good. Her children are delightful, and I am so great a favourite with Lord Worcester[2] that whenever I am long absent, he expresses much anxiety and apprehension lest "*my Granma* should be gone away again," which he deprecates with a degree of earnestness

[1] Elizabeth, Duchess of Beaufort.

[2] Henry Charles, afterwards 6th Duke of Beaufort.

extremely flattering to me. The little one[1] does not like me so well, but it is impossible not to like him, for he is a remarkable fine fellow. I knew, my dear madam, you will forgive this—as you are kind enough to me to wish the *happiness I see* may obliterate the sense of *that* which *I have lost.* Mais—cela ne se peut. Rien ne peut reparer les biens que j'ai perdu! Humbly to submit is my desire and endeavour.

Adieu, dear madam; accept my best wishes and the respects of my daughter. Fanny sends her love to Miss Dewes; my kind compliments attend her with all the good will and good wishes of the season.

I am, dear madam,

Your most obliged and most faithful servant,

F. Boscawen.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Dec. 29th, 1769.

I was so extremely sensible to the favour of your letter, my dear madam, that I could not easily have believed I should let it remain ten days without acknowledgment; but indeed, *the writing hour* is hard to be found in this goodly mansion, for though our mornings are of a very pleasant length, yet the greatest part of mine is spent in the chaise with the Duchess, which I think is good for her in her present circumstances, and she likes it too; having a work carrying on of rooting up and planting, at the farther end of the park, which she likes to inspect. To-day Miss Fanny Howard[2] is of her

[1] Lord Charles Henry Somerset, born Dec. 12, 1767.

[2] Frances Howard, only surviving daughter of William, Lord Andover, and aunt to Henry, 12th Earl of Suffolk and 5th Earl of Berkshire.

party, which gives me an opportunity to pay my respects to you. That agreeable young lady is a great acquisition to our society. I know not how long we shall keep her. She came yesterday from Charlton,[1] where she left Lady Andover with Lord Suffolk,[2] and though I heard her say Lady Andover was not quite well, or would have visited the Duchess of Beaufort, yet I hope it is rather her ladyship's dislike to cold journeys and bad roads (chose fort naturelle) than any serious indisposition, for Miss Howard says, they purpose to be in London about the 7th of next month, which I think will be very acceptable news to the Duchess of Portland and to you, dear madam, as Lady Andover is likely to occupy a place in your agreeable "*harpsichord*," where I am sure she will make *no discord*, but in softest notes add to the harmony; the little lady, her grandaughter, is not to go with her to London, but to pass the winter at Charlton. Miss Howard is much pleased at the appointment of Miss F. Courtenay[3] to be maid of honour, and indeed every one must applaud her Majesty's choice of a lady of that birth, to whom it is the more agreeable since her brother so entirely *forgot his own* as to render the nido paterno an impossible retreat to those young ladies! Lady Weymouth's perfect recovery gave me great satisfaction, and I was vastly obliged to you, dear madam, for preventing my wishes of information in that particular. By the time I return to you I shall hope to see our dear and noble friend quite at ease, with the addition

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[1] Charlton, the seat of the Earl of Suffolk, near Malmesbury, in Wiltshire.

[2] Henry, 12th Earl of Suffolk, lost his first wife in 1767, who left one child, Maria Constantia, born in the same year. She died young.

[3] Frances, daughter of William, Viscount Courtenay, married, in 1770, Sir John Wrottesley, Bart.

to her family of another fine grandson. I hope this frost will not disagree with her Grace, nor with you, dear madam; the fine sunshine which it brings, is very acceptable here, unless it be to the Duke, who had rather pursue his stags though in hard rain I believe. To-day all he could do was to enliven our walk by some little dogs yelping after a hare, which I saw and wished well to. It has accordingly escaped, I hear; the company it collected was a great ornament to the lawn, where my daughter Fanny, Mr. Richard Bagott,[1] and I have had a fine walk, especially as we foresaw that the poor hare would be quitte pour la peur.

Such are *our novels,* dear madam; you judged very well that I had no curiosity for those of London. I wonder whether Mrs. Cavendish[2] suspects that her *early* suitor (for certainly he has lost no time) is charmed "par les beaux yeux de sa cassette."

Adieu, dear madam: Miss Howard sends her compliments to you; Duchess of Beaufort desires me to present hers with a thousand thanks for your kind inquiry; she really advances visibly in her walks. Fanny is much yours and her dear Miss Dewes' humble servant.

Allow me to take a title I am proud of—

Your affectionate and obliged friend.

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[1] Richard, fourth son of Sir Walter Wagstaffe Bagot, and brother of William, 1st Baron Bagot, married, in 1783, Frances, daughter of William, Viscount Andover, and heir of her nephew Henry, Earl of Suffolk, &c.; Richard Bagot consequently assumed the surname of Howard.

[2] The Editor cannot ascertain with certainty who this "Mrs. Cavendish" was. Barbara, daughter of Dr. Chandler, Bishop of Durham, married, first, William, son of Lord James Cavendish, and secondly, the Hon. J. Fitzwilliam, a General in the army. She died in March, 1786, and the General about two years afterwards. Richard, eldest son of Dr. Chandler, Bishop of Durham, married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord James Cavendish, and by Act of Parliament took the name of Cavendish. He died, Nov. 22, 1769.

CHAPTER XXI.

JANUARY 1770 TO DECEMBER 1771.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

T. H. C., 15th Jan., 1770.

Do you, my beloved Mary, expect a journal from me? I have not the least thoughts of it. What can it be to you *who* comes in or *who* goes out, either at St. James's or the little Thatch? *You* that live in the pure air, by the gliding Thames, the sun glistening in its fair face in the morning; and your favourite Luna at night, and for intellectual pleasures have you not your amiable *friends* to gladden every moment? And much good may it do you. Pale Envy (or jealousy) is no inhabitant of my breast; but glowing pleasure the consequence of your present happiness.

I long to see the dear triumvirate, and shall soon attempt it. Well, now for a sketch of a journal. The pleasantest moment I spent on Saturday was when I scribbled a few words to you. I eat half a roasted onion for my supper, and I dreamt of hobgoblins!

Sunday morning tasted my *new* tea, and was almost poisoned with it; made my complaint immediately, and hope for redress. Had a short but good sermon at St. James's Chapel and a very crowded Court. I was much embarrassed by the multitude of fine ladies' chairs

joggling against me between chapel and Hanover Square, where I found my little friend pretty well, and had a little sparring of politics with her son; I am to dine there on Friday. Came home at three; drest and went to dinner to Whitehall—no refusal would be taken. After dinner we adjourned to the little Thatch to meet Mrs. Boscawen, who promised to come, and kept her word. But an hour before her came Lady Tweeddale, who seems very well. She is much disappointed you would not stay in town or come up on purpose to go to the birthday ball with the young ladies and Miss Nelly. "*Oh, how like!* (your picture)," says one.. "*Oh, how like!*" says another. "Well," says a third, "to be sure it is like, but might be better." Went to bed excessively tired. Got up at nine, and read a lecture to my family on the advantages of *rising early!* for want of the *usual* bell that used to call them up they are *later* and *later*. Well, for want of better eyes than my own I performed the morning duties. (Proverbs are in reserve.) Then came Mrs. Dunoyer, and I have settled all my duty pamphlets—written a long letter to Mr. G., another to Mrs. Boyd; and for the bonne bouche have sprawled thus far to my dear Mary.

I am just going to write a note to Mrs. Shelley. I dine alone; Mrs. Chap. could not come, so my only companion will be the Welsbourne turkey! *worse* than a cannibal, for *they* don't devour their companion! In return, *time* is devouring me, and I must go and dress. Make my baise mains. A political decipherer might make fine work with this letter.

Six o'clock.

I have this moment received your letter. A thousand

Joseph Brown sc.

MARY D'EWES,

Afterwards Mrs Port of Ilam

From an enamel by Zincke
in the possession of Francis Baroness de Bunsen

London, Richard Bentley, 1862

thanks. I rejoice my dear N. R. is safe and well. I am just going to make a visit to the Queen's house. Lady Tweeddale asked me last night "*who is that Mrs. Travaud* Miss Dewes is gone to meet." I felt quite angry that a *wrong letter* should be put to *her* loved name, and the question should be asked in *that manner*, it set me on the high ropes, and I set *her* to the best of my powers in the light she is worthy of, and was well backed by the Duchess of Portland.

So now I shall seal up my gallimawfry letter. No words can say how tenderly

I am ever yours,

M. D.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, at the Countess Cowper's, Richmond.

T. H. C., 6th Feb., 1770.

Thanks, my sweet Mary, for your letter this moment received. I would by no means have you come on Saturday if not a tolerable day; I leave it to your own judgment and to your kind friends to determine, knowing they are too generous to abridge my pleasure without good reason.

I am much obliged to Mrs. Hobart for her partial opinion of me, but she has been misled by those who are prejudiced in my favour—a prejudice I cannot wish should be removed, much as I am friend to truth. I have not seen a creature to day, and have written six very long letters. I am first going to Lady Weymouth, who is pretty well, but has been a good deal hurried with poor Miss H. Thynne's[1] illness; the poor

[1] The Hon. Henrietta Thynne, daughter of Viscount Weymouth, afterwards Lady Chesterfield.

little creature has undergone much *severer* discipline than I thank God was necessary in your case—having been *twice blooded* and *once blistered*, but the doctors now think her much better; you will easily imagine what my dear friend has suffered on the occasion, but I hope when you come you will find all well. I reserve all chit-chat till the happy hour of seeing you; long I have fasted, but every care will be forgotten when I get my own dear Mary again. I saw your brother Court yesterday; he dined with me, and I have appointed both to dine with you on Saturday; and on Monday Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt will drink tea here. Mrs. K. Shelley is a *lost thing*, but I don't persecute her, for I know her engagements in the situation she is in must be numerous; and she gives her amiable friend this account of herself: "I *have been* a princess in an inaccessible island, but the enchantment *is broke*; if you want an explication come and see."

My best, my kindest wishes and compliments attend the Triumvirate. Adieu.

Say something that's proper from me to Mrs. Hobart. Does she never come to town? I might then have the pleasure of making my own compliments, and acknowledgments for her favourable, though undeserved, opinion of me.

I won't write to-morrow, but the day after. You are very good in letting me hear every day, as I cannot conveniently come for. Horses still complaining.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 30th April, (?) 1770.

DEAR MADAM—

After I had wrote to the Duchess last Saturday, and sent my letter to post, I received your kind note of inquiry, but made no answer then, having answered your obliging intention by my dispatch to Bulstrode. I have now to add that I continue mending, have no fever, and am to go out when the wind ceases to be east, being indeed very weak and low, and in want of air, especially if we could have any that were balsamic and restorative; it is to be hoped May will bring it to-morrow. Meantime I flatter myself Miss Dewes has lost her cough, and that you, dear madam, find yourself the better for Bulstrode, and our dear Duchess as perfectly well as she would always be if it depended upon our wishes.

I shall now make my court to you with some good news of your friend; I sent on Saturday to inquire after Mrs. Montagu (Hanover Square),[1] but not liking the answer, I did not report it, but yesterday having sent again, I had this very good account, "that Mrs. Montagu sent her compliments to me, and acquainted me the fever had entirely left her at ten the preceding evening, that she had had an exceeding good night and was *pure* well to day."

You have better *nouvellistes* than I can possibly be, however, I will tell you all my daughter tells me.

[1] The Mrs. Montagu, "of Hanover Square," was the mother of Mr. Montagu, of Papplewick. "Mrs. Montagu, of Hill Street," was the authoress of the Essay on Shakspeare, who built for herself Montagu House in Portman Square.

Mariage declarée of one of the queen's maids—the *last* is *first* chosen—Miss F. Courtnay,[1] the choice of Sir John Wrottesley, and who succeeds her will be the next question, but I have not got so far.

Sir Jeffery Amherst[2] is one of Lord Ligonier's[3] executors, but his nephew I take for granted is his sole heir; however I have heard nothing of his will.

Mr. Delmé has the measles, and Lady Betty[4] will nurse him though she has not had it. Mrs. Montagu has had no return of her fever, but has not been quite so well to-day as yesterday.

Adieu, dear madam. My best respects wait on the Duchess, and love to Miss Dewes.

Most sincerely your obliged,

And affectionate servant,

F. Boscawen.

Lady Bingley summonses the world to Giardini's concert to-night; some *free spirits* escape to Ranelagh.

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[1] Frances, daughter of William, Viscount Courtney, was married, June 7, 1770, to Sir John Wrottesley, Bart. She died in 1828.

[2] Sir Jeffery Amherst was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America from 1758 to 1764, and raised to the Peerage, as Baron Amherst, in 1776.

[3] John Ligonier, Baron Ligonier, of Ripley, in the county of Surrey, and Earl of Ligonier, died, in 1770, at the age of 91, when the Earldom became extinct, and the Irish Barony of Ligonier devolved upon his nephew, Edward Ligonier, Esq.

[4] Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, 4th Earl of Carlisle, married, first, in 1769, Peter Delmé, Esq., who died, Sept. 5, 1789; and secondly, Jan. 7, 1794, Captain Charles Garnier, who was drowned, Dec. 16, 1796. Lady Elizabeth died in June, 1813.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

(?) 1770.

You seem to want nothing in your paradise, but soft airs and western gales. At length, thank God, these are arrived, and the dear lady of the mansion will, I hope, to-day throw aside her spinning wheel, and enjoy her groves, and lawns—not to speak of swamps and bogs, as these do not sound quite so pastoral, though they may yield equal pleasure; I promise myself that while you share it, dear madam, you will derive great benefit to your health. I am much pleased to find l'aimable niece has parted with cough and cold.

I sent you Mrs. Montagu's card, which I hope may be considered as a certificate of health. The *female club*[1] I told you of is removed from their quarters, Lady Pembroke[2] (one of its members) objecting to a tavern; it meets therefore, for the present, at certain rooms of Almacks, who for another year is to provide a private house. It is much the subject of conversation I believe, and the other night I heard many particulars relating to it. The first fourteen who imagined and planned it settled its rules and *constitutions:* these were formed upon the model of one of the clubs at Almacks. There

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[1] Walpole, writing to Mr. George Montagu, on the 6th of May, 1770, says, "There is a new Institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds will make, a considerable noise. It is a club of *both* sexes, to be erected at Almacks, on the model of that *of the men of White's*. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynels, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Lloyd, are the foundresses. I am ashamed to say *I am* of so young and fashionable a society!"

[2] Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles Spencer, 2nd Duke of Marlborough, married, in 1756, Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke and 7th of Montgomery.

are seventy-five chosen (the whole number is to be two hundred). The ladies nominate and *choose* the gentlemen, and *vice versâ*; so that no lady can exclude a lady, or gentleman a gentleman! The Duchess of Bedford[1] was at first black-balled, but is since admitted. Duchess of Marlborough[2] and of Grafton[3] are also chosen. Lady Hertford[4] wrote to beg admittance and has obtained it; also Lady Holderness,[5] Lady Rochford,[6] and Lady Harrington[7] are black-balled, as is Lord March,[8] Mr. Boothby,[9] and one or two more who think themselves pretty gentlemen du premier ordre, but it is plain the ladies are

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[1] Gertrude, eldest daughter of John, 1st Earl Gower, and second wife of John, 4th Duke of Bedford.

[2] Caroline, only daughter of John, 4th Duke of Bedford, and wife of George, 3rd Duke of Marlborough. Her mother was the Duke of Bedford's second wife, and she was consequently a grand-daughter of John, 1st Earl Gower.

[3] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Wrottesley, and second wife of Augustus Henry, 3rd Duke of Grafton.

[4] Alice, daughter and coheiress of Herbert, 2nd Viscount Windsor, and first wife of Francis, 2nd Marquis of Hertford. She died in 1772.

[5] Mary, daughter of Francis Doublet, Member of the States of Holland, and wife of Robert D'Arcy, 4th Earl of Holderness.

[6] Dorothea, second daughter of John Bloomfield, of Redwood, Esq., and wife of George, Lord Rochfort, eldest son of the 1st Earl of Belvedere, and in 1772, 2nd Earl.

[7] Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Grafton, and wife of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

[8] William Douglas, second son of William Douglas, 1st Duke of Queensbury, was, in 1697, created Earl of March; he died in 1705, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William Douglas, 2nd Earl of March, who, dying in 1731, was succeeded by his only son, William, the 3rd Earl, here referred to, who, on the death of Charles, 3rd Duke of Queensbury (the husband of "Kitty, beautiful and young") in 1778, succeeded to his dukedom. The title of Earl of March, being also borne by the eldest sons of the Dukes of Richmond, renders it necessary to state explicitly the descent and relationships of the individual so repeatedly mentioned about this period.

[9] Brooke Boothby, Esq., who afterwards succeeded to his father's Baronetcy. He was a writer of verses, and one of the Lichfield set. He married Susanna, daughter and heiress of R. Bristoe, Esq.

not of their opinion. Lady Molyneux[1] has accepted, but the Duchess of Beaufort[2] has declined, "*as her health never permits her to sup abroad.*" When any of the ladies dine with the society they are to send word before, but supper comes of course and is to be served always at eleven. Play will be *deep* and *constant* probably.

I am going this morning to visit Mrs. Pitt[3] by invitation; at my return I shall have the honour to write to my Lady Duchess, at present, therefore, I will only add my kind love to Miss Dewes, and best wishes for your perfect health, my dear madam. I have recovered mine entirely, and my liberty, but where shall I go, now that there is no agreeable society at the *little Thatch*; nothing repairs that loss to,

Dear Mrs. Delany's most
Affectionate, and obliged servant,
F. Boscawen.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Tunbridge Wells, May 27th, 1770.

I fully intended to have paid my respects to you, dear madam, before I left London, and to have dated my thanks for your kind letter from the only place that could possibly supply any return to it: but such were the continual occupations of my departure that I could only attend upon you in thought and imagination last

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[1] Isabella, second daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington, and wife of Charles William, 9th Viscount Molyneux, who was created Earl of Sefton, Nov. 30, 1771.

[2] Mrs. Boscawen's youngest daughter.

[3] Wife of Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, afterwards created Baron Camelford.

Thursday, and take a sincere part in the pleasure you received from so fine a day to display all the charms and beauties of Bulstrode to the admiring guests; I think they must have been in raptures with it, and I expect Lady Edgecumbe (who is eloquent) to be particularly so upon the subject of her delightful excursion; she proposed to return to London on Friday, if so you paid her the compliment to have no more fine weather after she was gone; a cruel east wind succeeded to these soft vernal airs, and now we are really verging towards Christmas holydays instead of Whitsuntide. I would not have you guess how cold it is upon these hills; I have just left a very good fire to come up and write to you in my chamber where there is none, and in so doing, *I show my love* which I desire you cordially to accept; it would not be worth a farthing if my heart were not warmer than my hands are at this present writing. Instead of nightingales, blackbirds, and thrushes, here is a honest robin redbreast in the grove that twittles to me the same song he sung last November. But the worst part of this severe weather to me is that it is highly unfavourable to notre pauvre convalescente, and causes pains in her legs; however, I had the satisfaction to find her looking much better than when she left London, and that the waters had given manifest tokens of their salutary effects by a great appetite and much better sleep. She rides, and her lord is so good as to lead her: so that upon the whole I doubt not she will be much benefited by this journey, especially if we soon change this unseasonable cold for warm weather. Our little boys have blue noses with their rosy cheeks, for they run out and defy the cold winds; they enliven our society, which

does not extend beyond the mansion as yet. To-morrow, we hear, Lord and Lady Petre[1] arrive; at present we know none but a Lady Diana Scot[2] with her husband and daughter. I never heard of this lady; they say she is sister of Lord Marchmont. I have not seen her that I know of, for at chapel to day there seemed to be no females but ourselves dans le quartier des étrangers. So much for Tunbrige. As to London, we left it commenting upon the Mayor's *reply*[3] to his Majesty—an extraordinary proceeding surely; but of this and every thing else you will know more than I could tell were I there. I never saw Mrs. Montagu (Hill Street), after I wrote you last. I called to take leave of her, but she was gone with Lord and Lady Shelburne[4] to Hayes, and on Thursday, when Garrick acted, she had Lord Chatham's[5] children at dinner, and carried them to the play. His lordship

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[1] Robert Edward, 9th Baron Petre, m. 1st, Anne, daughter and coheiress of Philip Howard, Esq., in 1762; she was niece of Edward, 9th Duke of Norfolk, and coheiress, at his decease, to various Baronies in abeyance.

[2] Lady Diana Hume, daughter of Hugh, 3rd Earl of Marchmont, married Walter Scott, of Harden, M.P. Their son succeeded to the Barony of Polwarth in 1835. The daughter is not mentioned in Burke's English Peerage.

[3] On the 24th of May, 1770, Horace Walpole mentions that the Court was put into confusion by the Lord Mayor, who, contrary to all precedent, added a volunteer speech to the remonstrance, without having furnished a copy for the King that he might have been prepared with an answer; and he said although it was loyal and respectful, that such an innovation much discomposed the solemnity. It was generally believed that Horne Tooke wrote the speech, which was placed on the records of the City and on Beckford's statue, but that Beckford did not pronounce that speech in the King's presence, although he did express dissatisfaction at the address.

[4] William, Earl of Shelburne and 1st Marquis of Lansdowne, married Sophia, youngest daughter of John Carteret, Earl Granville. She died Jan 5, 1771.

[5] The great Earl of Chatham.

himself was to have been of her party (Miss Mary Pitt[1] told me), had not the gout intervened; but for this contretemps I think my friend's box would have been honoured with the acclamations of the upper gallery.

Adieu, dear madam. My best respects wait on the Duchess, and my kind compliments and *good wishes* to Miss Dewes. Pray let me hear from you, and believe me most truly yours,

F. Boscawen.

The following letter proves that at this time the engagement of Miss Dewes to Mr. Port, of Ilam, was declared, but that Mr. Granville was not satisfied with the match.

Miss Dewes to John Port, of Ilam, Esq.

Richmond, Saturday.
Half an hour after 7, June 9th, 1770.

My dear Mr. Port,

I sent you such a strange and, I fear, almost unintelligible scrawl last Thursday that I fear you could scarce make it out, but I was so much straitened in time that, had I not been pretty expeditious, I could not have written at all, which I hope will plead my excuse, otherwise I am sure there are many wanted.

There were a vast many people dined at Wimbledon on Thursday. The Duke and Duchess of Grafton, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Newnham,[2] Mrs. How, Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz, Mr. Verry, and one or two more,

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[1] Youngest daughter of Robert Pitt, Esq., and sister of the great Earl of Chatham. She died, unmarried, in 1787.

[2] George Simon Harcourt, Viscount Nuncham, afterwards second Earl of Harcourt.

beside Lady Cowper, Lady Frances Bulkeley and myself. We dine there again to-day; it is to be a catch dinner: most of the Catch Club are to dine there in order to sing catches after dinner. Mrs. Chapone, I think, would be an addition to them.

Lady Frances Bulkeley left us yesterday. She is a most worthy amiable woman. She desired me to give her compliments to you when I saw you. Alas! she little thought how uncertain was that day!

It is most charming weather, and the *moon* as bright as possible every night but the last. I was true to my appointment last night, and was happy in thinking we were beholding the same object at the same hour; that reflection will be still a greater comfort to me as you are removed farther off; for our engagement shall hold good for every full moon (at eleven o'clock) till we meet, and then *she* will shine forth with double lustre, and every charm be heightened by our beholding it together. Till that time arrives we must console ourselves in thinking of each other's sincerity, and that every thing will turn out as we wish it, if it is for the best it should.

> "Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
> No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
> Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die,
> Heaven is our hope, and Providence our guide."

I yesterday received a very polite note from Mr. Walpole to invite me to Strawberry Hill on Monday next "to meet the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany," but I am engaged, so have sent an excuse. I fear London this hot weather is very unpleasant to you. I have not heard a word about Mr. G. since I came.

I must beg you will send me two or three franks to

Lady Mary Mordaunt, for I gave you the whole half dozen that night, and have none to her ladyship myself.

The nosegay is *still alive!* Though the moon was not bright last night, yet we had the pleasure of contemplating the light of it and looking at the sky at least at the same time.

As we were to be out the whole day, I rose earlier than usual, in order to have a little time for reading, as food for the mind is full as necessary as for the body, and I was always delighted with what Dr. Young says in one of his "Night Thoughts":

> "A soul without reflection,
> Like a pile without inhabitant,
> Soon to ruin falls."

It is rather a hardship upon our sex that we have in general our own education *to seek after* we are grown up, I mean as to mental qualifications. In our childhood writing, dancing, and music is what is most attended to; and without being a pedant, such a knowledge of grammar as is requisite to make us speak and write correctly is certainly necessary, and also such a knowledge of history that one may compare past times with the present, and be able to enter into conversation when those subjects are started, is very agreeable, and I am convinced one is never too old for improvement. The great Mrs. M'Cauly[1] (I was told by an intimate friend of hers) hardly knew the meaning of the word *Grammar* till she was *near thirty* years old, and that now all her productions go to the press uncorrected!

[1] Catherine Macauley, or Graham, born in Kent, 1733, died 1791. She was chiefly known for her republican spirit; she wrote a history of England, from the accession of James I., and several political letters and pamphlets.

Sunday.

Many thanks for your kind letter which I have just received. You compliment me so much on my style in writing that were I not quite convinced it proceeds from your partiality to me, I should grow too vain, and though I am conscious I cannot merit all you say on that subject, yet your praises must ever be most pleasing to me; when I entered into the agreement of telling each other of whatever mistakes we made, it was chiefly from *self-interest* as the improvement I shall receive will be greater than yours, as my mistakes are more numerous, and if I do not find you tell me of them, I shall think our bargain at an end. Therefore, I am but half pleased at you "*deferring*" to acquaint me with the one made in my last letter, and so ends this chapter: and now to proceed to what is of more consequence.

I think if you and Mr. —— visit it would be right to say to him how disappointed and mortified you were upon coming to London at finding so different a reception from what you had reason to expect, especially *after* your *circumstances* and *estates* had undergone all the examination Mr. Dewes thought proper to make, and that you could not help wishing Mr. G. would stand your friend.

As you ask my opinion this is it I own, but I am sure you judge better what to say than I can tell you. Do not take any notice to my *brothers* of what *I* think you should say to Mr. G., but you may tell them, if you see Mr. G. you certainly shall say something to him about the affair, but that you shall be vastly cautious what, and *so you must be.*

If the screen you have bought is like Mrs. Delany's hers is blue sarsenet (not paper), and yours should be green sarsenet as near the colour of your hangings as can be.

Lady Cowper desires her compliments to you, and that she should be very glad to see you either with or without my brothers, but *prudential* reasons must prevent it for the present. A time will come when I hope we shall both have the superior happiness of enjoying together my dear Lady Cowper's company, whom the more you know the more you will admire, as I have done for these seventeen years past!

I am sure the length of this will make amends for the shortness of my last.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 14th June, 1770.

I thank God the dear Duchess is very well; she and Mr. Lightfoot are now taking the grand tour round her Grace's dominions in search of materials for philosophic speculation! I am just returned from three hours attendance on Mr. Davies, who is an excellent task-master for the exercise of patience, and is duller than the rocks he hammers up; however we are going on tolerably well, and I hope you will not think we have been idle.

Lord Titchfield[1] has been ill of an ague, and that has

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[1] William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, Marquis of Titchfield, born 24th June, 1768, afterwards 4th Duke, and father of the present Duke of Portland, (1860).

put off the Duke and Duchess of Portland's coming till Sunday or Monday.

Thus far I wrote yesterday, but postponed finishing it that I might be more certain what to say about your coming. The Duchess-Dowager of Portland desires her compliments to Lady Cowper, and is extremely sorry she cannot at this time have the pleasure of her company at Bulstrode; but the Duke and Duchess of Portland having been obliged to delay their coming till next week, and more company being engaged to meet them, puts it out of her power to accept Lady Cowper's obliging offer of bringing you next Tuesday the 20th. She will send her chaise for you on Wednesday the 21st very early in the morning, and if you set out by one o'clock you will be here time enough for dinner.

Observe that the Duchess would have sent the chaise on Tuesday; but I would not rob Lady Cowper of one day that she depended on having your company, and *days* to me *now* are more precious than years were formerly.

As I hope soon to see my dearest Mary I will not enter on *any interesting subject*, and *much* I have to say, and *much* I long to see you. Pray make my best compliments to dear Lady Cowper; I don't forget I owe her a visit when a favourable opportunity offers. When you come you will tell me if she is at home the end of July; my letter called for—and this moment a messenger from London has brought your last of the 13th, to which this is a full answer: forgive me, my dear Mary, and make my excuse to Lady Cowper that I don't take the hint about staying longer at Richmond; for what are thirteen days in friendship's calendar? which is all I shall

enjoy of my dear Mary's company for several months to come.

Adieu till the 21st, when, please God, I hope we shall meet and say more than I can write. I will write about the muslin, but must stay till Mrs. Sandford is brought to bed, which I suppose now will be soon.

Mrs. Delany to Lady Andover.

Bulstrode, 24th June, 1770.

Nothing can more truly denote the stupidity of my spirits than a delay of answering my dear Lady Andover's letter, and at how low an ebb must they be when the balm of such a friend as I hourly converse with can't revive them. In such a state I ought to wrap myself up in my own web, and not carry my infection abroad. All this is a gloomy indulgence of broken spirits, and I will shake it off, and think of the kindness of those dear friends who bear with me under all my infirmities, and be thankful for such a transcendant blessing.

I am, I thank God, as well or better in health than I could reasonably expect to be at *threescore years and ten.*

I am really in pain for poor Lady Donegal, but hope the child's disorder has taken a favourable turn, as I have not seen the contrary in the newspapers.

Our dear friend here is at present charming well. The Duke and Duchess of Portland came here last Sunday, and staid till Thursday; it was a *cordial* visit.

Yesterday Mr. Walpole and Mr. Bateman came to dinner, and went away at seven, so that the few hours they spent here was all hurry and admiration!

I don't know what account to give your ladyship of my brother. My last letter from him mentioned an amendment in his health; but as I have not heard very lately, and all accounts are that he is *extremely altered* and weak, I feel a perpetual anxiety about him.

My dear Mary came from Richmond last Thursday, and the longest of her stay here will be till Thursday se'night; she then goes home with her brothers.

I don't propose seeing Warwickshire this summer. We are indeed short-sighted mortals! What we fear most often proves an advantage, and what we most earnestly pursue frequently ends in sorrow! This should teach us the wisdom of not being too anxious about worldly events, and submission to that Being who alone knows what is best.

Lady G.'s letters, and her royal correspondents, and the death of the late Lord Mayor[1]—his will and testament, seem at present the common topics; but as I always suspect the authenticity of newspapers, and that I suppose your ladyship reads them, I shall not say more on the subject.

I hear Mr. Beckford has blessed the world with a numerous offspring. Lord Holland told him some time ago, he intended to go to some neighbouring place of London for the recovery of his health or one of his children's. I have my story imperfect; but it is for the answer I tell it, which was that "Mr. Beckford said, don't by any means go there, for I lost *twelve children* there *last year*."

The weather has been an emblem of the world, now

[1] The Right Hon. William Beckford, Lord Mayor, died 21st June, 1770.

raining—now shining, some pleasant days, though not right summer ones, and we enjoy every moment we can abroad. I hope you do so at your sweet hill, and have the pleasure of seeing Lady Maria vie with the birds, butterflies, and flowers for loveliness and sweetness, and by her delight, add to yours.

The Duchess's constant love attends your ladyship. Miss Dewes begs her respects, and we both join in affectionate compliments to Miss F. Howard. I am with true gratitude, your ladyship's most

Affectionate and obedient

Humble servant,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 8th July, 1770.

I ended my last journal so abruptly that I think myself bound to proceed; but to go on methodically.

I went yesterday morning, as soon as breakfast was over, &c., to the cave, attended diligently till one, was then visited by the enchantress of the grotto; received her approbation! How forcibly partiality acts! (but it is a veil I cannot wish should be laid aside; as the greatest part of my merit must then vanish—this by way of digression.) She invited me to take a tour in her chaise to smell her sweet hay in her farm-fields; all our senses were regaled. The weather so fine and the prospects so enlivened by the haymakers. We called at the Lodge on the lawn; went into the house to settle the plan of transforming it into a Gothic mansion; *inspected* some *old trees*, (for botanic inquiries are never neglected);

the Duchess was not well enough to walk much, and returned home. At four dressed and dined: most of our conversation was of my dearest Mary, who is never mentioned without approbation and the kindest wishes. The Duchess was very sorry your brothers had not more time at Bulstrode; but hopes to see them here, when she can show them herself what the short time they were here would not allow them to see. She went on Wednesday directly to Whitehall, dressed, and from thence to dine at the Duke of Portland's. The Duchess very indifferent; the child well; in her way thither she called at Wergman's;[1] had no time to lose in sending the pocket-book to your brothers, or would have had a prettier one than she could meet there; and she thought it *necessary* you should have a book for memorandums on your travels. The evening she spent at Dash's with Lady Weymouth. Went next day to Court; was most graciously received; conversed with Paoli, who left a card next morning (she *not at home* as you *may imagine*) DE PAOLI.[2] she supposes written with his own hand, which is to be deposited in the cabinet of curiosities, at least placed among the reliques of ancient worthies.

Thursday evening she spent at Lord Mansfield's; Miss Mary Murray better. I thought you would like to know all her doings. The *University* of Oxford have sent her the new edition of Lister on Shells,[3] inscribed to her,

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[1] Wergman, a famous jeweller.

[2] Pascal Paoli, the Corsican Chief, made his escape from that island in an English vessel, and came to London in Sept., 1769.

[3] Dr. Martin Lister, an eminent physician and natural philosopher, born about 1638, died 1711—12. He published many valuable works, of which

and finely bound. Mr. Achard asked me *ten times* yesterday if I had heard how you performed your journey, and if you had lost your cough. I forgave his asking what was *impossible* to *know*, for the sake of the kindness meant. You may say as Prior does somewhere,—"Will your *digressions never end?*" At seven we went to the garden-house; I pasted ten sprigs over door and windows, and we returned home to tea. You and her Grace of Portland may, for aught I know, in this age of matrimonial disquietude, have occasioned a serious quarrel between a man and his wife, "*of no great fame, for to this hour I never heard their name,*" who came yesterday to see Bulstrode; the chief thing that attracted their view in the great drawing-room was—what do you think? Not Raphael's Holy Family, Vandyke's Sleeping Boy, Bernini's[1] Dog, or Gibbon's carvings, &c.; but—*the spinning-wheel.* "See here, *my dear,*" *says* the husband, "this is *not* like *your wheel.*" "No, *my dear,*" (*says* the wife) "for I spin only with one hand." "But," *says he,* "if a Duchess spins with two hands, surely *you may*; and you'll spin as much again." "I spin," *says she,* "with one hand a very good thread; and I am too old to begin a new way, though this is a very fine thread, indeed." *The* "*says he*" and "*says shes*" were as numerous as Mr. Garrick's story, and grew *so warm* that Mrs. Labastide hurried them through the room to *break the thread* of their dispute. The Duchess says she

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"Historiæ sive Synopsis Conchyliorum quorum omnium Picturæ ad vivum delineatæ, exhibentur" was first published in 1685—92, and a 3rd edition of this work was published at Oxford, in 1770.

[1] Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, a painter, statuary, and architect, born at Naples in 1598, died 1682.

is very much obliged to you for the credit she gained by the *nice thread you left*, and bid me tell you this; she tried to spin yesterday, but it did not succeed as well as when her mistress was by. Do you approve of the band being slipt when the wheel is put by, as it prevents mischief by an accidental turn of the wheel? We went to bed at our usual time. This morning, after a hasty breakfast, I hurried into the garden; called on the Grues by the way; no Grues appeared; only a few cackling bantums and screaming guineas; sauntered to the American grove; no gold pheasants, no silver pheasants; not a hare or a squirrel, or even the little mouse. I wanted my alluring companion, and they would not leave their retreats; they peeped through the branches of their sweet bowers, and saw you were not there. I mused on till I came to my favourite bench, where we last sate, and there I invited all-composing contemplation. *He* who is truth itself has promised never to forsake those who serve him faithfully; and he invites us to call upon him in trouble, and to cast our care upon him. *He* is the protector of innocence, and these thoughts, my dearest Mary, fill my heart with the most lively hopes of your enjoying the blessings I have reason to think you so worthy of! though the prospect at present *is cloudy*, but in good time these clouds will pass away.

I long to hear from you; sure that you will omit no circumstance touching your health and happiness; both as dear to me as my own; indeed, they are my *very own*. I am called. The Duke of Portland and the Dean of Salisbury come in the evening; the dowager Duchess not satisfied with the accounts Dr. Forde sends

her. Mrs. Dashwood comes next Friday, and stays till the Tuesday following; soon after that I suppose the Cornish expedition will begin; I hope nothing will prevent it. Adieu till evening, when I will add the news of the day, but the newspapers lie *unfolded* from morning till night.

After dinner we went to the flower-garden to admire the acacia in flower, and feed the fish; were caught in a smart shower of rain; hurried home. A messenger from the Duke of Portland instead of his Grace, as Lord Titchfield has a return of his ague; the Duchess better, but still very indifferent; if matters mend the Duke comes on Tuesday. And now, with the Duchess's "kind compliments to her *mistress*," and mine to all at Welsbourne, I conclude in good earnest. Mr. Achard's best compliments to Miss Dewes and the young gentlemen.

Your most affectionate,

M. D.

I am not quite easy to-night about the Duchess; I think her a little feverish, and that it will be prudent for her to lose a little blood before she goes on her progress. I fancy she will go to town the latter end of next week. I don't propose writing again till this day se'nnight. No letter from Calwich. I have mended my snake, and no sign of its having ever been broken.

Monday.

The Duchess is much better to-day.

Duchess of Portland to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, July 9th, 1770.

I am extremely obliged to you, dear madam, for the favour of your letter; and am very happy *the pocket-book* was agreeable to you; the manner in which you accept it is very flattering to me, and I shall be happy whenever I have an opportunity of assuring you with how much esteem,

I am, dear madam,
Your most affectionate
And obedient, humble servant
M. CAVENDISH PORTLAND.

I am very anxious to hear you have got rid of your cough. Beg my compliments to Mr. Dewes and your brothers; I hope they will see Bulstrode the next time more at their leisure.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 15th July, 1770.
Eight o'clock.

Your letter of the 7th, my dearest Mary, I received in due time, and was happy to hear you had a good journey, and that you found all well at home. Nothing material has happened since my last writing to communicate, except Mrs. Sandford's being brought to bed of a fourth son, and she and the child in a good way. I have had the satisfaction of hearing twice since, and yesterday saw Mr. George Boyd, who is just come from Ireland, and

gives a good account of all friends: he has brought over Lady F. B.'s muslin—the prettiest I ever saw: where would you have me send it? and he tells me Dr. and Mrs. Sandford propose, (when she is strong enough to undertake the voyage) coming to England, and bringing their little family with them; they intend spending the latter season at the Bath. I am sure my dear Mary will rejoice with me, that I shall once more see "dear Sally;" indeed, it is a pleasure I hardly durst hope for considering her tender health and my years! Dr. Sandford, in his last letter, mentioned their intention to me. Mr. Johnston has at last settled with him, and paid all that was due, which I own was more than I expected.

I have had a letter from Mr. G—, much like the last; that he had made his visit, and was not the worse for it, and acknowledgments to the Duchess of Portland for her invitation to Bulstrode, and *a huff* to Mr. Gar.

I don't know what to say on a *subject* that occupies my thoughts as much as yours, but all information must come from your side, as I am entirely out of the way of hearing anything. I have nothing to recommend to my dearest Mary during the present state of affairs, but what her own excellent principles and good sense must suggest, hoping all will end well, but I own it is a severe state of trial. However, the Power that permits the trial, I make no doubt will support you under it.

Now for my journal. I ended this day was se'night. On Monday, the Dean of Salisbury came, and staid till Thursday. Every day the Duke of Portland was expected, but the Duchess was so ill, and Lord Titchfield had a return of his ague, which prevented his coming:

they are both well now, and his Grace comes to-morrow.

The cave goes on amain; a month more I think will complete it, and Mr. Levers is about the little cell. The Duchess of Portland hopes all will be complete by the time she has the pleasure of seeing you here again—the latter end of the year, which she depends upon; and *spinning* will not thrive without you *set the wheel a-going!* Mrs. Dashwood came here last Wednesday, and stays till Wednesday next.

Next Thursday se'night we are to dine at Hampton with the Garricks, and I suppose the week after she will set out on her western progress. A letter came yesterday from Lady Edgecumbe, with a summons, and an obliging invitation to you and me to be of the party. I am almost afraid I shall be too late for my visit to Richmond, which I shall be sorry for, as I wish extremely to see Lady Cowper before she goes to Welsbourne. Mr. Kay came here yesterday, and goes away to-morrow. Everybody inquires for "Miss Dewes," everybody "sorry not to find her here." Ah, what am I! I have not a sprightly anecdote to send you.

This moment your dear letter is come.

I never can cease wondering at the unaccountable behaviour of ——.[1] I must write to him, but with painful reluctance, as I never expect that cordiality which I feel I have a claim to, and cannot guess why it is withdrawn. I think I sleep better, and am, on the whole, pretty well, but a stroke is given that cannot be entirely healed, tho' I will apply all the lenients in my power. My best compliments and wishes to all at Welsbourne.

[1] This *blank* doubtless alluded to Mr. Granville.

I have a letter from our dear R. I enclose you the receipt for pickled salmon, and thank you for the little flowers; they retained some merit as plucked by your hand, but had lost their native beauty. Botany has been at a stand; no, Mr. Lightfoot, and company not worthy to be admitted into the Philosophic Cabinet, have been in the way, and no opportunity yet found for making the destined visit at Windsor, and all deferred till the Duchess returns from Cornwall. I have had *repeated* letters with invitations from Lady Stamford,[1] but you know it is impossible for me to accept them.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

(Part of a letter.) 1770.

The embroidery of the nankeen, &c., must be with the same knitting-thread as you knot with, *cotton*-thread[2] is *not* strong enough to bear the working. I enclose you what I did it with, and generally worked it double; but you must judge by the effect when you try it.

Your *brothers* will miss Mr. G. I fear; I own I wished to have known how he would have received them, though upon the whole, perhaps, it is better as it is, and I believe *they* won't be sorry, but I hope they will meet with another *friend* (Mr. Port), and if they do that they will make my particular compliments.

Last Monday, I told you in my last, we were to dine

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[1] Lady Henrietta Cavendish Bentinck, second daughter of William, 2nd Duke of Portland, married, in 1763, George Harry, 5th Earl of Stamford.

[2] "*Cotton-thread*" was always considered very inferior to flaxen-thread, of which infinite varieties were made in the last century, which are now unknown in Great Britain.

at Lady Primrose's, and to perform the long intended visit at Beaumont Lodge. Were at her ladyship's great gate at one o'clock, but no ladyship was there, but gone to Lady Frances Elliot's![1] In order to console ourselves for the disappointment we travelled on to Cooper's Hill, where the Duchess of Portland never had been, and when we came to the point from whence the prospect was to be seen, her Grace got out of the chaise and mounted a bank with as much alacrity as if she had been in pursuit of a plant or a butterfly; and after all, though the prospect is fine and extensive, its *greatest* beauties may be seen with less trouble—the Castle of Windsor and the Thames. We arrived at Lady Primrose's at half an hour after two, found her but indifferent, always glad to see her friends, and sorry you were not of the party. We were treated with a triumvirate of old maids—Mrs. Primrose and the two Mrs. Needhams: returned by nine. A charming day; read Sir John Denham's poem on Cooper's Hill;[2] admired some part, and criticised others. Tuesday, a *Bulstrode day*. Wednesday, our engagement with the Garricks took place, and there my amiable niece was zealously wished for, and she would have been much pleased and entertained. Mr. Garrick did the honours of his house *very respectfully*, and tho' in high spirits seemed sensible of the honour done them.[3] Nobody else there but Lady Weymouth and Mr.

[1] Lady Frances Elliot, daughter of Henry, Earl of Grantham, and widow of Captain Elliot.

[2] Cooper's Hill, a Poem, by Sir John Denham, born in Dublin, 1615; died, 1668.

[3] These few words are a high testimony to Garrick's tact and good breeding, as few persons, in his class of life, know how to be "*respectful*" and yet in "*high spirits*," which is the greatest test of real refinement.

Bateman. As to Mrs. Garrick, the more one sees her the better one must like her; she seems *never* to depart from a perfect propriety of behaviour, accompanied with good sense and gentleness of manners, and I cannot help looking on her as a *wonderful creature*, considering all circumstances relating to her. The house is singular (which you know I like), and seems to owe its prettiness and elegance to her good taste; but I saw it so short a time, and only passed once through the rooms, that I can't well describe it, but on the whole it has the air of belonging to *a genius*. We had an excellent dinner nicely served, and when over went directly into the garden—a piece of irregular ground sloping down to the Thames, very well laid out, and planted for shade and shelter; and an opening to the river which appears beautiful from that spot, and from Shakspeare's Temple at the end of the improvement, where we drank tea and coffee, and where there is a very fine statue of Shakspeare in white marble, and a great chair with a large carved frame, that was *Shakspeare's own chair*, made for him on some particular occasion, with a medallion of him fixed in the back. Many were the relics we saw of the favourite poet. There was not a moment I did not wish for you, knowing how much you would have been entertained. At six o'clock Lady Weymouth's fine group of children walked into the garden, which added to the agreeableness of the scene, and Mr. Garrick made himself as suitable a companion to the children as to the rest of the company, to their great delight. We got home very well a little before ten.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, *virtù* went on as usual. Mr. Lightfoot here, and whilst the Duchess and he

pursued their philosophical tracks I followed my own business. All the difficult part of the cave is finished, and now there can, I think, no blunder be made in our absence, though *my friend Davis* is as liable to such a misfortune as any man alive! The Duchess has engaged Mr. Lightfoot to come this evening to read prayers, &c., as Mr. Jones is obliged to go into Wales for a fortnight; he stays here to-morrow to settle some botanical affairs, and I shall have his company, and set him down on Tuesday in my way to town.

I must add I have had a letter from Mr. G.,[1] *rather kind.* Mr. Cannon has been with him, and the deeds *signed*, so he has *got rid of me!* He is gone to Tunbridge, and says he was glad to hear by Mr. C. that I looked *so* well, and that all were well.

Many thanks for your letter, which welcomed me on my arrival home.

I enclose you a *yellow* carnation, which is new to me, it grew at Bulstrode. I hope the Duchess of Portland got yesterday as far as Salisbury; she was to stay a day there with the Dean.

Your box will be with you, I hope, by next Saturday. I have sent Lady F. B.'s muslin, that you might deliver it yourself to Lady Cowper.

I have written this post to *our* Ravaud, to let her know *our* Duchess will spend a day with her on her return from Cornwall. I believe Mrs. Mead's recipe for a cold a good one, *if* it does *not* clog the stomach.

[1] "Mr. G."—Mr. Granville.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 15th July, /70.

Dr Madm,

The time now draws near yt you flatter'd me wth ye hopes of seeing you here. I can't refrain from puting you in mind of it, and at ye same time to ask you to propose to ye Dowr-Ds of Portland a scheme of mine, wch I think a very good one. As her Grace goes westward, I can't be out of her way; it is yt she may bring you, *leave you here* during her progress, and take you again as she returns? I won't be ye importunate wth pressing her to stay, &c. &c., all shall submit to her plan. If this sh^d take place, I *shall* think myself under some *auspicious planet*, wch seldom falls to my lot so to be.

Pray tell her I'm never unmindfull of any event, yt can regard her, and if I did not conclude she thinks thus of me I sh^d have troubled her wth my congratulations on ye birth of her last grand son.[1]

I have heard Mrs. Mountagu is safe and well wth her ffamily in Yorkshire. After recovering here 'twas a great damper to find her son in London ill wth ye gout in his stomach. I'm sorry for him; he has but a melancholy prospect to have such a complaint so early in life.

Adieu, dr Mrs. Delany; comand my post-chaise wn ever you please, and believe me, yor most faithfull,

M. Gower.

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[1] "On the 1st of July, 1770, the Duchess of Portland, of a son." "July 24, died Lord Charles William Cavendish Bentinck, son of the Duke of Portland."

Mrs. Mills to Miss Dewes, at Welsbourne.

Norbury, July 16th, 1770.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your last very kind letter is such a token of esteem and confidence that I cannot sufficiently acknowledge my great obligations to you for it, nor express how pleasing it is to me; but give me leave to assure you I will endeavour in some degree to deserve your good opinion, by being as cautious in the affair you mention as you can wish. *The report* was in every one's mouth, and we were frequently asked "what our good neighbour said of it?" but our reply was before I received yours such as you desired, having never heard him once mention it, nor taken the least notice of it to him, and you may depend upon this, that as we really *knew nothing* of it before, we shall (if possible) appear to know *less*. I need not tell you it is what we *greatly wish*, and many expect it soon to take place, for Mrs. Hodgson told me the other day that the next visit was to complete the happiness of a gentleman whom they all speak of in the highest terms.

We drank tea with Mr. Granville on Saturday, and I hope I can now assure you he is vastly better than I have seen him of some time; his looks, appetite, and spirits all improved, so that I hope he will recover his usual health.

I have now got Mr. and Mrs. Wallhall with me and Miss Brooke, which makes me very happy, being very near relations for whom I have the most perfect regard, and last night Mr. Duncomb came unexpectedly, and is to be followed by two other Yorkshire gentlemen the

latter end of the week, so that at present I am pretty much engaged, but should any thing occur the least material you may depend upon hearing from me. Mr. G. talks of going to London very soon, and spending a fortnight at Tunbridge before he returns, so that I fear we shall lose him for some time. Mr. Mills and Mrs. Mee are both, thank God, very well, and join in best regards to you and the whole family at Welsbourne, with, dear Miss Dewes,

Your most obliged and affectionate

MARY MILLS.

(Note in Miss Dewes's handwriting.)

The above Mrs. Mills was married when turned forty to the widower of her particular friend, Rev. Mr. Mills, in May 1770.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes.

Bulstrode, 22nd July, 1770.

MY EVER KIND AND DEAR MARY,

I was happy with your letter of the 12th, happy to receive such tender testimonies of your affection, and of the justice you do to mine. As to your tooth, I should sing *a dirge* over it, but that by losing it you have also lost your pain. May all your losses for the future, my dear Mary, end as happily! The Duchess of Portland, I thank God, is returned from London better than when she went. She was blooded, and the "*gentle Hawkins*" advised "*her Grace* by all means to take her journey into Cornwall, as it would be salutary, and

establish her *Grace's* health." So accordingly "*her Grace*" has taken her resolution and proposes "*setting off*" (as the postilions say) on Monday the 30th of this month, and on the 31st I shall go to the little Thatch, for the Duchess would not let me go a day before. I design to go, please God, to the Bill Hill on the 7th of August. My being so late prevents my having the pleasure of waiting on Lady Cowper, for she writes me word she leaves Richmond on the 28th of this month, and you will soon be happy with her, and most warmly do I wish an increase of all your joys; little is it in our power to say *what* is for our happiness, but we may by acting uprightly and submitting to all events with humility and patience to the Great Disposer of them, secure a consolation to ourselves, that no accident can destroy, nor even *the perverse wills of unruly men*, though I do not say they will not vex and tease, for that is impossible. But if I preach on, what will become of my journal? I have had of late *no moon* to look at; she keeps better hours than I do, and rises when I go to bed, but her fickle ladyship will soon come about again, and for want of that sympathetic contemplation the haymakers have played their part, and whilst you are entertained with their rural processions under your window, I am, with those on the side of the hill, almost facing the lane. When I am pleased I always wish for my Mary to take her share; when I am sad I am glad to keep it all to myself! The cave goes on briskly, and now it draws near a conclusion my zeal to get it finished increases, whilst I am working away heaping rude stones together (ruder than Gothic), I am entertained with the blackbird of the grott that comes to feed its young in

the opening on the top, and fears me as little as Davis or Daniel, and condescends to pick the crumbs I strew on the window for him, giving me a little twitter of thanks: between whiles I mind my book, and am now entertained with Racine's letters; those to his son paints him the most amiable and best of men. With all his wit, admired, flattered, and a courtier, he maintains such true piety and such a rectitude of heart as makes me quite love his character.

I have finished Lowry[1] and begun the seat; probably shall finish it before I leave Bulstrode. At my return I shall begin the back of your knotting chair, but don't care to put it in to lye by whilst I am away. I am to thank you for bespeaking the spinning wheel; the Duchess laughed at your "*Man in the moon*," and said you were "very droll."

Consider what you may want from London, when I send the box with your stays, &c., which I shall do as soon as I can. I hope Mrs. Mead enjoys her health; make her my very particular compliments, and as due to your house and neighbourhood. May peace and joy be in all your dwellings!

To-morrow we dine with Lady Primrose, where I am sure you will be wished for, and on Wednesday at the Garricks, from whence also a particular invitation came to you. We have had no interruption these two days

[1] "*The Lowry*" must have been the beautiful Lory which the Duchess of Portland had. The picture of this resplendent bird was taken by Mrs. Delany and worked in chenille, sitting on the bough of a citron covered with blossoms. It was the back of a chair, the "seat" of which is here also alluded to, and both back and seat are in the possession of the Editor, having been left by the Duchess of Portland to Miss Dewes (afterwards Mrs. Port, of Ilam). The Lory was also painted by Ehret on vellum.

past from weather or company; but have roved about in the park and garden, enjoying all their sweets and feeding all their happy inhabitants; but every thing here says, or seems to say, where is Miss Dewes? Numerous have been the births of moths and butterflies: the late Lord Mayor[1] could not boast of a more numerous progeny. Alas! how much more innocent are they likely to prove than the descendants of such a man!

I have heard from Lady Andover all well at Elford, and the little boy at Fisherwick recovered, but Lady Donegal[2] has been ill in Ireland on receiving an account of his illness and not hearing again from contrary winds.

I had a letter this morning from Dr. Sandford; it was Mrs. Sandford's 14th day, and she was better then than she had been in any of her lyings-in. If she goes on so well, I suppose they will be in England by the middle or latter end of next month. Has not Mr. *Canon* been yet at Welsbourne? My brother wrote me word he should keep in the way till *he* had been at Calwich. I shall long to know what reception and what passes when your brothers go there?—and *what passes at Derby?* I need not point out to you what I want to know, sure of your satisfying me in all you can. Though I have proceeded so far without taking notice of your *delicate* writing, I assure you it was not lost on me, and I admired as I read; but if I lose a thought or a word by your fine handwriting, give me *the pothooks again!* There is this morning a hue and cry after the post boy, who

1 Right Hon. William Beckford, Lord Mayor of London, died, June 21st, 1770.

2 Anne, eldest daughter of James, 5th Duke of Hamilton, married, in 1761, Arthur, 5th Earl of Donegal.

has left us in the lurch and carried our letters the Lord knows where; it is unlucky, as the Duchess of Portland is uneasy to hear from Lady Weymouth, who has a bad cough and was to be blooded the day she came out of town. The letters are *recovered!* none but from Lady Weymouth: she is to meet us at the Garricks and Mr. R. Bateman.

I have been shocked with reading Lady G. and the Duke of Cumberland's letters.[1] Such folly and wickedness, and withal *so vulgar*; and as to the sister at St. James,[2] she makes a sad and pitiable figure, and if she is not an idiot I think she has as little virtue as her wretched sister. But I leave this sad company to their own remorses, and turn my thoughts to one who is a strong contrast to them—you are good at guessing and must know who I mean; but as you are fond of quotations, I will end my long scrawl with what Racine says to his son of one of his sisters:—

"Son esprit et son jugement sont extrêmement formés: elle a une mémoire prodigieuse, et aime passionément les *bons livres;* mais ce qui est de plus charmant en elle, c'est une douceur et *une égalité* d'esprit merveilleuse."

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, at Mrs. Ravaud's, Bath.

T. H. C., 16th Aug., 1770.

A letter yesterday from our dear R— informed me that my dearest Mary was expected at Bath as to-

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[1] On the 5th July, 1770, a trial came on, in the Court of King's Bench, between Lord Grosvenor and H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.

[2] Miss Vernon, her sister, was one of the Maids of Honour.

morrow or Saturday in her way to Bristol, and I must send a few lines with my love to salute her on her arrival, hoping you have performed your journey well, and trusting a blessing will be given to the salutary waters of Bristol, that will establish my dearest child's health; I should have been greatly tempted to have taken the place of my letter, but a notice I received yesterday from Mr. G—, that he intends being in London on Sunday next, and will call on me in the evening, lays an embargo on me; beside a thousand pound that is to be remitted from Ireland next week, obliges me to be in the way till that is placed out. Then I hope my dearest Mary will have no objection to my making her a visit at Bristol, as I am sure the journey would do me good, not to say a word of the pleasure of seeing my dear friends there. The spinsters I am sure will fulfil every desire of my heart towards you, and I hope Bernard can stay till you are settled, and will let me know how and where. I hope by this time the Duchess of Portland has been at Bath; it would be a great satisfaction to her to see you, and to me to see her afterwards; her judgment and goodness, at all times, are a cordial. I charge you not to write to me, as I am sure that is an improper employment for you; a line from any hand to tell me how you go on, will satisfy me. But I cannot bear the thoughts of being an embarrassment to you or your kind nurses.

I hope Miss Nutty Kendrick is well, and I am sure she will be glad to be of use to you. I shall go this evening to Mrs. A. Pitt, who is very kind. My love and good wishes ever attend the dear inhabitants of B.

B.; 'tis likely this waits on you there. Heaven bless my dearest child.

I suppose you must rest a few days at Bath, till the lodgings, &c. are prepared for you at Bristol. As you wrote me word Lady Cowper was to come from Welsbourne the same day you set out for Bath, I suppose I shall soon see her, which I am most impatient to do, as you may believe.

I will get some franks directed to you at Bristol Wells.

Mr. G—, in his letter to me, was quite anxious about your going to Bristol, of which he has a great opinion, and very desirous if it could have been to have had Nanny V. go with you.

My heart beats to be with you. Adieu, I shall certainly see Lady Cowper if possible. Whoever is good to my child *must* be dear to me.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Dewes, Bristol Wells.

T. H. Court, 20th Aug., 1770.

My brother came to town yesterday from Tunbridge, and to me at six o'clock, and looks much better than I expected to have seen him; he is certainly much thinner, but otherwise I think he looks as well as when I saw him at Calwich. He was easy and good-humoured; brought me some wheat ears, made me roast some for supper, and supped with me. Seems much satisfied that you are at Bristol, wishes you could take asses milk, if you can't, thinks buttermilk the best thing you can take; he dines with me again to-day, and says he shall stay some days longer, and then goes directly to Calwich.

He has got a new chaise. Nothing but common subjects passed between us, and he seemed in better spirits than I expected, and does not seem to disapprove of my going to you, as soon as my business will permit me; but *wishes I was with you. How inconsistent* some men are!

Mrs. A. Pitt made me a visit yesterday morning, and brought me a sweet nosegay, and Mrs. Stainforth feeds me with brown bread and butter from the Queen's house; but what avails, or what can I relish at such a distance from my dear child, whom I long to be with. I hope you will meet with some agreeable acquaintance to pass away the evenings; don't write much, and read nothing that requires too much attention. I don't know the nature of Bristol waters—whether they require the same caution as the Bath. Don't mind my scribbling questions. I ask no answer but to the one point regarding your health: how much more distressed should I have been at being from you, were it not for the two excellent spinsters, who I suppose returned to Bath to meet the Duchess of Portland? I hope Court is still with you.

Monday evening.

My dearest Mary, a thousand thanks for your letter from Bristol. I rejoice you have such pleasant lodgings, and hope to share them with you before you leave Bristol. I shall direct all my letters to Bristol Wells; this should be the second letter from me. God bless and restore my dearest child to perfect health. Mr. G— dined here, and is now here, and desires compliments, and seems pleased at your being safe at your journey's end. Love to Court.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 28th Augt., 1770.

My letter of thanks to you, dr madam, for yor goodness in complying wth my request went to ye post abt two hours before I recẽ'd yors of ye 25th inst., wch gave me great satisfaction, as ye account you give leaves no room to doubt but yt I shall soon hear yor health is perfected. From you I have recẽ'd justice, wch has not often fallen to my lot; for many people wm I have been anxious to hear from (and mistaken in), have treated my enquirys as cõmon complimts; but sincerity suspects not hypocrisy! Since yor child finds so soon an amendmt, there is great reason to think her recovery will soon be perfected. I was three weeks at Bristol before I found any alteration, yet at ye end of six weeks I was restor'd to health. I can't help saying I'm glad Mr. G. is *harmlessly retir'd*, for I had my aprehensions yt something might drop (tho' not designedly), y[illegible] might disturb you.

I rejoice ye Dowr Ds of P. is arrived, pleas'd, safe, and well at Bulstrode. I'm sure 'twill raise yor spirits to see her so. I last post recẽ'd a letter from Ly Hyde,[1] full of good wishes towards you, and hope of ye chocolate having been of benefit. Her spirits don't seem to be ye least abated by ye miles she has gone. A hapy being!

I am well, tho' ye fiery enemy lurks abt me and

[1] Charlotte, eldest daughter of William, 3rd Earl of Essex, and of his Countess, Jane, eldest surviving daughter of Henry Hyde, the last Earl of Clarendon and Rochester of that line, married the Hon. Thomas Villiers, March 30, 1752, who was created Baron Hyde, May 31, 1756, and Earl of Clarendon, June 8, 1776.

ye forces given to my aid has not yet been powerfull enough to subdue it. Adieu d^r^ Mrs. Delany. Neglect nothing y^t's^ good for you, nor undertake anything beyond yor strength. This is so safe a prescription y^t^ I'll venture to sign it.

M. G.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Tregothnan,[1] 2nd Sept., 1770.

I am inclined to flatter myself, dear madam, that you may once have said, "Where is Mrs. Boscawen wandering?" and there was a day when I should have answered: "Here, my dear madam, *at Roscrow*, paying my respects to the spot which has been graced and honoured with your presence!" That circumstance *alone* occasioned my visit. *I was determined to make a pilgrimage to Roscrow*,[2] and declared my resolution the moment I got to my good friend, Mrs. Hearle at Penryn. She is intimately acquainted with the lady now mistress of Roscrow, and was kind enough to go to her and obtain for me permission to survey at my leisure the house and environs. It is a most charming situation, reckoned now the finest

[1] Tregothnan, near Truro, in Cornwall, the seat of Viscount Falmouth.

[2] The Editor also made a "pilgrimage to Roscrow" in the autumn of 1858, as is mentioned in a note in the 1st Vol. of this work, and many of the remarks of Mrs. Boscawen, in 1770, are as exactly applicable to that place now as they were ninety-one years ago. Among many traces and remains of the time when Mrs. Delany inhabited the original old "*Castle of Averno*," the Editor particularly noticed some stone vases, in the garden, which appeared to be hewn out of granite, and on one or two of which was carved, in the same material, a wreath of *husks*, which was the favourite ornament chosen by Mrs. Delany for many of her ingenious works, and probably might have been first adopted by her at Roscrow during the first unhappy years she spent there in her early youth.

in Cornwall. Mrs. Hearle greatly prefers it to Trefusis, for, as one sits in the parlour at Roscrow, you see the ships in Falmouth Harbour come in and go out, you have the finest view of that port, Pendennis Castle, St. Maws, Trefusis, and very agreeable *land*scape beside. The house at Roscrow is *new built*, but a *part* of that *which you inhabited remains*; they did *not* show it me, but I had a great mind to *beg leave* to go into it and *see* if I could discover your name cut upon a window, as I did once that of Dr. Donne,[1] wrote by himself in an old house which he had inhabited in Surrey. If you were now mistress of Roscrow, the first act of your reign would be to seize upon a cup for the Duchess of Portland, which belonged to Queen Elizabeth. It is of silver gilt, but the outside is entirely covered and set full of amethysts of a very fine colour and large; it stands upon four feet, about as big as peach stones, and these also are set full of smaller amethysts; the cover the *same*. Upon the whole it appeared to me to be a great curiosity and very beautiful, so that 'tis really worthy of a place in the cabinet of our noble friend; I wish she had it. Fanny exclaimed, on seeing it: "Mama, here is a cup fit for the Duchess of Portland."

I hope her Grace is in perfect health. I heard of her at Boconnoc from Lady Edgcumbe, and regretted her being obliged to leave the west and alter her plan for the sufferings of poor Mrs. Chambers. I hope her Grace's compassion had the intended effect, but if it had been convenient to her to have proceeded to the Land's End,

[1] John Donne, D.D., born 1573, died 1631. The first of the metaphysical school of English poets, an eminent preacher and a brilliant wit.

as we have done, I am persuaded she would not have disliked it, for we have had delightful weather, and her Grace would have descried many curious things, plants, fossils, &c., which have escaped our ignorant eyes.

Helegan,[1] the 3rd Sept.

I cannot say that I have been quite to the Land's End, but Fanny went thither and clambered rocks, &c., while I remained at a farm of my own, called Penrose, about three miles from the Land's End; my poor eyes are now familiarised to the sight of the sea, which has cost them many tears, and the chamber I now inhabit looks directly upon it off Mevagissy. At Penryn I saw the vessels continually passing under my window, and at Penzance I went through the sea in my carriage quite across Mounts Bay when the tide was out; I went also while I was at Penzance to St. Michael's Mount, again crossing the sea in my carriage; I clambered to the top of that surprising rock to see St. John St. Aubyn's mansion and chapel. I wished for the Duchess of Portland there (I imagine you have seen it), so I did at Castle Horneck, the seat of Dr. Borlase,[2] which commands the whole bay, St. Michael's Mount, and the surrounding shores quite to the Lizard Point. Dr. Borlase's wife was at Pendarves, and he has been to visit you, though he has not the honour to be known to you, but by the respect he has for you one should suppose he knew you very well. He is Vice-warden of the Stannaries, and has

[1] Helygan, the seat of the Tremayne family. (*Helygon*, in Welsh, is the willow.)

[2] The Rev. William Borlase, LL.D., the eminent topographer and antiquary, was of Castle Horneck, near Penzance. He married Margaret Pendarves, of Paul.

in his house such a collection of ores, spars, Cornish diamonds, &c., that I could not help telling his daughters you were making a grotto at Bulstrode. I was not sure whether it is finished: if it be not and should you want any Cornish ores, you are to tell me, and I am to inform Miss Borlase, who will send you a *cargo* by sea You need not make any scruple, for they consider you an ally of their house, and will look upon it as a tribute due. I have had the satisfaction to discover that my steward (Mr. Geo Veale of Penzance) being the agent and receiver of the Basset estate, has the charge of your remittances,[1] so that if they are not punctual you have only to tell me, and I will scold him within an inch of his life. I have already threatened him with my utmost displeasure if ever he gives you the least trouble; but he has vowed that he will be punctual to a day to the hands of your banker, Mr. Gosling. If you do not find him so, I beg you will employ me. He is just now at Tehidy with the young people[2] (poor little flock in *great want of a shepherd*), but his dwelling is Penzance, where I resided with him four days. *His wife* is the eldest daughter of Dr. Borlase of Castle Horneck, consequently her mother was a Pendarves.

I began this dull epistle at Tregothnan (Lord Fal-

[1] Mr. Pendarves, having died intestate, his estates devolved upon his sister's son, John Pendarves Basset, Esq., who died in 1739. The jointure of Mrs. Pendarves (Delany), therefore, remained payable from thence under their various proprietors. At the time when Mrs. Boscawen wrote this letter, Francis Basset, of Tehidy, a minor (born in 1757), was the owner. He was subsequently created a Baronet, and raised to the Peerage as Baron de Dunstanville, and Baron Basset.

[2] The brother and four sisters of the young heir of Tehidy. The father, Francis Basset, Esq., had died in Nov., 1769. The mother, a daughter of Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., appears to have been also dead.

mouth's), but being interrupted by much company to take leave of me, I finish it at several days distance at the seat of a young lady whom I partly brought up with my own daughters, and as I love her much, 'tis a great satisfaction to me to see her most happily married to Mr. Tremayne [1] of Heligan near St. Austle, a young gentleman of an ancient family and good estate, and what is better, a most amiable worthy man. Here I purpose to stay till the 15th inst., so that if you could write me a few lines by the return of the post, it would reach me here and give me great satisfaction if it tells me you are well, and as well as your dear friend. Don't think of a frank, or if you must needs send it free direct to Ed. Hugh Boscawen at Heligan near St. Austle, but your letters unfranked must always be a great treat à très bon marché to my dear Mrs. Delany's

Most faithful and very affectionate servant,

F. BOSCAWEN.

Fanny sends best respects.

The Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 27th Sept^r., 1770.

L^y Gower is much obliged to Mrs. Delany for giving her ye satisfaction of hearing she got well to Bristol, and was ye better for her journey; hopes Miss Dewes's health will return under her care; y^s last

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[1] Arthur Tremayne, of Helygan, Cornwall, and of Sydenham, Devonshire, married (according to Burke's "Commoners") "Miss Hammond, of Wiltshire."

drawback may be attributed to accidental cold. Here has been a very sudden change in ye weather; shall always be very glad to hear of ye progress of it, w^th^-out beging for it; for as I have seldom any ocurrence here to make a lett. worthy, and no ffranks, I shall not trouble you to read my thanks every time you merit 'em. A sincere ffriend is of great consequence to ye owner; consider y^t^, y^n^ you'l easily guess how much I interest my self in w^t^ever concerns you. Adieu, d^r^ madam. Pray my complim^ts^ to Miss Dewes.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Mount Edg.,[1] Oct. 1st, 1770.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I was wishing of all things for a carrier-pigeon to fly from Bristol, by water or by land, to Mount Edgcumbe to tell me how you did after your long journey, and how you found your most beloved and amiable niece. For satisfaction on these heads I was longing, when I had the very great one to receive a letter from our kind and noble friend at Bulstrode, who says, "she thanks God that her dear Mrs. Delany is surprisingly mended; bore her journey very well, and found herself the better for it; and Miss Dewes looks much better than she expected; and though her cough is not gone her other complaints are lessened." I will not talk to you on any other subject, especially as you have had the beauties of this *chateau unique* described to you by one much better qualified to do it justice; I take my leave of it to-morrow, and

[1] Mount Edgcombe, Devonshire.

proceed to Badminton, please God. There I beg, dear madam, I may hear from you how Miss Dewes's health is; her young friend and myself are most affectionately interested in it. Next Monday it is proposed that we set out with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort for Monmouth; I hope our stay there won't be very long, and I shall hope too that at my return I shall be favoured with a letter from you, and a satisfactory account of your dear nursery. I have just heard that Mr. Pitt[1] went from this country in the middle of the last night to London on the melancholy event of the death of Lord Lyttleton,[2] a person so amiable that every one that knew him will regret him, at the same time so unfortunate that it almost checks one's concern. What pity it is that such a man should have so unworthy a successor!

Adieu, dear madam. I will not detain you longer at this time than to repeat my earnest wishes for your health and Miss Dewes's speedy recovery. My daughter most heartily joins in them. Lady Edgcumbe[3] is gone to rest (as indeed it is past midnight), or would add many expressions of her regard, which indeed seems a very just one, and *claims a place for her* at the little Thatch. There may I once more see you quite easy, enjoying your friends, so prays your affectionate

F. Boscawen.

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[1] Of Boconnoc.

[2] George, 1st Lord Lyttelton, died August 22, 1773. Mrs. Boscawen, in her letter dated 19th Oct., 1770, refers to her mistake concerning his being dead, and thereby supplies the date of the year to this letter.

[3] Emma, only child and heir of Dr. John Gilbert, Archbishop of York, married, in 1761, George, 3rd Baron Edgcumbe, afterwards Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Hotwell, 6th Oct., 1770.

I am beyond expression obliged to my dear Lady Andover for her most kind letter, and inquiry after us, and thank God can return a good account, as I hope I may with truth say Miss Dewes is much mended; she has not, indeed, lost the pain and soreness on her chest, but it is much better, and is so mixed with rheumatic pains she can hardly say whether that is the pain she at first complained of or no. Undoubtedly, she has lost many of her bad symptoms, and is surprisingly recovered as to strength and flesh. We propose, please God, setting out for dear Bulstrode on Monday se'night, and beg your next letter may be directed to Whitehall.

M—'s best respects and affectionate compliments attend your ladyship and dear Miss F. H—, with those of dearest Lady Andover's

Ever obliged and obedient,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Ravaud came to Bristol *with* Miss Dewes, and staid here till last Saturday, their most kind attention and uncommon friendship have, indeed, been a great support to us both. I rejoice the little darling is so well.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Oct. 19th, 1770.

Most heartily I congratulate you, my dear madam, on the happy event of your journey, and the end (as I

hope) of your cares, since its good success is not now to be doubted, for the change of air to Bulstrode, which is an excellent one I believe, the asses' milk, and the quiet of that place, will finish what remains towards perfecting the recovery of your beloved patient. I hope you found our dear and noble friend as perfectly well as you wish her; and then you must have received and given great pleasure at your meeting. I imagine you will enjoy all those which friendship and repose can give for a month to come, and then I imagine, the busy scene of London will take their place. This family does not remove till after Christmas, and I am kindly invited to stay with them; but besides that we have no *winter habiliments*, I have been a wanderer so long, and absent from home so much longer than ever I was in my life, that I must think of returning: however, as the Duke of Beaufort purposes to attend the meeting of Parliament, I should probably stay with the Duchess during his absence of a week, perhaps, and not leave her till his return. She is well, I thank God, and much less lame than when you saw her. I asked her if she had seen Miss Dewes at Bristol: she told me no, she was "not there during her stay;" but it appears her Grace was mistaken. I do not wonder Miss Dewes took notice of her children, for, indeed, they are remarkably pretty: if she had been less indisposed I would quarrel with her for *not* claiming acquaintance with their mother, who would have been glad of such a challenge.

I *did* receive your kind letter from Bulstrode, my dear madam, and if I did not acknowledge it in my last, I must *seem* ungrateful, but I did not feel so, and am always very sensible of your goodness in writing to me

when you must have so many, and so much pleasanter occupations. Indeed, my dear madam, you did well to visit my *incomparable* friends at *Cote House*, for you were worthy of them and they of you, which is saying a great deal on both sides. Mrs. Molyneux is, indeed, *femme du premier ordre*. You will see that I made a mistake, which Lord Edgcumbe's servants led us into, about the death of Lord Lyttelton,[1] whom Lady Edgcumbe and I much regretted. I have not heard whether Sir Richard[2] has left any thing to Mrs. Pitt. I am sure you pity poor Lady Tweedale;[3] I do indeed most heartily!

I heard Lord Digby is going to be married to a Miss Knowles[4] of Canterbury, *fille d'une rang médiocre* in all points, as I am informed, for I never saw her, so that it is reckoned a very odd choice. I do not tell you, my dear madam, where I have been since I wrote you last, the second vol. of my travels, to which, with great satisfaction, I put the finis last Monday, for indeed I was glad to be at rest. From M^r^. Edgcumbe I went to Haldown House,[5] and from thence visited Lady Clifford[6]

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[1] See the Note to the preceding letter, relating to Lord Lyttelton.

[2] Sir Richard Lyttelton, third brother of George, 1st Baron Lyttelton, married, in 1745, Rachel, eldest daughter of Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, and widow of Scrope, 1st Duke of Bridgwater. He died childless, Oct 1, 1770. His eldest sister, Christian, was the wife of Thomas Pitt, Esq., of Boconnoc, and mother of Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford.

[3] George, 5th Marquis of Tweeddale, last surviving son of Frances, daughter of the Earl Granville, and widow of John, 4th Marquis, died, under age, Oct. 4, 1770.

[4] Henry, 7th Baron and 1st Earl Digby, married his second wife, Mary, daughter and heiress of John Knowles, of Canterbury, Esq., Nov. 10, 1770.

[5] Haldon House, Devonshire, the seat of the Palk family.

[6] Anne, 5th daughter of John Henry Lee, 2nd Earl of Lichfield, and wife of Hugh, 5th Baron Clifford.

at her seat in Devonshire, where I saw the Duchess of Norfolk's famous embroidered bed; it is such perfection that I should have thought *Mrs. Delany* had worked it. From Exeter I came through Wells and Bath to this place, not giving myself time to visit Lord Egmont's [1] castle or Lord Chatham's [2] pillar, though both were in my view, but I had promised to be of an expedition to Monmouth, which was performed last week, and consisted of such a perpetual gala as I was most unworthy to partake of. Public breakfasts of 400—races—public dinners, balls at the Town Hall,—in short, *divertimenti sans fin et sans cesse, j'en fus exceedée.* At length, *et pour la bonne bouche,* I was carried to visit Tintern Abbey, which is charming, Raglan Castle, which is superb; also several great works or manufactories (belonging to the Duke of Beaufort,) forges for wrought iron and for wire, which are curious, and where one may fancy oneself with Vulcan and the Cyclops. At length we repaired to Persfield, a charming place which I dare say you have seen. I asked Mr. Morris "whether the Duchess of Portland had ever been there?" and was answered, "yes." Whenever I see anything fine or curious, I wish for her Grace, for the same reason as I wanted to send her the amethyst cup. We went also to Chepstow, where there is an old castle belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, and to Chepstow church, where some of his ancestors have ancient tombs; afterwards we proceeded through Gloucester, where I saw the hospital and the cathedral, and then home, to my great comfort.

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[1] John, 2nd Earl of Egmont.

[2] William, 1st Earl of Chatham.

When you have ten minutes' leisure, if you will bestow it upon me, dear madam, and tell me how you all do at Bulstrode, (whither my best wishes tend,) you will exceedingly oblige your

Affectionate, faithful servant,
F. BOSCAWEN.

I beg my respects to the Duchess, my daughters present theirs to you. Fanny's love and mine with a thousand good wishes to Miss Dewes.

Mrs. Ravaud to Mrs. Delany.

Saturday, Nov. 10th, 1770?

MY DEAR A.D.,

'Twas not a common load you removed from my heart yesterday, but a *mountain*, for ever since I heard *the letter was gone*, my apprehensions were greatly raised on both sides the question. Sudden transitions are amongst other things hard trials for the human constitution; but, thank God, 'tis now all well over; we may therefore rejoice and congratulate each other, I trust, without any *rabbat joie*. As you may imagine, the contents of yours will remain secret; though we have the highest honour for your well laid plan, the Duchess of Portland acts like herself, and obviates so many disagreeable circumstances that upon the like occasion I *should wish* to put myself under her Grace's protection.

How good you are to me, my dear A.D.; my nerves and spirits are so shattered and trembling that I had given over any thoughts of moving this winter, but you lay such a temptation in my way that staggers all reso-

lution; *en raisonant le pour et le contre* you have it to nothing, except the aforesaid miserable old story of nerves, which make me unworthy to be under your roof, but if these waters should put them tolerably in June, I question whether I shall have virtue enough to resist so kind and so *agreeable* an offer.

I want to know if the enclosed knotting [1] is what you would have it, as to fineness, &c. Its merit, should it have any, is entirely owing to the instrument with which it is fabricated, the *nonpareille shuttle* of singular service, as from its elegant form it has claimed *les entrées* into the best of company.

You have not leisure to think of tea spoons, so that I only mean to tell Mrs. Smith to our sorrow that I doubt the one enquired for may be at the other side of the globe, for there is no tidings of it, nor of the servants at that time in the house. Poor Audrey was so joyous with the good news that she neglected all her business, and to-day is deep in l'embarras des richesses. I dare not interrupt her; if it was a letter from *you*, instead of to *you* we should then have every thing thrown about the room to read it. I mention this in justice to show she is not always the "*silly Audrey*" she is sometimes taken for. May I send my love to the little deserter from the venerable society? Adieu, my dear A.D. There is no great danger of me from that quarter in this life, and in the next, you know, I have a strong faith of meeting every valuable person, therefore depend upon

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[1] The Editor possesses some of Mrs. Ravaud's knotting, and probably the very piece referred to in this letter. It is in the original paper endorsed, in Mrs. Delany's hand, "Mrs. Ravaud's knotting."

seing you, if in the interim, I do but endeavour to qualify myself for such good company.

P.S. I acquitted myself of the commission, that is I mean to do so, but Lady Westmoreland was gone airing.

Mrs. Ravaud's sentence in the above letter, that "Thank God, it is now all well over," and her allusion to her desire to put herself, on a similar occasion, under the Duchess of Portland's protection, must refer to the final arrangement of Miss Dewes' marriage to Mr. Port of Ilam, which it was evident had been long opposed by her uncle, Mr. Granville, though on what grounds does not appear, as Mr. Port's family was very ancient, his estate very good, and himself very popular, and the contiguity of Ilam to Calwich might have been supposed a favourable circumstance, as Mr. Granville was so partial to his niece. It may be inferred that the influence of the Duchess of Portland at last prevailed, who would not allow Mrs. Delany and Miss Dewes to leave Bulstrode until she was married, having obtained the consent of her father and Mr. Granville that the wedding should take place there.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Holkham,[1] 24th Nov., 70.

Dr Mrs. Delany's letter met me here ye day I came to ys place. I thought it a very lucky day to me to see and hear two things I much wish'd:—health to Ly Leicester, tranquillity to you, and ye restoration of Miss Dewes's health and spirits; ye recipe shd be pursu'd till ye cure is perfected, and I hope nothing will hapen to interupt ye method.

[1] Lady Leicester's place in Norfolk.

As soon as I can perform my promise to M^rs. Monro, I will trouble you wth it. I shan't be empower'd till ye first week in January: ye ffunds sinking so low is ye cause of ye delay, ye purchasers money being there. They beg'd for y^t time, and I thought 'tw^d be being too peremptory not to grant it and give 'em ye chance of not being loosers by forcing 'em to sell out: 'tw^d have marr'd ye charity.

Yo^r letters are always full of ye goodness of ye D^s of Portland to one who thinks so highly of her as ne're to admit of a doubt of it; but 'tis infinite pleasure to read a confirmation, one is not mistaken, especialy to me who has had a great opinion of *many* of my fellow creatures, w^m time, ye revealer of truths, have discover'd *very unworthy!*

L^y Leicester desires her best complim^ts to M^rs. Delany, as we both do to ye D^s of P. and Miss Dewes. I always remain her most faithful

M: G.

Rousseau to Miss Dewes.

Si je vous ai laissé, ma belle voisine, une empreint que vous avez bien gardée, vous m'en avez laissé une autre que j'ai gardée encore mieux. Vous n'avez mon cachet[1] que sur un papier qui peut le perdre, mais j'ai le votre empreint dans un cœur d'où rien ne peut l'effacer. Puis qu'il était certain que j'emportais votre gage, et douteux que vous eussiez conserve le mien. C'était moi seul qui

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[1] "*Mon cachet.*" Rousseau's seal was "Vitam impendere vero."

devois desirer de verifier la chose ; c'ést moi seul qui perd à ne l'avoir pas fait. Ai-je donc besoin pour mieux sentir mon malheur que vous m'en fassiez encore un crime? cela n'est pas trop humain, mais votre souvenir me console de vos reproches ; j'aime mieux vous savoir injuste qu' indifferente, et je voudrois être grondé de vous tous les jours au même prix. Daignez donc, ma belle voisine, ne pas oublier tout à fait votre esclave et continuer a lui dire quelque fois ces vérités.

Pour moi, si j'osois à mon tour vous dire les votre, vous me trouveriez trop galant pour un barbon. Bonjour, ma belle voisine, puissiez vous bientôt (sous les auspices du cher et respectable oncle) *donner un pasteur* à vos brebis de Calwich.

To Mrs. Port, at Bulstrode, Buckinghamshire.

Shelburne House, Dec. 6th, 1770.

DEAR MRS. PORT,[1]

I can't help troubling you with this, to congratulate you from my sister, as well as myself, on your marriage. We most sincerely hope, you will be as

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[1] Mary, only daughter of John Dewes, of Welsbourne, Esq., and of Anne Granville, his wife, was married at Bulstrode, Bucks, Dec. 4, 1770, to John Port, of Ilam, Esq. The Ports of Derbyshire descend from the family of Sir John Port, who married the heiress of Fitzherbert, of Etwall. Their son, Sir John, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Giffard, of Chillington, and had three daughters, coheiresses. The eldest married Sir Thomas Gerard, of Bryn ; the second married George, 4th Earl of Huntingdon ; the third married Sir Thomas Stanhope, of Shelford, ancestor of the Earls of Chesterfield. Mr. Port, of Ilam, who married Miss Dewes, succeeded to the Ilam estates through his mother, and consequently took the name of Port instead of his paternal name of Sparrow, which was of Welsh origin.

happy, as you deserve and that our friendship will *not* suffer by the changing of your name. Mama desires I will assure you of her best wishes. Lady Cowper sent us the agreeable news. I am, dear madam,

Your affectionate cousin,

And obedient humble servant,

CATHERINE HAY.[1]

Mrs. Delany to her Nephew, Rev. John Dewes, on his sister's marriage to Mr. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 7th Dec., 1770.

I most heartily congratulate you, my dear nephew, on your dear sister's marriage, with a prospect of so much happiness as must satisfy all her friends, and I thank God her health is so well established, (and has been for some time past,) as to give the best hopes that the want of it will not interrupt the felicity of two worthy people, who seem deserving of each another; *this* must assure you of the good opinion I have of Mr. Port, whose whole behaviour has been most amiable. We had but one alloy to our happiness, which was your not performing the office; it was by no means want of kind regard to you, but unavoidable, as the wedding was sooner than was designed, and to be as private as possible. The Duchess of Portland's excess of kindness on this occasion, made it incumbent on us to be entirely directed by her; and she was obliged to go to town the next week. If I had the pleasure of seeing you I could convince you that no disregard was meant, and that could it have

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[1] Lady Catherine Hay, daughter of John, 4th Marquis of Tweeddale, and Frances, 4th daughter of Earl Granville; she died at Edinburgh, Dec. 1st, 1773.

been so ordered your company would have been an additional pleasure. The bride and bridegroom and your two brothers are just gone, and I shall follow them with the Duchess. I believe everybody has been charmed with all the honours and pleasures they have received here; as surely never was magnificence with *ease and comfort* so blended as in this house.

Adieu, my dear Reverend. The Duchess desires her compliments and congratulations to you, and your father, to whom I beg my kind compliments, and am,

'Your most affectionate, &c.

M. DELANY.

My particular compliments to Mrs. Mead.

Mrs. Mead to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Welsbourne, Dec. 8th, 1770.

Now give me leave, my dear Mrs. Port, to congratulate you and Mr. Port on the happy event, which I have the pleasure of hearing from your father's letter today, was concluded at the time proposed, and be assured my dear friend none can more sincerely rejoice at the fair prospect for your happiness than Mr. Mead, myself and family, who join in congratulatory compliments to you and Mr. Port, with many wishes for your health and felicity. Without the former no state can be happy; but please God to grant that.

Lord and Lady Willoughby were with us on Thursday, when we all rejoiced in your happiness. I think her ladyship looks but indifferent. They are a worthy couple. They set out for town next week.

Miss D. Mordaunt has been here this morning, and desired me to make her congratulatory compliments. Poor Harriott has had, and has still, a slow fever, but is better to-day.

I am much ashamed of this strange scrawl, especially upon this occasion, and should be more so to think of Mr. Port seeing it, had he not before had a specimen of my *poor* abilities, and I know your usual goodness will excuse faults; and am with compliments and best wishes of Mr. Mead for every earthly blessing to you and Mr. Port,

Your very affectionate friend,
And much obliged humble servant,
H. MEAD.

Our compliments wait upon Mrs. Delany and your brothers, sincerely congratulating them.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Richmond, Dec. 9th, 1770.

Amongst the number of congratulations which you will receive at this time, there is none, my dear madam, comes with more real sincerity and affection than what I now convey to you in this letter.

I hope it is needless to assure you, dear madam, how concerned I have been for the ill state of health you have been in this last summer. I truly rejoice at your recovery. We at Richmond say "Mr. Port must be a very enviable man" to be in possession of Miss Dewes, because we all know nothing but his good sense and good quali-

ties could have induced you to associate with him for life *preferably* to any other *man!* May I then once more repeat my congratulations to you, and own I feel mortified that it is not in my power to do it in person, having been extremely indisposed for some time past.

I believe Mr. Fitzwilliam intends to pay his respects to you as soon as he thinks your hurry of company will be a little over.

Being as I am, dear madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

B. FITZWILLIAM.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

T. H. C., 27th Dec., 1770.

I was just going to say to my dearest Lady Andover why don't I hear from you? I began to form to myself some mishap, when happily came to my relief your ladyship's most kind and beautiful packet. How good you are to bestow so much of your time and thoughts on the solitary inhabitant of the little Thatch; but though I cannot send in return as delicate and elegant a testimony of my *remembrance*, I can most sincerely assure you of *its* being most constant, and full of the warmest wishes of the season to dear Lady Andover and those most dear to her.

I am sorry for your perturbation about Lord Suffolk's gout, but hope his pain and your fears are over, and that he will enjoy better health next year for the sufferings of this. I am willing to flatter myself, though good reasons detain you in the country, a secret wish will now and then bring you to my little corner, and though it is

only a dream of pleasure, it soothes the anguish of absence to know that inclination, if at liberty, would prevail. Well, since we cannot meet, let us write often, my dear friend—a pretty proposal from me, and not a little confident—who can send you no entertainment but what you must receive from better hands.

Our dear friend at Whitehall has had better health this autumn than for two years past, and that is news I know will give you satisfaction. It is no news to tell you that she is ever true and affectionate to her dear *Andeline*. She has at present a little London cold, but her Grace says it is "only the snuffles," and she has prudently kept warm at home, which has almost cured it. I was with her last night when the packet came, and we equally admired the beautiful landscape, and agreed in what must be the *natural consequence* of admiring it. Modest as you are, this needs no explanation. She has indeed been much affected with the unexpected resignation[1] and the talk *of Ireland*, but she flatters herself now that the *latter* will not come to pass. She certainly knows nothing about it, nor do I hear it talked of now but as a mere conjecture. As to *resignation* I hear no other reason but what the newspaper assigns, which is *honourable*, but I am sorry it was necessary for several reasons.

Lord Edward Ben^m^. returned in perfect health. He and the Duke of Portland were often at Whitehall before the duke went to Welbeck, where he and his duchess spend their Christmas.

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[1] Lord Weymouth resigned the office of Secretary of State for the Southern Department, and was succeeded by the Earl of Rochford, Dec. 19, 1770.

Lord Guildford is pure well, and in good spirits. That family and the Banisters[1] at this time deeply engaged, and I suppose the wedding will be soon.

And now for a little of Self & Co.! Mr. and Mrs. Port dine with me every day, and do all they can to reconcile me to the loss of my pleasant companion. They strive which shall show me most attention, and give me such good reason to be satisfied with their union that I should be most unkind and unreasonable not to be contented. Mr. G. *has written* kind congratulations to them. He has been ill, and I believe at this time at the Bath. Mrs. Port's lodging is opposite to the Thatched House, and they pop in and out as often as if they lived above stairs. How long this will continue I know not, for business I fear will oblige him to return home the very beginning of March, and I cannot wish she should stay behind him. My little coterie goes on à merveille, though I have neither beaux or belles *or a gaming table.* But those who seem to think a quiet warm room, with reasonable and cheerful conversation as laudable a way of passing two or three hours as ranting and tearing at a card table. I am an humble spectator and listener. Last Sunday my party was our dear friend Lady Weymouth, Lady Edgecumb, Lord Guilford, and Mr. *T. Pit, who* has since had an ugly accident by a fall from his horse at the manege, and hurt his head, so much as at first to be very alarming; but he is out of danger they send me word, and much better. Mrs. A. Pit going to Bath.

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[1] The Hon. and Rev. Brownlow North (son of the Earl of Guilford by his second wife), married, 17th Jan., 1771, Henrietta Maria, daughter and coheiress of John Bannister, Esq.

Lady Weymouth looks already "very graceful," and Lady Stamford I hear is ditto. She comes up, I hope, at the meeting of the Parliament. Dash very complaining, and very thin, but here and there and everywhere.

As to political news, it is above my capacity, so I go on to the theatres, which I hear a poor account of. At Drury Lane no one but Garrick, and he forced to act twice a week to bring any company at all. The Opera dismal, but a spirit of opposition has arisen which may mend matters, and a new opera planned by the supporters of Mrs. Cornelly,[1] which, as it is *lawless* (and that you know gives a zest), is to be called the *Harmonick Assembly!*

Now, considering I am an old, a very old puss in a corner, is not here abundance of chat, and does it not remind your ladyship of a lady's saying of me some years ago, that *I "was so pure and so chatty?"* I fear I have carried it to downright impertinence, and will only add my love to Miss F. H., and adieu.

Dr. Frampton has graciously favoured me with two letters!

A thousand lamentations for your ladyship's not coming to town, in which I most sincerely join.

Mr. G. at Bath in *very good spirits*, and I hope better health.

[1] Madame Cornelys. Of this person, Walpole gives an amusing account; he calls her "the Heidegger of the age," and says she presided over the diversions.

Mrs. Sandford to Mrs. Port, of Ilam, at Mrs. Delany's, in Thatched House Court, St. James's, London.

Bath, 28th Dec., 1770.

Though our written congratulations have not attended, dear Mrs. Port, as early as they ought to have done in ceremony, yet we hope she will have the goodness to believe they have most cordially attended her in the late change of her situation, together with our earnest wishes for lasting felicity. We knew how greatly your time must be taken up just at present, and depending on your justice to your friends, determined we would not add to your *first hurries* by engaging you in more letters than you were already oppressed by. I hope it may not be long before Dr. Sandford and I shall have an opportunity of paying our compliments to yourself and to Mr. Port in person, and shall then flatter ourselves with the hopes of being so kindly introduced to Mr. Port as to induce him to receive us as friends very truly solicitous for your mutual happiness. We were happy yesterday by a most kind letter from Mrs. Delany, written in such good and cheerful spirits as gave us great satisfaction; and I trust the unspeakable blessing of finding her in good health and easy spirits is not now far off. As she was so good to mention yours and Mr. Port's intention of staying in London some time longer, I must hope we shall reach town before you leave it, and be permitted to claim some share in the felicity that reigns among the happy society at the *little Thatch.*

A sad cold, which has entirely confined me this whole week, still hinders my pursuing the waters and bathing. I can't help feeling impatient under this hindrance, as

our journey to London, and afterwards our return to our dear little babes at Sandford, lies very near my heart. I also greatly lament the loss of many opportunities which better health would have afforded me of enjoying the conversation of Mrs. Ravaud and Mrs. Shelley. I am charmed by them, particularly with *your friend.* It would be very ungrateful to the *friendly* manner in which they have received us only to say they have been "very obliging" to us. Tommy presumes to think of Mrs. Ravaud as *his* friend; indeed she has been very kind and indulgent to me, and by that means found a sure method of engaging our regard, if her uncommon merits had not done it otherwise.

I have been watching the Irish newspapers, hoping to hear pleasant accounts of Lady Lifford.

Dr. Sandford begs leave to join his good wishes for many happy new years to you and Mr. Port, together with our own best compliments, and believe me to be dear Mrs. Port's

Most obliged and affectionate
Friend and servant,
S. SANDFORD.

Mr. Court Dewes in writing to his sister from Welsbourn on the 5th January 1771, comments upon his disappointment in being "the only person forgotten," and not having had an invitation to the finest entertainment that had been given in Warwickshire that Christmas, "a ball given by Mr. Shirley in his great room."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

T. C., 15th Jan., 1771.

I was quite chagrined last night not to send your franks, but the key of my desk was lost, and I could not

get at a frank to send them in. I was comforted for your loss by the good weather, and by knowing you are happy with your dear countess. I dined with my little friend *tête-à-tête*, and Lady Gower and Mrs. Fitzherbert came in the afternoon. I returned home at ten, and was in a violent fuss at the loss of my key, but found it this morning *under a basket!* Lord and Lady Dartmouth were here last night to see you and A. D. Yesterday morning, you had not been gone half an hour when in came my little Lord Warwick[1] to invite you and me to a little concert to-morrow to hear the *fiddling woman*, &c., and promised me I should have some of Handel; but I was coy till he promised you should be of a musical party some other time, and I am to be presented to Mrs. Pattoon! He tried the harpsichord, and says it is very well done but out of tune: my own harpsichord is come and hoisted up stairs. To his little lordship succeeded the great Mr. West,[2] who would have raised my vanity excessively did his *heart* and *tongue ever go together!* But this morning I have had a visitor who always puts me into good humour without flattery, his *angelic looks* and sweetness of manners drive away every peevish and unreasonable thought.[3] I won't affront your discernment and write a name under *this picture.*

I hear the Duchess of Portland's coach wheels. "*Our Mary*" will be kindly remembered, and we shall do you much good by making your cheeks glow. Adieu.

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[1] Francis, 8th Lord Brooke, created Earl of Warwick, 27th Nov., 1759.

[2] Benjamin West, the eminent painter.

[3] The visitor here alluded to was probably the Rev. John Dewes, (afterwards Granville).

Lord Suffolk Secretary of State.[1] Duke of Bedford dead.[2] The latter I believe true, the other rather doubtful. Lord S. declined so high an office at first, and was contented to accept Privy Seal; if so, Lord Halifax will be the Secretary.

The Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany used to call Miss Dewes (Mrs. Port, of Ilam) "*our Mary*," and her daughter they afterwards called "*their little lamb*." The Editor has seen an ivory box, set in gold, on the lid of which, under a glass, was a picture wonderfully worked in hair upon white satin. In the foreground were two old trees opposite to each other with their branches extending till they met; in the centre, under the branches was a little lamb. This box was given by the Duchess of Portland to the little G. M. A. Port, as emblematic of herself under the protection of the Duchess and Mrs. Delany.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port of Ilam.

18th Jan., 1771.?

I congratulate you, my dearest M., on your dear Mr. Port's finding his lost papers, &c.; it might have been an affair of bad consequence, and for the time the *distress* lasted, a very *great one*, but, as you and Sancho say: "All's well that ends well." I am out of breath with writing cards of congratulation to *all the Guildford House*, and

[1] The Earl of Suffolk was appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal, 22nd Jan., 1771; and the Earl of Halifax, principal Secretary of State for the Northern Department.

[2] John, Duke of Bedford, died 14th Jan., 1771, and was succeeded by his grandson, Francis.

this evening I have dispatched Will (who by-the-by is an exellent good lad) to leave all your tickets in due form. The cards of congratulation I wrote in Mr. Port's name as well as yours, and sent them with mine.

Many thanks for the perusal of your enclosed letters; it warms my own heart to have my dear Mary receive such tender testimonies of true regard. How delicate and attentive was Mr. P.'s caution in telling you his distress, and the care he took you should not be alarmed by the advertisement, but—you deserve it all.

I have sent to Mrs. Miller to come to me to-morrow morning and will do my best. I have also send to Lady Mary Wrottesly,[1] and I will take care about the chaise for Monday. I am sorry my gain should be Lady Cowper's loss, but it is necessary for you to come to town on several accounts, and your room is kept well aired. The weather is so pinching that I have not courage to leave my own fireside, and for want of you for my chaperon I would not go to Lord Warwick's concert. Duchess of Portland, Lady Weymouth, Mrs. Bos^{n}., and Lady Wall. spent Wednesday afternoon. Thursday, that is yesterday, our dear Duchess, Lady Wey., Lady Jersey (who came to see you also), and my Mrs. Montague, who dined with me; to-morrow the last Saturday's party meet here, but I shall want my *brilliant Mary* to be the *locket to the bracelet*—and on Sunday Lady Betty Archer,[2] Lord

[1] Lady Mary Wrottesley, wife of the Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, and daughter of John, 1st Earl Gower. She died, 30th April, 1771.

[2] Lady Betty Archer. Henry Archer, Esq., M.P. for Warwick, married Lady Elizabeth Montagu, sister of George, Earl of Halifax. Mr. Archer died in 1768.

Guildford and Mr. G. Montague. I tell you all this now, for when we meet we shall have a thousand other things to say. This morning Miss Kitty breakfasted with me (a volunteer) and staid till two. The Countess of Grandison with her great hoop of beaten gold and jewels made *such a blaze* in my little nest in her way to the drawing-room as to amaze all beholders; this is sufficient stuff for to night. Adieu; best affections to Lady Cowper.

I entreat you not to hurry yourself. I am sorry for your poor maid Sarah, and that I have not the skill Mrs. Goodwin's partiality thinks I have; it is a complaint that requires the best advice. I have heard that marsh mallow tea, sweetened with a little honey, is good and safe.

I have no frank to you. Apologize for me to Lady Cowper for being so troublesome; I own I hate a letter enclosed to me and not designed for me makes me peevish, but such a one as this I am sure is no loss to her. Between the blindness of my eyes and the clumsiness of muffled fingers, I have made a fine scrawl of it—not to say a word of its confused composition.

Foleys come next Tuesday; and all the world comes next week.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Thatch'd H. Ct., 21st Jan., 1771.

I will delay no longer making my best acknowledgements to dear Lady Andover for the favour of her last letter. It is strange to say that the affairs at the helm should have any influence on my correspondence, but

most true it has had, and the various conjectures and reports which were spread one hour and contradicted the next, have made me delay writing in hopes of congratulating your ladyship on an event that might have proved agreeable to you: I will wait on the uncertainty no longer, being well assured that the warm wishes and sentiments of a friend are always welcome,—the rest is a bubble!—So leaving high matters I will proceed to give some account of what has past among those who are so happy as to be called your friends. Supreme above the rest I must assure your ladyship that the Duchess of Portland is very well; she had a cold for a few days, but keeping prudently at home in the beginning prevented its progress; luckily the little philosopher, Mr. Lightfoot, came to town that week, and the science of shells went on prosperously. Lady Weymouth begins to look graceful, and her spirits pretty well, *all things* considered. Lord and Lady Stamford expected soon. For the first fortnight after I came to town I was quite in a whirl, for my nephew and niece Port would not bespeak *a table!* or a *pair of shoes!* but I must give my opinion. I humoured them at first, but they are old and wise enough now to go alone, and I am too old for anything but my chimney corner—of late the only place next to one's bed one could live in with any comfort. The thaw has moderated the severity of the weather, but such *dark days* have succeeded that there is no comfort in any employment—thus we are grumbling at every change, not only in the government of *our kingdom*, but in *that of the world!* Happy for us, were we as sure that the former tended as much to our real good as the latter. I may moralize on and never want for food! Pleasure,

or rather vanity and folly, *run high.* Ladies lose *vast sums!* it answers their purpose by killing that which will kill them (*time*), little thinking of that bar where they must inevitably appear and be arraigned for *that murder!* It mortifies my sex's pride to see women *expose themselves* so much to the contempt of the men, over whom I think from nature and education, if they were just to their own dignity, they have so *many advantages!* and then men plead excuses women have nothing to do with, that they are necessarily from their situations and employments in life exposed to temptations. My dear Lady Andover, how I run on! But it is your own fault; why won't you come to town? Writing to a friend is so like conversation that one forgets that what will pass off tolerably well in talk, is dull and tedious on paper. Forgive my tediousness, I entreat, and also blunders from the dimness of my eyes.

Mr. Port is in Staffordshire at present, returns on Saturday, and I expect Mrs. Port this morning from Richmond, where she has been a week; and next Thursday Dr. and Mrs. Sandford and their eldest boy come to town to see me for a week, in their way to Sandford, where they have left their other three boys and are impatient to return to them.

My first meeting with my dear Mrs. S. will be painful,[1] but on the whole a great happiness to me to see her once again.

My affectionate compliments to Miss F. H.

I am, with the truest affection, dear Lady Andover's,

Devoted

M. D.

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[1] "*Will be painful.*" In allusion to not having seen Mrs. Sandford since the death of the Dean of Down.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port of Ham.

Monday, 4th Feb., 1771.

I was happy, my dearest Mary, with the receipt of your dear little square letter. The good account you gave of yourself laid such a foundation of good-humour, that I bore with tolerable composure the surprising account of Susan's ingratitude towards you. I own it was unexpected, and let her say what she will there must be some hidden reason for her behaving in so unaccountable a manner; this is not only my own wisdom, but our dear Mrs. Ravaud's, who is as much vexed at your disappointment as I am, but it is good to take advantage of all events. She was too young and too little acquainted with service to be a comfortable servant to you in your present situation; when you were more disengaged you had leisure both to *direct* and *correct*, but now you require a servant, who knows her business, and whose attention must have you principally in view. "All this is true, my dear A. D.; but where shall I find her?" I wish I could find such a one for you, my dear M. I told Smith the affair, and did *not* find *her* so much surprised as I expected, but very sorry it so happens. I have only heard of Mrs. Faulkener's niece, who lives with Mrs. Montagu, but have not seen her, though I intend it; she is about thirty, has not been at service, was bred up by an aunt (now dead) who kept a warehouse for hats and cloaks, &c., and no doubt would be happy to come to you; but the great objection is not having been at service, for having *known* what it is to serve, *only* can make them know the value of a good mistress. Is not "*the cousin*" at the Bath at the bottom of all this? I am anxious to have you get a servant

that may be comfortable to you; but the task is difficult at so short a warning.

So now for the journal. Last Thursday I had a visit from Lady M. Forbes, which I neither expected nor desired.[1] Poor thing! she raised my compassion, was quiet, her visit short, and N. R— did not leave me in the lurch; pour faire bonne bouche came Mrs. Boscawen, and so ended the evening. Saturday a summons carried us to Whitehall, you were most kindly remembered. Yesterday I went solus to the Asylum to hansel our equipage, which promises very well. I spent the afternoon in Hanover Square. Mr. F. Montagu has had a bad cold, and his mother consequently indisposed, but both well again. Mr. Fitzherbert was there, and Ilam and its owners made a bright figure in our conversation. This morning we have been to see Mr. West's and Mrs. Angelica's[2] paintings, introduced by Mr. Crispin, who I like extremely. My partiality leans to my sister painter; she certainly has a great deal of merit, but I like her history still better than her portraits. I enclose Mrs. Humphrey's receipt, and bear in mind all your commands. Mrs. Shelley and her bouncing boy come on marvellously well; and Miss Kitty has been a true nurse! but this being the tenth day she ventures to leave her, and dines with us, I have not seen her since you went, but suppose now we shall soon be admitted to

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[1] Lady Mary Capel, fourth daughter of William, Earl of Essex, married, 25th Aug., 1758, Admiral John Forbes, second son of George, 3rd Earl of Granard.

[2] Maria Anna Angelica Kaufmann, born 1741. She came to England in 1766, was patronized by the royal family, and remained here seventeen years, married Zucchi, a Venetian painter, and died at Rome in 1807.

drink caudle. Mrs. R— has gone to see her Kitty, but not the lady in the straw. Lord and Lady Stamford came to town last night, a good deal fatigued. She could have seen me this morning, but I did not know it till I was tired with my morning's work, and unwilling to go out again. All friends make constant inquiries. Mrs. R— good and kind to *you* and *me*, as usual, and is much better than when she first came. Some way or other all domestics are betwitched; my poor fatty John is very ill of a pleurisy, and Mrs. R.'s innocent young man, Thomas, is gone to St. Bartholomew's!

I hope you have had the pleasure of seeing our dear Lady Willoughby, and that she is well enough to defy Buxton. The Duchess says, "I hope *Miss Dewes* won't forget the *fire flies* if any come in her way."

Direct your letters to me at the Duchess of Portland's, Whitehall. I hope the clavichord and harpsichord are well exercised. *How we miss* your harmonious fingers!

Mrs Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

T. H. Ct., 28th Feb., 1771.

Your wishes, my dear Lady Andover, are accomplished, and the thaw completed. But we cannot boast of rural scenes, springing meadows, and gliding streams; we have been choked with fogs, stunned with noise, and the streets swimming with puddle water. Times and seasons I hope will mend; at present they are oppressive; I bless my years and dulness that very properly confine me to my chimney corner, where, however, I am

happy to receive my friends, and yet to find myself unshackled with the pomps and vanities of this world.

Last night I had the delight of our dear friend's company the greatest part of the evening, and she seemed pure well; much better for a course of airing every day for a month past, which as it has agreed so well with her, I hope she will pursue. Her Grace charged me with her love to your ladyship, and many thanks from her and Lady Stamford for your very kind inquiries after Lord Stamford, who I hope will be able to perform his journey to town this week.

I must chide you, my dearest Lady Andover, and not a little, for the *four penny* affront you have put on me. I should, indeed, be mortified if it was more than a *manière de parler.*

I still feel the parting moment with my dear Mrs. Port, but have the consolation of hearing she bore her journey, and is very well at Welsbourn, as well as I suppose she will be till quietly settled at Ilam, she proposes setting out from Welsbourn on Monday se'night; they are both impatient to get home, and I shall be happy with the thoughts of her being there.

I have been much vexed about the D^{e} of P. affair. He lost his cause yesterday in the house by ten—it was thought he would have carried it there, though not in the House of Lords: it is vexatious to have those we are zealous for entangled with ill-judging friends, which has certainly been the case. This is quite between our selves; it is a *sore* subject with a friend of ours!

Lady Weymouth still goes about, and is very well. I think she must soon be confined now.

Though so near I very seldom see Dash; she looks ill

and coughs sadly, but has spirits and strength enough for the great world, which, indeed, in her station is unavoidable.

I had a very painful and pleasing meeting with the good Sandfords. They staid a fortnight in town, and we were together every day. They are now returned to Sandford, and very happily for me who at this time would have felt desolate, Mrs. Ravaud is come to console me; she came last week, and is so good as to take what was Mrs. Port's room; and she is a sensible, kind, and pleasing companion. It is unreasonable to break into your retirement, unless I could make my visit more entertaining; but what can I say, unless I mingled in the crowd, that might furnish me with rich materials for amusement, and speculation.

I am vain enough to think notwithstanding all defects, that my dear Lady Andover will kindly accept the true affection, and wishes of her ladyship's

Most faithful and obedient humble servant,

M. DELANY.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, (1771?).

I was resolved not to say a word to you, my dear madam, till you were easy (I had almost said reasonable) and here has been Mr. Bernard Dewes, before I came, (writing this note it seems) for which I shall love him as long as I live and wish him the best wife that ever was. I am going back again and have not a minute's time, some of it I spent with a Frenchman with whom I had made an

assignation (by letter) to tell me all about the *diligence of Lyons;* happily it was waste of his time and mine, and I repented having set him a talking, for he would tell me that he had been four times in the diligence between Lyons and Paris, that la marechaussée attended through all woods, commons, &c., and he did not believe a syllable of the stories I had told him. Je regainois mon procés and agreed to everything advanced, still he would give me his reasons and a sketch into the bargain of the road from Lyons to Paris tant il-y-a, so that my conference which would have been acceptable yesterday was very tedious to-day.

I called in Hanover Square as I came along; it was too early to visit, but my servant tells me that Mrs. Montagu sent me her kind compliments, and said she had been very ill since she came to town, but was now much better. *Madam Montagu* I have not time to wait upon! I have heard no news but that Lord North's[1] eldest son is to marry the very rich Miss Egerton, and *that* I don't believe.

Adieu, my dear madam. Chaise at the door.

Best respects attend the Duchess.

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[1] Frederick, Lord North, then Prime Minister, was the eldest son of Francis, 1st Earl of Guilford. Lord North's eldest son, George-Augustus, subsequently 3rd Earl of Guilford, married, in 1785, Lady Maria Hobart, daughter of George, 3rd Earl of Buckinghamshire; and secondly, in 1796, Susan, daughter of Thomas Coutts, Esq.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

T. H. Court, 11th April, 1771.

Nothing so pleasant as complying with a request that suits one's inclination, and flatters one's vanity. My dear Lady Andover desired to hear from me as soon as her amiable daughter was arrived in London, and here I am armed with pen and ink to obey your ladyship's commands.

I sent my enquiry after Miss F. Howard yesterday, with a charge not to come to me till the violence of hurry on her first coming was something abated, and for the same reason postpone my paying my respects to her in person; but I had the pleasure of hearing she looked and was very well yesterday, from the oratorial mouth of Doctor Frampton, accompanied with grateful encomiums on her superlative merits, all which I listened and assented to with true satisfaction.

I am this instant going to Christie's to see the fine productions of Staffordshire, which they say *are superb*, at my return I'll finish my letter.

I have had the pleasure of Mrs. Ravaud's company near two months, yet regret her going away this day se'night; for one who loves home so well as I do, (and in truth is fit for no other place,) such a companion is a great loss.

Our most dear friend at Whitehall has felt the severity of the weather, by frequent returns of the cramp, though, I thank God, not to any great degree, and keeps to her resolution in spite of wind and weather of airing every day, and concludes the evening at Lady Weymouth's, who is pure well and her fine group. Lady Stamford looks very portly and not as if she would hold out (as long as

she says) to the end of May. Her spirits have been much agitated by Lord Stamford's frequent returns of his bilious complaints, but for some days past they think him much better.

I have seen the fine show at Christie's, and am much pleased with the neatness and elegance of the work, but it bears a price only for those who have superfluous money, tho' I had rather *game there* than *at Almacks,* and it would be more rational; one should have a pretty thing for one's money, and be saved the dreadful anxiety that attends other *gaming,* a vice of such a deep dye at present, that *nothing within my memory comes up to it!* the bite is more malignant than that of a mad dog, and has all the effects of it. But to turn aside from that dread scene, I'll lead your ladyship to the masquerades, one on Friday next, and one this day se'night, which with interludes for the rest of the week of *opera, play, poppet-*shew and *drums, Almacks,* and *Cornelly's, Time* does not lag, but changes his hue as fast as the cameleon; but little do they recollect *he* is a treacherous old fellow, and whilst he leads them a gay and merry dance, leads them to their awful trial! Mrs. Port, who has chose the better part, is enjoying her sweet home, and seems full as happy in settling her household, attending her shrubs and groves, and making a very worthy man happy, as any fine lady can be at a ball.

I thank God she is as well as I expect her to be for some months; I shall make her very happy in letting her know how kindly your ladyship has inquired after her. She laments that being in the same county you should be so distant, but a good will which with her can never be wanting, will overcome all difficulties.

Most fortunately for your relief, company has put an end to my letter. I was in the mood of scribbling, and in all moods ever with true affection,

Your ladyship's most obedient,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 3rd May, 1771.

My dear Lady Andover would not have had so long a reprieve from my letters had I not been very much hurried ever since I had the honour and pleasure of her ladyship's last; and to give my letter a good relish I must first name the most pleasing subject—your dear and amiable daughter, who has been so good as to call on me very often; it made me happy to see her and to talk of my dear friend.

I can assure you she looked very well, and gives pleasure wherever she goes, which must make you both amends for this separation. Ah, why are you not here too? I am astonished, after the accounts Miss F. H. has given me of the overflowings and inundations at Elford, how you have all escaped violent colds, and I suppose you are as sensible of our December weather (though in the midst of May almost) as we are here, and go about with *three tier* of cloaks! All has not entirely defended the Duchess of Portland from her cramps and rheumatics; but "nothing can cool her love to her dear Lady Andover," (this she bids me say,) I thank God on the whole she is pretty well, and I hope will find so much refreshment from the enjoyment of this place as

to enable her to bear with tolerable good spirits Lady Stamford's demand upon her, which I suppose may be about a fortnight hence.

This letter was begun *last winter*, that is three days ago, and now the sun shines, the birds sing, the lambs bleat, and the face of the country is entirely changed, of which I hope your ladyship has your share, and will soon see the rosebuds of your improvements on *the Hill*.

Lady Jerningham came on Wednesday, and went away on Friday; the weather so perverse she could see nothing but out of the window; however the within doors is so delightful, and so filled with amusement that for so short a time it was fully sufficient; she is an amiable and agreeable woman. To-night or to-morrow we shall be *illuminated* by the two celebrated philosophers—Mr. Pennant and Mr. Lightfoot, and *virtû* will be in its full glory. I shall glean a little in the harvest field, not being sufficiently qualified for a reaper, and on Friday the Archbishop of York and his family are expected for a few days. And now I presume I must give some account of our works: hitherto the time has been spent in settling what is to be done, and in hunting high and low for works of last year, so carefully deposited that they are not to be found at all, and the house rings with lamentations. Only one day have we been able to go out in the chaise, and nothing but despair of never having better weather could have encouraged our going out, as it rained incessantly the whole time.

As for news I know none, and never read the newspapers. I am tired of the world and its ways, though a *few* individuals *pull very hard*, and they make me loth to quit my hold! I hope your little juvenile companion is as

well, as I am sure she is delightful, and that your solitude meets with no alloy but the absence of your friends, among which number accept of the sincere regrets and most affectionate wishes of,

Dear madam, your ladyship's most
Faithful and obedient humble servant,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Port is pretty well. I propose going to her the 1st of August, or thereabouts.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, May 7th, 1771.

I have had a strong inclination to write to you to-day, my dear madam, but I wanted a pretence, (lest you should think you could never be safe from my visits, town or country); but now that the post is come in I have no longer any scruple car le moyen to delay acknowledging your very kind and friendly congratulation. Certainly I ought to thank you for it by the return of the post, and assure you that I much wish you (in due season) *la pareille*—that is an agreeable surprise of a fine boy; for if you could, as I did, avoid the anxious hour of his arrival, I think—*ce ne seroit que mieux.* *Lady Stamford looks most perfectly well. I had the honour to take a very pleasant walk with her ladyship to-day at Mrs. Pitt's, which is in great beauty, being forwarder by a fortnight I think than any place I have seen. I assure you Lady Stamford walked stoutly a little way,

though she was too prudent to make the grand tour. Lady Edgcumbe carried me thither; we had also Lady Juliana Penn, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Pitt. La dame du chateau was most agreeable as usual. Her incomparable chimney-board,[1] which Lady Stamford had never before seen, was admired beyond what it becomes *you* to hear. Yesterday, my dear madam, I heard a nightingale, who (if he be a gossip) visits the nightingales at Bulstrode, for I was at Cowley, where the gardens are charming, but every single and particular leaf is to be paid for, I think, by the purchaser. Else how can they reckon £4,000 for the lease, and £63 a-year; as the number of acres is short of twenty? The house very indifferent, though good enough for me. The furniture only some old linen *washed very clean!* I cast a longing look towards Bulstrode, and had a mind to fancy I saw some one of its tall trees. I returned to dinner. The Duchess of Beaufort is in a good way I hope, though to-day is not a very good day, being the 4th.[2] Lord Halifax[3] has a violent yellow jaundice. The Duchess of Northumberland[4] is said to be very ill, and Lady Rockingham[5] not likely to recover. This very warm day will be good

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[1] This "*chimney-board*" at Mrs. Pitts was evidently one of the many ingenious works of Mrs. Delany, who was famous for the chimney-boards she made to cover ugly mantel-pieces. They were generally figures (often Etruscan) and arabesques cut out in coloured paper and laid on a black ground.

[2] Lord Norbonne-Berkeley-Henry Somerset, fourth son of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort, was born May 4th, 1771.

[3] George Montagu, 2nd and last Earl of Halifax, died in 1771.

[4] Anne, daughter of John Stuart, Earl of Bute, and first wife of Hugh, 2nd Duke of Northumberland.

[5] Mary, daughter and heir of Thomas Bright, of Badsworth, Yorkshire, Esq., and wife of Thomas Watson Wentworth, 2nd Marquis of Rockingham.

for your dear Duchess. I was very thankful for her Grace's kind letter, and am very earnest in my wishes for her perfect health. Can I do anything about your house? If you will command me, I shall be zealous to show that I am dear Mrs. Delany's most

Obedient servant,

F. BOSCAWEN.

Lord Chatham's cause [1] is decided in his favour.

The King goes to the House *to-morrow*, whereas the mob expect him on Thursday.[2]

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[1] This "cause" related to the will of Sir William Pynsent, of Burton Pynsent, Bart., a Whig politician of Queen Anne's time, who retired from public life when the Tories gained ascendancy in her councils, and having spent fifty years in the country died, in 1765, without children, and bequeathed various legacies to his relations, leaving Mr. Pitt (Earl of Chatham) his residuary legatee. He had never seen Mr. Pitt, and was influenced solely by political admiration. The will was disputed by Sir William's nearest kinsmen, and after long litigation the Court of Chancery, in April, 1771, decided on establishing the validity of the will, and Lord Chatham became possessed of the property to the value of nearly three thousand a-year.

[2] "*The mob.*"—In March, 1771, Walpole wrote, "The horizon is overcast again, already the wind is got to the north-east, and by Wilkes. The House of Commons and the City of London are at open war. The City declares no man shall be apprehended, contrary to law, within their jurisdiction. The printers are seized; Wilkes (as sitting Alderman) releases one, the Lord Mayor, Wilkes, and another Alderman deliver another, and commit the messenger of the House of Commons to prison. The House summons the Lord Mayor to appear; he is laid up with the gout, gets out of bed and goes on Monday; thousands of handbills invite the mob to escort him, but not a hundred attend. Wilkes is summoned, writes a refusal to the Speaker unless admitted to his seat. The Speaker will not receive his letter, nor the House hear it, and again order him to attend, &c., &c. This is the argument I don't tell you the denouement; I wish it may not be necessary to call it *the catastrophe*, methinks there are plenty of combustibles." On the 9th of May, he says that the mob had demolished all the windows of Sir Fletcher Norton's (the Speaker) house, and a much greater mob assaulted Lord North's, with the threat of pulling it down.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 3rd June, 1771.

Endless interruptions have robbed me of the satisfaction of sooner acknowledging my dearest Lady Andover's letter of the 12th May, a date would make me blush had it not been more my misfortune than fault to have delayed my grateful thanks so long.

I suppose your ladyship cannot be ignorant of so important a transaction as the present possessor of the "*little Thatch*" having purchased some old walls in St. James's Place, in order to remove thither by the end of July, and she has put *on all her spurs!* but such gentry as carpenters, bricklayers, &c., &c., are invulnerable, and I fear my spurs will not avail; but in order to be ready (should they perform articles), before I came out of town I took down all my books, all my china, packed them in order for removing, that I might come to this paradise with my friend, and have no unnecessary calls to London. On Friday we came, and the Monday following all the Archbishop of York's [1] family, (seven in number,) and Dr. Kay. In order to save her Grace's spirits and lungs, my poor assistance was required, and the demand so great that truly I had not time for writing. Does this plead for me? If not, I throw myself on your ladyship's mercy. Never did Bulstrode appear in higher beauty, and *now* we are alone, I hope a quiet enjoyment of the place will mend our most amiable friend's health

[1] The Hon. Robert Hay Drummond, second son of George Henry, 7th Earl of Kinnoul, was Archbishop of York from 1761 to 1776. He married, in 1748, Henrietta, daughter of Peter Auriol, Esq.

and spirits, though on the whole I think I can assure you she is pretty well.

I am not quite easy about my dear Mrs. Port. She has been so persecuted with the tooth-ache and a feverish disorder attending it, as to give her bad nights, and I fear will weaken her at a time when her best strength and spirits may be wanting. The first design was for her to lie-in in London, but as she must then have come to town in the hottest part of the year, and other prudential reasons have now changed that purpose, and I propose to be with her the beginning of August. I suppose she will be confined about the middle or end of September. Lady Cowper proposes making her a visit the end of this month, and staying a month with her. I am sure my dear Mary will be most happy to see your ladyship and your amiable daughter at Ilam when most convenient to you; but you will be so good as to give her notice, as it would mortify her to the last degree to lose an hour of your company. They have a comfortable house, though *not* a *magnificent* one, and can never have a more pleasing guest than dear Lady Andover, &c.

The bag *was* found, and now we are preparing for business of various kinds, though no great undertakings; rather reviewing last year's works and enjoying them. The Duchess of Portland goes on Friday next to town, to Lady Stamford's christening; but I believe I shall chuse to repose under the shade of Bulstrode groves, preferring the fragrance of the sweet air, the singing of the birds, and even the screams of the peacock and Guinea fowl, to the dust and cries of London; for as to the enjoyment of her Grace's company there, it is not to be purchased, and she designs to return on Sunday even-

ing. I hope your ladyship's accounts from Duke Street are quite to your satisfaction. I must always remember with gratitude my dear Miss F. Howard's kind attention to me, in a place where other young heads seem quite overset with *the sail* they carry, but *she* has a *ballast* that can never fail to keep her steady in all places and on all occasions. I am sure you cannot wish more to have her than she does to return to you, and that mutual pleasure I suppose will soon come to pass.

Your ladyship must have seen in the newspaper who is named to succeed Lord Townsend. It is only *in the newspaper*. I own I have fears about it, as it would affect our friend greatly.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 5th June, 1771.

As I have not (I fear) much chance of the pleasure to see the Duchess of Portland when she comes to town, I have a great mind to persuade you, my dear madam, to acquaint me how her Grace does, and how you do, and what news you have had of your poor friend Mrs. Sandford. As to *the beloved niece*, I trust you have none but good tidings from her, and that she goes on just as you could wish, which I shall be heartily glad to hear.

I cannot tell you any news from hence. Fanny was at the birthday yesterday. When I asked her after finery, she answered "*gauze*," so that I think the fine ladies in general were in *ragged apparel!* At night she danced a minuet, and had the good luck to have Lord Edward

Bentinck for her partner. It was particularly so to her, as it seems his lordship is a remarkable good dancer, and she always says that if her partner dances ill, she dances ill too, so that her credit depends upon her partner. There were only five couple of country dancers, of which she was one, her partner Mr. Poyntz.[1] They danced only two dances, all was over soon after eleven, and *this morning*, as you will hear, her Majesty has given us another prince![2]

You know Lady Augusta Stewart[3] is to marry Lord Finlater,[4] and Lady Elizabeth Wyndham[5] Mr. Herbert. The death of Lord Strange[6] is much lamented, and must indeed be a very great loss to his young family. As to his aged parents, they probably lament they have lived so long.

The other night I was at Mrs. Vesey's, where was Lord Lyttleton and Dr. Goldsmith, &c. They mentioned an anecdote which I thought extraordinary—viz., that Mrs. Ra. Lloyd had found in Kensington Palace an old box containing letters; that she had (without much examination to be sure) made them a present to Mr.

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[1] "*Mr. Poyntz*," of Midgeham, Berks.

[2] Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, born June 5, 1771.

[3] Lady Augusta *Stuart* married Captain Andrew Corbett. She was the fourth daughter of John, 3rd Earl of Bute, and grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

[4] James Ogilvie, 7th Earl of Findlater, married, in 1779, Christina, daughter of Count Murray, of Melgum.

[5] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles, Earl of Egremont, married, July 15, 1771, Henry Herbert, afterwards 1st Earl of Carnarvon.

[6] James Stanley, Lord Strange, eldest son of Edward, 11th Earl of Derby, and of his wife, Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Robert Hesketh, of Rufford. Lord Strange married, March 17, 1747, Lucy, daughter and coheir of Hugh Smith, of Weald Hall, Essex. He died in June, 1771.

H. Walpole. However, his M— (the right owner) has now got them, and they prove to be a series of letters from King William to his queen, the most affectionate imaginable. I should like to read them, and have a third volume for Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, but have no chance, I suppose, since he has given them up! I am going at the earnest request of the Duke of Beaufort and my daughter with them to Badminton. I purpose (and will indeed, if no accident prevents), return hither in a month. I wish I may then find a leisure day at Bulstrode to pay my respects to the Duchess, and you my dear madam, whom I shall wish to see and to *preach* to, before you set out for Ilam.

Excuse, my dear madam, this abominable scribble, performed while my chaise is waiting to carry me to Wimbledon to see my friend Sir Sydney and Lady Smythe.[1]

I saw Miss Howard on Monday at the christening of my grandson, to whom Lord Suffolk is godfather. His lordship has been much indisposed a long time, and was not able to come out. Adieu, my dear madam. I must set out. Present my best respects to the Duchess, and believe me faithfully,

Yours, F. B.

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[1] Sir Sydney-Stafford Smythe, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, of the Strangford family, and the son of Robert Smythe, of Bounds, in Kent, and of his wife, Dorothy, daughter of Robert, 2nd Earl of Leicester. Sir Sydney-Stafford Smythe died in 1777. The name of his wife is not given in Burke's Genealogy.

The following verses were among Mrs. Delany's papers, and as Lord Molyneux was created Earl of Sefton, November 30, 1771, this party must have taken place about the previous June.

A PARTY TO RICHMOND.

To Richmond the folks of the very first mode
In coaches and chaises and cabriolets rode,
There was Bouverie and Meynell,[1] and Greville[2] and Crewe,[3]
With Molineux,[4] Melbourn,[5] and husbands a few,
And Fitzpatrick,[6] and Charles,[7] I could name many more
But that I am fearful of being a boar.
As all these fine folks are remarkably witty,
To lose what they say would methinks be a pitty;
So Muse now I charge you, with faithfulness tell,
Each word and each phraze that from every tongue fell.

MRS. MEYNELL.

L . . d bless me! I hate and detest this bad weather—
Sure never such folks went to Richmond together!
A party is shocking, and an inn's my aversion,
I can't think why people call this a diversion.

MR. MEYNELL.

Oh fye, Mrs. Meynell! pray don't begin grumbling,
For to Richmond with beauties 'tis always good jumbling;

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1 Edward Meynell, Esq., of North Kilvington, married, in 1764, Dorothy, daughter of William Cary, Esq., of Torr Abbey.

2 Mrs. Greville was Frances, daughter of James Macartney, Esq., and married Fulke Greville, Esq., son of the Hon. Algernon Greville. Mrs. Greville wrote the Poem entitled "A Prayer for Indifference."

3 Mrs. Crewe.—Frances Anne, only daughter of Fulke Greville, Esq., married John Crewe, Esq., of Crewe Hall, who was created, in 1806, Baron Crewe.

4 Charles William, 9th Viscount Molyneux, created Earl of Sefton, 30th Nov., 1771. He married, 27th Nov. 1768, Isabella, second daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

5 Sir Peniston Lamb, 1st Viscount Melbourne, married, 13th April, 1769, Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank.

6 The Hon Richard Fitz-Patrick, second son of John, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory. He was a General Officer in the Army, Privy Councellor, M.P. for the county of Bedford, and Secretary at War for a short time in 1783, and afterwards in 1806.

7 "Charles."—The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

I was taken unhappy this morning at ten,
But now I protest I'm myself quite again.
If Miss Jennings were here, that *pretty Dear Sweet*,
Like *us* none could shew *four* such beauties compleat.

MR. BOOTHBY.

C———s! these parties are ill understood,
A quoi bon that hatt, and à quoi bon that hood?
No object excites to please and to dress,
And why you're all drawn to *four pins* I can't guess;
As Heaven's my Judge, (were I a young beauty,)
To love and be loved I should think were my duty.

MONSR. DE GUIGNE.[1]

A pour ça, Monsieur, je vous trouve admirable,
Vous vous plaigné à tort, de ces beautés aimables.
Si elles étoient en France, ma foi je crois bien
Que nous gouterions mieux leur doux entretien.

MRS. GREVILLE.

What th' Ambassador says, I am sure I approve,
For the women with us play a sad game in love.

MR. FITZPATRICK.

The fault's all their own, would they take my advice,
I'd teach them to be a little less nice;
I hold for the nymph whose mind brooks no controul
But casts off all prejudice from her great soul,
With her let me dance, and then laugh at the fools
That think we can follow their narrow *low rules*.

MR. C. FOX.

Fitzpatrick, I always think you in the right,
Let us love every day, let us play every night,
Let the beauties in fashion *our vanities* feed,
For their favours and smiles we *no otherwise* heed.
May wise ones in virtuous oblivion go rust,
But for you and I, Richard, we'll *kick up a dust!*

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[1] Monsieur de Guisnes, French Ambassador from 1770 to 1776.

LADY MOLINEUX.

Pray, dear Mrs. Crewe, will you give me a pin,
For now I perceive we approach to the inn
And the wind is so high, and my hat's so ill-tyed—

MR. MEYNELL.

What pitty it was that sweet forehead to hide.

SIR RALPH PAYNE.[1]

A pitty indeed, and we all should enjoyn
To oppose the concealment of charms so devine;
To a tyrant of straw we should never give place
That holds from our view a *delectable face.*

LORD MOLINEUX.

That horse seems to me to be swell'd in the heel,
Come hither, my dear, and see "*Maggot*" *at wheel.*

MR. PRICE.[2]

I shall into the kitchen and see *what's to eat,*
For methinks with discourse we should mingle some meat.

SIR RALPH PAYNE.

I unite in ye thought, Sir, and for our collation
Pray quickly bespeak the best[3] *resocilation;*
The *banquet* convivial, dear Price, be *your* care,
Whilst I the choice fruits and cool bev'rage prepare.

MR. CONWAY.

Do the women want nosegays? here, waiter, some flowers,
I'm sure we've been coming a great many hours.

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[1] Sir Ralph Payne, K.B., created Baron Lavington in 1795, and died, s.p., in 1807.

[2] "Mr. Price." Query Uvedale Price, of Foxley, Esq.

[3] "*Resocilation.*"—"Restoration of strength by refreshment."—*Vide* Johnson's Dictionary.

MR. BOOTHBY.

Now pray let us ask, ladies, what is *your scheme*?
Do you mean to stay here and *stuff strawberries and cream*?
Or to go on the water in boats to Vauxhall
To see ye cascade and hear Badely squall?

MRS. MEYNELL.

Oh! pray now I beg we may shiver no more,
For I promised to-night to go see Lady Gore.
Let us dine and drink tea, and then set off for town—
Lady Molineux, sure you'll not keep on that gown?

MR. BOUVERIE.

Come, order the coaches and let us away.

MR. CREWE.

What a *terrible boar* it has been all this day!

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, 24th June, 1771.

I don't know why I delay writing to my dear Mrs. Delany, probably for no other reason than that these green retreats, and this domestic society furnish no materials for a letter that can possibly be worth her reading. Nevertheless I must break silence, else I shall not hear from Bulstrode, and I'm sure I interest myself too sincerely in the health of its noble mistress and her excellent friend to choose ignorance on that subject, I do therefore beseech you, my dear madam, tell me how the Duchess

and you do, though I can tell you nothing from hence, but that we are very well and very quiet, which suits me much. So far I had wrote this morning, when the bell suddenly called me to church—St. John Baptist, (*far otherwise celebrated*[1] among the livery men of London). Afterwards the post came in, and I received with great pleasure what I did not deserve, your obliging letter, my dear madam, for which I return you a thousand thanks; the merit which you seem to claim for not writing to me, I will on the contrary allow in the greatest proportion for being so kind to do it when I had so little right or claim to that favour, though much more needed than you know of, as I have frequently thought of Bulstrode. No post it seems goes out hence to-night, so that this dull epistle does not begin its march till to-morrow, yet the interval will not supply any subject of discourse. A walk, a book, an airing in my chaise, a little work, when we are all assembled, are *les faits notables* of my life. My children and grandchildren are well I thank God, so that I should be as happy as my heart could wish—if I had *no memory!* but to enjoy present blessings completely one must cease to regret those that are lost.

I purpose to return to London on the 12th or 13th July, where I hope to meet you, dear madam.

Your friend Lady Andover[2] was expected at Charlton, but Lord Suffolk's[3] having the gout and being unable at

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[1] *By feasting.*—The Merchant Tailors' Patron is St. John the Baptist.

[2] Mary, second daughter of Heneage Finch, Earl of Aylesford, and widow of William Howard, Lord Andover, who died of a fall from his carriage July 18, 1756.

[3] Henry Howard, 12th Earl of Suffolk, and 5th Earl of Berkshire. the only son of Lady Andover, born May 16th, 1739.

present to meet her there, will probably postpone her arrival. You talk of visiting your new mansion so soon as next week, I wish you may defer it till I come that I may have the pleasure to see you; and I shall think myself lucky if the Duchess of Portland makes her short visit to Whitehall while I am in town, that I may pay my respects to her Grace there, for at Bulstrode it must be precarious, through the variety of company and engagements; however, if you had a vacant day and would give me notice of it, I would *fly*—you say *that expression* suits not certain *years*, but in some cases 'tis the mind that *flies*, and that activity is occasioned by the warmth of the heart, and hence it is that you will "*fly*" to Ilam, where I hope your trouble will be overpaid by seeing (in due time) a happy mother and a fine *babe*; if a brave boy—*well*, if a girl *like Aunt Delany*—*better*. If this be not a *prophecy*, (which I am rather inclined to suppose), at least it is a very hearty wish; accept it, my dear madam, and believe me with great truth and respect,

Your affectionate, humble servant,

F. Boscawen.

Both my daughters desire their compliments to you, they join me in best respects to the Duchess.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 28th June, 1771.

I have longed to write to my dear Lady Andover (and much more to hear from her) to wish your ladyship joy of

our new Secretary of State,[1] and of his being so well again, and hope your amiable daughter's constant authentic accounts have saved you from the flutter of newspaper accounts that never tell truth, and do more public and private mischief than almost any publications. I can assure your ladyship that our dear friend is well; she was a little complaining when she came down first, but Lady Weymouth and her four eldest children have quite cured her. They came down last Friday, and you who know a grandmother's feelings, can tell better than I describe the pleasure of such a society. They left us on Wednesday evening, much regretted. I have lost a pretty little lover (a sad loss at my time of day), who told me of my rosy looks, and tapped at my window every morning. They are dear children indeed. The family talk of going soon to Bushy. Sir William Musgrave[2] came here last night, and the Duchess was summoned this morning to town by Lord Mansfield on business, which I hope will (though it hurries her for the present) finish an affair to her satisfaction, that has lain upon her spirits a good deal. Take no notice unless she mentions it; *it is what you are no stranger to.* It is pity anything should ruffle her excellent mind, and allay the rational enjoyments of this charming place, so suited to her extensive genius.

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[1] The Earl of Suffolk was appointed Secretary of State for the Northern Department, 12th June, 1771, in the room of the Earl of Halifax, deceased. Lord Suffolk had previously been Keeper of the Privy Seal.

[2] Sir William Musgrave, was one of the Commissioners in the Audit Office, and a great collector of portraits. He married Isabel, Countess-Dowager of Carlisle and daughter of William, Lord Byron.

Next week I must take a trip to London to look after my workmen, in hopes of being able to remove my furniture and maids into my new house, where I hope to have the honour and happiness of seeing my dear Lady Andover next winter, and placing her in as snug a corner as at the little Thatch. Do not blast my hopes, I entreat you, and rob me of one of the most pleasing prospects I have before me. In the mean time I hope you will enjoy not only your own health, but that of those you love.

I suppose you will soon remove to Charlton, and I shall prepare for Ilam. I propose, please God, setting out on the 1st of August, and flatter myself the Duchess of Portland will set out also at that time on a travelling scheme. Delighted as I am with the thoughts of seeing my dear Mrs. Port, I must feel a pang when separated from such a friend as I shall leave behind; but we must take our blessings as they are graciously bestowed and be thankful.

I think to take a little tour of two or three days before I go to Ilam, and I shall make a short visit to my dear friends at Sandford.

I am, with true respect and affection,

Dear madam, your ladyship's

Most faithful and obedient humble servant,

M. DELANY.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Hot Well, Bristol, 28th July, 71.

Believing all and everything d^r^ M^rs^. Delany says, I ans^r^ her letter ye very first mom^t^ I had, y^t^ it may reach London before she leaves it, to tell her y^t^ I felt myself better in health since yesterday morning y^n^ I have done for a long time. It is not outward apearances y^t^ hurt me beyond pity and compassion; w^n^ ye objects unknown ye affect is but momentary, but *real injurys* have quite overcome me; my natural good spirits have long suported me; but finding, last winter, *want of ffaith* in all y^t^ I employ'd, and ye difficulties y^t^ consequently ensued, has greatly affected my health. I wish these waters may wash away all the crudities my disapointm^ts^ have created, for various medicines I first try'd to no purpose. *Nonsense* flows here faster y^n^ ye Severn, w^th^out an ebb I believe, but I come in ye way of it only while I'm drinking.

A fresh mark of yor kindness is yor direction where I may hear sense. M^rs^. Mulineux I have heard of, but know her not; but to think of making an amiable acquaintance, and at ye same time wishing never to come again into her neighbourhood, is so disheartening I can't undertake it. Workmen and all sorts of people are an everlasting tease. I often wonder how human nature can go on thro' ye great world w^n^ little things are so perplexing; but complain not of either y^r^ *head or temper*, for I dare say nothing ever deranged either; I only allow ye 2 or 3 hot days w^h^ ye bussell of business might discompose

You now shall have a truce till I have a call to congratulate; wishing you a good journey and all y^t^ can contribute to hapiness. I sopose ye Dow^r^ D^s^ of Portland is to bath in ye sea, by good advice I hope, for 'tis not a thing to play wth. She chuses Weymouth, I conclude, for *ye sake of ye name*. Adieu, d^r^ madam.

On the 12th Aug., 1771, the Rev. John Dewes wrote, from Calwich, a French letter to his brother, Mr. Court Dewes, saying that his father had returned to Ilam, "that Madame Marie de Mordaunt" was staying there with Mrs. Port, his brother Bernard still at Calwich, and Mr. Granville still indisposed. That he and his father, Mr. Dewes, had been very unsuccessful in fishing, but that "*the adroit fisher*, Bernard," had succeeded in catching a large trout, as soon as he arrived! The letter is addressed to Mr. Court Dewes, à la Cour de Londres; à Spa, par Liege.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany, at Ilam.

Audley Street, 29th Aug., 1771.

Alas; I knew but too soon the affliction of your poor friend, my dear madam, and from my heart I pity her. God send her the help she wants, and which no mortal can administer—that submission and resignation which alone can preserve to her lovely children their remaining parent.[1] Poor soul! when I think of her delicate frame I dread their being orphans, and her sinking under this heavy stroke. The account you gave me of her (and for

[1] The Rev. Daniel Sandford succeeded to his paternal estate, at Sandford, in Shropshire, on the death of his father in 1769, and died himself in 1771, leaving his widow, formerly Sarah Chapone, with four sons—Thomas, Daniel, John, and William.

which I return you a thousand thanks, for I was vastly desirous to hear of her), this account is as favourable as I could expect, especially that her tears flowed so soon; for I have known when a stupor has remained many days and the poor wretch has appeared thunderstruck and continued inanimate. She must have been relieved by much weeping, and nature overpowered and almost sinking, would draw her *down, down,* as it were, into sleep. Would it not be good for her to change the air, if she has any friend or relation at a distance to whom she could also carry her children? But perhaps *you will say "no,"* as the coming back again to the scene of her misery is to revive it. Enfin! heaven support her! There one must *begin* and *end,* all other aids are very unequal to distress like this.

As thinking of it will not relieve it, so I must entreat you, my dear madam, to fix as much as possible your thoughts to the persons and the place where you are. Your dear niece being *pure well* is indeed an earnest of pure good news shortly. So experienced a person being with her is another satisfaction and a great one to me, for you must know I thought it very likely you would frighten each other where no fear was. The first time I experienced the pains of child-bearing, I concluded that no woman had ever endured the like upon the like occasion, and that I could not possibly recover it, whereas I danced a minuet about my room in ten days, to insult my nurse-keeper and set her a scolding for my diversion!

Mrs. Mead will assure you, when you are terrified, that "all is well," and no more than what she has experienced *eight times!* and this will be a great comfort to

you and my young friend in her lit de misere, so I enjoin and charge you to mind what Mrs. Mead *says*, more than what Mrs. Port *screams*, for scream she will and must.

The Countess Spencer to Mrs. Port of Ilam, at Ilam.

DEAR MADAM,

Lady Cowper commissioned me to send you the inclosed receipt for children's pap.[1] I am glad of this, or any opportunity I can have of enquiring after your health, and of assuring you that I am, with great regard,

My dear Madam,

Your faithful and obedient humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

Brighthelmstone,
Sept. 5th, 1771.

From the Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Delany.

Buxton, Thursday night. Sept. 12th.

A thousand thanks to my dearest friend for both her kind letters. I had flattered myself with hearing *our* dear Mary was well in her bed, and fancy Dr. Ford was

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The Countess Cowper's Receipt for Pap.

[1] Take a white halfpenny-roll, such as are sold at *country* bakers, piqued at each end, and let all the crust be pared off very thin (that is the outward crust of all), then put the rest of the roll into a pint of *very fine spring-water*, which must boil till it looks like a jelly, it must then be strained into a *China* or *earthen* bowl through a lawn sieve. This, if rightly done, will be of the consistency of a jelly when it is cold; it is to be taken out in small quantities as wanted, to be warmed and mixed with a *little* milk, and the milk should be mixed into each cup-full, when it is warmed, and not into the whole quantity.

in the right. I shall rejoice to hear it is over, and my most amiable friend's mind and heart at ease, and hope I shall hear as soon as possible. It is so difficult from this place to send letters, and as the enclosed came from Ireland I was afraid it might miscarry, and Mistress Haddeon has promised it shall be safely delivered: it came inclosed to me.

Dear Lady Stamford came to me on Tuesday and staid till to-day. She is vastly well, thank God, and her children; only think how happy it made me! I have bathed four times, which has agreed vastly well with me, and if I meet with no interruption in my bathing, I shall set out for London on Friday and must be there on Saturday. I am infinitely obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Port for their kind invitation, but it is impossible this year. Lord and Lady Gower [1] passed by this place in their way to Castle Howard. Lady Carlisle [2] is brought to bed of a daughter, and both she and the child are perfectly well. How will the dowager like to be *second in command,* which will certainly be the case now the Scotch Maggy is gone there.

I had a letter from *our* Lady Gower from Bill Hill. She thinks herself better *if* she can escape vexation, but alas! that is not the fate of us mortals to be exempt from cares, and it is better for us we should not!

The bell will ring in a minute, and I must send this. A thousand thanks for the giant throatwort; it is gone

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[1] Granville, 2nd Earl Gower, married, thirdly, 23rd May, 1768, Lady Susannah Stewart, daughter of Alexander, 6th Earl of Galloway.

[2] Caroline, second daughter of Granville, Earl Gower, by his second wife (Lady Louisa Egerton), married, 22nd March, 1770, Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle.

to London with a large cargo from hence. I fancy I left the umbilicated lichen at Ilam. Will you be so good to let me know, for I can't find it, which I am very sorry for. My dearest friend, will you be so kind to get me some more? It grows on the rocks in the caves. Heaven bless you and all you love.

Most faithfully and affectionately yours.

My compliments to Ilam. I am sorry to hear Mrs. Mead is ill.

I hope you received my letter I wrote since I came here.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Brighton, 20th Sept., 1771.

Joy to you, my dear madam! much joy to you and to your beloved niece upon the safe and happy arrival of another beloved niece,[1] who has nothing to do but grow up *as like* her great and good aunt as *ever she can!* This is my counsel to *her*, accompanied with many good wishes; I desire also to make my compliments to her papa upon this occasion, and I hope she is as welcome to him as if she were a son and heir. I have always thought it is much better to begin with a girl. The first is generally tant soit peu enfant gaté, now it is of much less consequence to spoil a girl than a boy, for he being armed with power will make his caprices be felt, whereas

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[1] Georgina Mary Ann Port, eldest child of John Port, of Ilam, Esq., and his wife, Mary, daughter of John Dewes, of Welsbourn, Esq., and his wife, Ann Granville, was born Sept. 16, 1771. The child, as well as her mother, was god-daughter to Lady Georgina Spencer, afterwards Countess Cowper and daughter of John Earl Granville.

she, being born to obey, will be reduced to submission sooner or later.

I am extremely pleased to find you did *not* attend the lit de misère, for indeed, my dear madam, it is an office so painful that I dreaded it for you; however, I shall be quite satisfied if you own to me a few days hence (as I flatter myself strongly that you will) that notwithstanding all her sufferings she is as well as ever she was in her life. Amen. Ainsi soit-il.

I came to this place last Saturday to visit Lady Jane Evelyn.[1] The company which resorts every summer is pretty well dispersed and the master of the ceremonies degraded, nevertheless Fanny gets two balls a week, but *not always a partner.* To night His Royal Highness of Cumberland[2] has invited her to a ball that he gives to the company. For myself, you may imagine, I have no concern in all these matters, and never visit the rooms, best pleased to stay at home with my poor sister,[3] whom (I would fain hope) is rather recovered from that degree of dejection she was in when we parted. She rides on horseback, which has entirely restored her health. I walk sometimes upon the Steyne, which is a public walk on the sea shore, gay to all others, to me most melancholy! When Lady Jane rides out, I take the air on the South Downs, which are extremely fine with vast prospects, not only of the sea as far as the Isle of Wight

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[1] Widow of George Raymond Evelyn, Esq., half-brother to Mrs. Boscawen. He died, Dec. 23, 1770.

[2] Henry Frederick, fourth son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and brother of King George III. He married, Oct. 2nd, 1771, the Hon. Mrs. Horton, eldest daughter of Simon, created 1st Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Christopher Horton, of Catton, Esq.

[3] "*Sister*" (in law)—Lady Jane Evelyn.

(which one sees distinctly), but also of a variety of landscapes which are charming. Yesterday was the finest sunshine imaginable. We went up to a mountain that commands the town of Lewes and a rich valley interspersed with villages, rivers, and cliffs, woods, cornfields, harvesting, in short every beauty that can be imagined.

Mrs. Anne Pitt[1] left this place the day I came, which I thought very unlucky. She came to visit Lady Bute,[2] who was so good to call on me, and carried my daughter to the ball-rooms, &c. But she also is now gone.

Adieu, my dearest madam; health and happiness attend you and yours!

I have just discovered that Fanny intended to write her own congratulations to her friend on this occasion, but I assured her I would not convey the epistle, as I knew you would not suffer the lady in the straw either to read or write. Accept therefore, and present to her my daughter's most hearty and friendly congratulations, and believe me, my dear madam,

Ever faithfully yours

F. B.

I am sorry the D^e^ of Portland has lost his new-born son, but I return you a thousand thanks for the good news you told me of your dear Duchess' health, which I hope continues. Be pleased to direct to Aud. Street, for I am going to Baron Smythe's, but I have a servant at home who forwards my letters.

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[1] Sister of the great Earl of Chatham. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and died, unmarried, in 1781.

[2] Only daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and wife of John, 3rd Earl of Bute.

I called at your house the day before I came out of town, but could not get in; the *players* were gone to dinner.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 17 Oct^r., 1771.

I have recover'd my health, but it is no small draw back to hear that those I wish everything that is good have their sufferings; and am sensible you must have been greatly affected under yor apprehensions for Mrs. Port. I hope her disorder is perfectly gone off; and as it was no uncomon one in her circumstances, so it won't affect her constitution. I beg my complim^ts to her and Mr. Port. Tho' y^s^ alarm may have been w^t^ one may call a fiery tryal, on reflection it carries wth it ye pleasing discovery of Mr. Granville's *real affection*, wch from ye natural disposition of ye man (*if all went smooth*) might have laid dormant; this to d^r^ M^rs^. Delany, who *wishes* every one to be w^t^ they *ought to be*, must be a comfort. I beg my respects to him, as in gratitude bound, having rec̃d civillities from him; sorry to hear he wants health. Report says Governor Littleton is going to be mar̃ied to Adm^l^ Boscawen's daughter, but of this you may know more than I. L^y^ Albemarle (who is wth me) thinks 'tis only report, because Ad^l^ Keppel,[2] who is

[1] William Henry Lyttleton, Governor of South Carolina in 1755, and of Jamaica in 1760, was Minister Plenipotentiary to the Portuguese Court in 1764, created Baron Westcote in 1766, and Lord Lyttleton in 1794. He married, in 1761, Mary, daughter and coheir of James Macartney, Esq., of Longford, Ireland. He married, secondly, 1774, Caroline, d. of John Bristow, Esq.

[2] Augustus, second son of William-Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle, was, for his eminent naval services, created Viscount Keppel, which honour died with him in 1786.

a friend of Mrs. Bos: knows not of it. I have nothing pleasing or amusing to tell you; ye world is filled wth *wrong heads,* and *worse hearts*; ye more one lets 'em lye in oblivion ye better; mine will never be in yt state to you till I'm no more. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Sudbury, Thursday, 11 o'clock. Oct., 1771.

Here begins my journal. To this place we came at half hour past ten; found Mr. Davenport and his horse ready to receive us at Ashbourne, and hope *the mule*[1] was not the worse for its heavy load. Could I have attended to the beauties en passant between dear, sweet Ilam and this place, I should present my dearest Mary with such a mixture of pastoral delights as would have served a Claude or a Shenstone for their whole lives; but I felt a tender string pulling all the way, and my mind could dwell on nothing but what I *had* enjoyed. However great as my regret was, I overflowed with thankfulness to that good Providence who had changed the sad apprehensions that for some time clouded the fair scenes at Ilam, *and turned our heaviness into joy!* And now not a word more of *regrets* or *acknowledgments*, &c. &c.; the sympathizing heart of a friend can better explain the affectionate and grateful sentiments of the heart than the ablest pen; and mine I am sure would fall far short of what I feel.

My companions seemed to partake of what I felt:

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[1] It was an old habit at Ilam and Calwich always to have a mule in harness to convey baggage.

Smith was silent *half an hour*, and *Tony* hung his wings! at last the goodness of Mr. and Mrs. Port, and the *inexpressible charms* of Mary Ann broke forth, and I was all attention, not able to contradict or join in the eulogium. I leave you to guess why? Smith with her duty desires me to inform you that Betty N.[1] has a very pretty voice, and begs you will make her sing "*Willy, O.*"

I have had a very good second breakfast, and think now with the help of a little plum-cake I shall hold out till dinner. What a lovely day! I grudged myself, as I have robbed you of an opportunity of enjoying it abroad; but I fancy Mr. P. has coaxed you out for a little walk in the sun on the dry gravel before the house; "*Come, my love, 'twill do thee good; wrap yourself very warm, put on your clogs, and A. D. will have nothing to say against it.*" Perhaps the darling babe[2] has attended you? Mr. Marsh sees the parade from the vicarage door, and comes to inquire after the family piece! on all occasions he is a desirable acquisition, though I think him but an unreasonable sort of a man to take upon him so many perfections, from gracing the pulpit to rocking the cradle; notwithstanding this substantial objection pray assure him I am his sincere friend and well-wisher at all times, except at the cribbage-table, and there, indeed, when he can secure such an adroit partner to play the *deuce* for him so

[1] "*Betty N.*"—It was considered essential, in the last century, that nurses should be able to sing to the children they nursed.

[2] At different periods the "*babe*" here alluded to was called Mary, Mary-Ann, and Georgina, according to the feeling of the different members of the family towards those after whom she was christened. *Georgina* being Lady Cowper's name, *Mary*, Mrs. Delany's, and *Ann*, Mrs. Dewes's.

cleverly, he need not care whether I am his friend or foe.

Elford, 8 o'clock.

I got here a little before three; the road very good all the way, but longer than I thought. I wish it may not be too far for the horses; the easy chaise and excellent coachman, with fine weather and such roads, have made the journey as little fatiguing as possible; and I ate a very hearty dinner, and find myself very well. Lady Andover very kind, and glad to see me; many inquiries from her and Miss F. Howard after you, lamenting you should both be in the same county and not yet met; hope for better things another year. Lady Maria much grown, and a fine girl, though not handsome. She sends her compliments to "*Miss Port,*" and the enclosed flowerpot towards her collection, which her grandmamma has just cut out, for Lady Andover is employed in the same manner as A. D.[1] for her little grandchild. My blessing to that sweet babe! I am to have Lady Andover's chaise to Tamworth, and from thence go post. Lady Donegal just sent a note of compliments to me, and to inquire particularly after you.

I want to send Anthony to bed, as he sets out early, so can say no more to the triumvirate at Ilam but adieu.

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[1] "*Same manner as A. D.*" Mrs. Delany made a book of very stiff dark blue paper, of a kind *not* now known, on each leaf of which she pasted groups of figures, houses, animals and trees, cut out in white paper in the most beautiful manner. The lines in the buildings, or the folds of drapery, being cut so as to let the dark ground show through and mark the outline. There was in this book a figure of herself nursing the infant, with a table covered with cups and saucers before her. This book was in perfect preservation till within the last eleven years, but has unaccountably disappeared.

I long to hear of you all though but so lately come from you. How swiftly time flies when with those we love! and how he lags in absence! I have it at the tip of my pen to say *something* about your dear P., but I find it almost as difficult to indulge myself on that subject as on that of yourself. How unaccountable are the sensations of very tender attachments! My love to Calwich.

(*Note in Mrs. Port's handwriting.*)

"Mrs. Delany, aged seventy-one, her first letter to her niece Mary Port after having spent between two and three months with her at Ilam."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Welsbourn, 26th Oct., 1771.

I left Elford yesterday morning at seven, had Lady Andover's chaise as far as Tamworth, and there took a post chaise to Meriden, where I breakfasted at eleven; the road from Tamworth to Coleshill very indifferent; got to Warwick about two and there dined, as I thought I should be rather in a *flutter* on first *coming here*, and come at a very awkward time for dinner; no accident or fright all the way, and I thank God found your father and brothers well. Mr. Dewes looks *better* and *better*, seems very hearty and in good spirits. Many inquiries after, and much rejoicing at the good account I gave of Ilam. An absolute misunderstanding of Mr. Port's account of my brother prevented their attendance at the Christening. I have as yet had but little time for any

conversation but about my dear Mary, and no subject so pleasing. Mrs. Mead was sent to, to drink tea with us (by the by I got here at five), and came alone; she looks, and is, very well. A thousand kind questions, but I have postponed *particular conversations* to a tête-à-tête, and am going this morning, as it is fair, to make her a visit for that purpose. I slept pretty well, my waking hours made pleasant by recollecting the many kindnesses of the dear friends I had left behind. But how *can* I express the *vacancy* I am sensible of in *this house?* Where is my sweet Mary with her cheerful sparkling countenance,—bringing me nosegays and bunches of lavender? Where?—*why*, where she should be—blessing and blest in an *earthly paradise*, and acquitting herself of such duties as will not only make her happy here but hereafter! I have a volley of kind compliments and good wishes to present to Ham, so pray take them among you, for I have not time to particularise. Mrs. Vernour and all the neighbours very well. Lady Willoughby made Mrs. Mead a visit yesterday morning; quite happy to hear you are so well recovered. The two eldest boys are at school. The Mordaunts all gathered together at Walton, Sir Charles declining, but Miss Mary as usual.

The time flew fast at Elford, much pressed to stay, *but 'twas resolved.* I was there obliged to give an account of *Mary Ann's* life and conversation, and I own I did give a little hint of her coquetting with Mr. March and of her smiling with the least encouragement! Miss F. H—d has sent the enclosed cypher which she cut out the night I was there to paste on the outside of her *book.*

Mr. Lucy broke off the thread of my discourse, by an

hour's visit, seems very well, and said what you may suppose on the occasion. As soon as he went I took Court under the arm and trotted away to Nanny's; found her and Johnny very well and in a very comfortable way; Smith was with her and my time short, so I left them to chatter out their chatter, and went on to Mrs. Mead; staid an hour with her, and you may guess who we talked about.

The Meads drink tea here this evening. Hope the *chaise*, the *horses*, the *coachman*, and the *housekeeper*, all returned in due season and not the worse for the expedition, and that this letter will come to you on Monday as I know by myself you will wish to hear soon, a satisfaction I can't enjoy till at Bath. I have not time or room to say a thousand things that crowd into my head, my dearest Mary, but surely it is unnecessary to say if I could how tenderly and affectionately I am

Your own M. D.

Can you send me the receipt of the ointment and lotion?

My affectionate compliments to your dear P.

My pen may sometimes omit what I wish to say but my sincere regard will ever be the same.

Mr. Dewes sends his blessing and thanks for your letter. He says the letters that come from Derby come directly; he thinks you might speak to Mrs. Davenport to take care your letters come *always* that way.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 8th Nov., 1771.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I went yesterday morning to your house to inquire whether you were arrived at Bulstrode—"the haven where you would be." The maid told me her last advices were from Bath; but in the evening I had the satisfaction to hear from the Duchess herself, that you were safe arrived, which I am very glad of, as I know how much pleasure it gives her Grace, and as I think no cordial but her company is sufficient to revive your spirits after the depression they suffered at Bath.

Your house here is not *sweet* enough for you (in my opinion), nor am I so selfish as to wish you to come.

When I sat down to write to you, I meant not only to acknowledge the favour of your last letter, and to present my thanks to the Duchess for her very kind one received yesterday, but also to have *prated* about the extraordinary news of the times, &c. &c.; but mark the troubles of this morning announced within one short hour: first, a messenger from my brother's house, Mr. Evelyn's[1] in Kent, to announce to me the death of his eldest child, a fine girl of nine years old, whom I left in perfect health a fortnight ago. She was soon after seized with a fever with little hope of recovery, so that I have indeed expected this sad news these two days. I am heartily sorry for it: but what I certainly did not expect was a messenger from my sister Frederick[2] to beg I will

[1] The brother of Mrs. Boscawen, who lived at St. Clere, in Kent.

[2] Lucy, eldest daughter of Hugh Boscawen, 1st Viscount Falmouth, married Sir Charles Frederick, K.B. She was the sister of Hugh, the 2nd Viscount, and of Admiral Boscawen, and sister-in-law of Mrs. Boscawen.

come to her and Sir Charles at the Tower presently, their eldest daughter having escaped last night, and gone away (attended by her maid) with Captain Prescot to be married! He is son, it seems, to a rich man who bought Theobald's Park of the Duke of Portland, but youngest son, and at all events the elopement of a daughter is such *an outrageous* act of disobedience, that one feels greatly for the parents to whom so severe a misfortune happens. It was but last night I had a message to say Sir Charles, Lady Frederick, and Miss Frederick (the person in question) would dine with me here to-day. I expected them every moment, when their messenger came to entreat me to come to them! I am going, much disturbed with all these calamities. As I had began to write to you (little dreaming what my letter would be composed of) I will dispatch this incoherent epistle. I know you won't speak of Miss Frederick's marriage except to the Duchess, till it is more publicly known. My best respects wait on her Grace, and I am ever, my dear madam,

Your most faithful and affectionate servant,

F. Boscawen.

I shall hope to hear of your health and of the Duchess's, when you are at leisure.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port of Ilam, at Calwich.

Bulstrode, 19th Nov., 1771.

I have this moment received my dear Mary's letter from Calwich, and happy to think you and the little

M. A. were so happily situated during Mr. Port's absence. Your letter would have been still more welcome could you have told me my brother was better than when I left him. Though I am always glad to receive a letter from him, as long as you can give me an account of him I shall not expect to hear from his own hand. I calculate by your last letter this will salute you at Calwich. I have indeed a very good idea of the delight you had in hearing the *sweet clavichord,* contemplating the *moon,* and watching your *little engaging infant.* What a contrast to the ways of *(some)* of our fine ladies in the grande monde! who live in the midst of discord, inattentive to every object of real beauty, and no less so to every duty of life; too many *such* abound: but I do not mean this as a general reflection, believing (indeed knowing) there *really are* several exceptions to be made. I cannot tell you how busy we have been in examining the varieties of stalactites, selenites, ludus helmontii, &c. &c. Much learning I have heard, some of which I hope I have retained; the Duchess of Portland has fine acquisitions of pictures, sparrs, minerals, &c., which have enriched her dressing-room and cabinets. She desires her kind compliments to Mr. Granville and her spinning mistress,and bids me enclose the remains of her lock of wool, to show you how near she spins it off, and makes *no waste* of *ends,* all which she hopes you will approve of. In the midst of her philosophical studies she used to start up and go to her wheel for a quarter of an hour's relaxation, and intends that spinning shall be one of her employments, and chief amusements when she goes to town; her *last* wheel and reel stand in the anti-chamber to her great dressing-room. I believe I wrote you word

that the book published of George's Land (or Otahitee) was not by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander's direction, but they are preparing an account of their voyage;[1] but the Natural History will be a work by itself, entirely at the expense of Mr. Banks, for which he has laid by ten thousand pound. He has already the drawings of everything (birds, beasts, plants, and views) that were remarkable; the work to be set in order, that is, the history written, by Mr. Hawksworth,[2] under the inspection of Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander;[3] it will hardly come out in my time, as it will consist of at least fourteen volumes in folio. As this was *private* talk, perhaps it should not be mentioned in general. Our *little* friend, Mr. Lightfoot, made *no small* figure in the group, and always desires his compliments to you; they all went away last Saturday. Mr. Lightfoot comes again to-morrow, when we shall con over the lesson of last week by a re-inspection, which will enable me to set my own humble collection in order. Among the Duchess's acquisitions I forgot to mention china, of which she has added to her closet some exquisite pieces (about fifty) lately

[1] Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., published, in 1772, a Journal of a Voyage Round the World, in the years 1768, 69, 70 and 71, in His Majesty's ship, "Endeavour."

[2] Dr. John Hawkesworth, born in 1715, the son of a watchmaker, to which trade he was first apprenticed. He wrote the "Adventurer," and "Voyages to the South Seas." In May, 1773, Walpole says, "At present our ears listen and our eyes are expecting East Indian affairs, and Mr. Banks's voyage, for which Dr. Hawkesworth has received *d'avance* one thousand pounds from the voyager, and *six thousand* from the booksellers, Strahan and Co." Dr. Hawkesworth died in 1773.

[3] Dr. Daniel Charles Solander, the eminent Swedish naturalist who accompanied Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks in a voyage round the world, in 1768. He became an Assistant Librarian of the British Museum in 1773, and died in 1782.

brought from Holland, all the finest blue and white Japan, and different patterns from any she ever had. We are now by ourselves, and make use of the fine weather abroad. I wish I could send you any news to divert you; the newspapers tell more than all.

The Princess of W. is certainly in a bad state of health, and our cousin, the Bed C— W—n is very doleful, and it will be a great loss to her, which I am sorry for. Notwithstanding the newspapers bestowing Lord Villiers on Lady H. Stanhope, he is certainly to be married to Lady Gertrude Conway, and he will make her a *rock of diamonds*; he has been confined with a boil, which has delayed the wedding, but his mistress attends his couch every day. I have just heard from Bath, our poor Mrs. Sandford *is to be* distressed by *everything*; she has met with an inhuman imposing landlady, that would have quite overwhelmed her had it not been for Mrs. Ravaud and Mr. Ditcher, who have fought her battles, and I hope will get her lodged in a better place! The house she was in hopes of getting in B. B. cannot be had under a lease of three years, so she has taken a lodging in Brock Street for one month, and in that time hopes she may be able to accommodate herself better. My account has been from Mrs. Ravaud, as she has not been well enough to write herself. I am so far from thinking the Bishop of Litchfield's letter a refusal, that I have thanked him for the hopes he has given me for my nephew, when he can conveniently prefer him. Tony chatters and whistles à merveille, and puts all the little feathered foreigners out of countenance! I hear a great deal of the magnificence and elegance of the Pantheon in Oxford Road, which is now finishing with

all expedition,[1] and, I fear, not to be seen till encumbered with company, so I have no chance of seeing it, as an *army with banners* would not be more formidable to me; though the expense will be prodigious, 'tis thought it will answer; one good arises from it, which is the employment of so many workmen, and that the money circulates at home. I suppose Almack's and Soho[2] must *hide their diminished heads.* Apropos, it is said, that *all* the fine ladies that have gone astray are to go to a monastery abroad, and to turn Magdalenes! They are not, I fear, *penitent enough* to be received by our asylum, though they would be very acceptable to the Huntingdon society, and just *proper objects* for *their documents!* Pray don't forget the spinning-wheel you promised to lend me. I have got the flax from Anne; tell me if it is *bran* or *oatmeal and water* that I am to wet my fingers with, and if *boiled* or *cold* water to be put to it?

20th. We took a tour yesterday to look at the plantations on the common, which thrive and have a very good effect; ended with the Cave, where the Duchess has directed a plantation of some trees on the right hand, which will be a great improvement. We also fixed upon a place in the Cave for the Ilam fossils, which are much admired, especially the great rock which is covered with coral, scientifically called *Madrepores.* I hope soon to

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[1] The Pantheon Theatre and public promenade, in Oxford Road, was opened for the first time in January, 1772. This building was burnt down, Jan. 14th, 1792.

[2] In Carlisle House, on the east side corner of Sutton Street, Soho Square, were given (1763 to 1772) a series of balls, concerts, and masquerades, then said to be "unparalleled in the annals of public fashion," presided over by Mrs. Cornelys, who, Walpole mentions, enlarged the house, and "made it a fairy palace."

hear Mr. Port has accomplished his intended work of a way for the chaise to come *to the door*. We talk a great deal of the beauties of Calwich and Ilam, nor are their owners forgot.

I don't find, on the whole, that Buxton agreed with the Duchess of Portland as well as I was in hopes it had done; she thinks she received more benefit from her journeys and the air of the sea than from bathing.

Adieu.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 21st Nov., 1771.

It was vastly kind in you, my dear madam, to refresh my imagination with a description of your repose and happiness at Bulstrode, after all the toils and turmoils of your perverse workmen, and your *remu menage*. These two words I am persuaded we, English, have made into the uncouth word *rummage*, and I never would have my dear Mrs. Delany employed in "*rummaging*." It is wasting her—she was designed for far other purposes! The repeated petitions I receive from Badminton are not to be resisted; and, having got my boy home from Winchester, I think we shall all set out westward by the end of the month or the beginning of the next. The Duke of Beaufort has been ill of a slight fever, but, I thank God, is now recovered, yet not so as to be able hitherto to come up to London to kiss His Majesty's hands, who has been pleased to appoint him Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rot. of the county of Monmouth, to the great satisfaction of his Grace who

has *long wished* for these honours, which it seems every head of his family enjoyed, except only those *who did not go to Court*, and who consequently could have nc favours from the monarch whom they could *hardly* be said to *acknowledge*; but as his Grace d'aujourdhui is *really* attached to Government, and exceedingly averse to opposition, I have always thought it a pity he should not be gratified in the *only thing* he seems to care about.

This subject puts me in mind of the advertisement you want, and which luckily I found 'tother day upon a "*rummage*" of my escritoire. It is so curious that I did not burn it, and here it is much at your service. I don't want it.

Do you know, my dear madam, I had the honour to be of a party to the Museum, where Dr. Solander vouchsafed to be our ciceroni, and I begged of him to present my respects at Bulstrode; but when he got there it is no wonder he forgot me and my compliments. Your account of the noble lady of the mansion did, indeed, give me sincere pleasure, for I pretend to follow you very close in respects and good wishes *envers son excellence*. I believe we are both disposed to say á la Persane, —"O Queen live for ever!" and mean everything which that expressive salutation implies. I hope her Grace will hear good news from the Exchequer[1] soon. The cause began yesterday, as you know, and in the evening I heard that a great point had been decided against Sir

[1] On the 14th of November, 1771, in the Exchequer Court, was tried the great cause between Sir James Lowther and the Duke of Portland, in consequence of a grant, made to Sir James Lowther, of lands being for upwards of seventy years in the possession of the family of the Duke of Portland. Sir James Lowther was nonsuited.

James Lowther; viz., that there was a *flaw* in *his* grant *tant mieux*: he is nonsuited, and I hope the end will be suitable to this beginning. I hear no other news, but that Raspini the dentist said he had cleaned her Royal Highness's teeth yesterday, (meaning the P. D[s],[1]) and that he was sure "nothing ailed *her mouth*," *at least* "qui prouve trop, ne prouve rien." Adieu, my dear madam. I have by no means left myself room enough to tell you how much

I am yours,
F. B.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Holkham, 30th Nov., 71.

L[y] Leicester, and Dow[r] L[y] Gower, think it long since they have heard of y[e] Dow[r] D[s] of Portland and M[r]. Delany, but conclude they are now together at Bulstrode, and wish to hear good news of 'em; and y[t] M[rs]. D. left all well at Ham. L[y] G. came here ab[t] a ffortnight ago, and found L[y] Leicester perfectly well. No news to be found here; *'tis none*, y[t] L[y] G. *is* M[rs]. D's most faithfull hbl[e] serv[t], and loves to *repeat it!*

Since she wrote y[e] above lines, y[e] post brought her M[rs]. D. of y[e] 24th ins[t]., w[ch] had halted somewhere. Glad it came at last, bringing y[e] intelligence wee here wanted, tho' checkquer'd as all things are wth yo[r] meeting wth an incident to sink yo[r] spirits, hope many may hapen to restore 'em to their natural state, a wish not quite void

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[1] P.D.—The Princess Dowager of Wales, died Feb. 8, 1772.

of *self*, thinking how pleasant it will be to find you chearfull in yor "nest" (as you call it).

The craft of ye law is ever unwilling to determine *right*. C^d I curse any one, I sh^d say, "let 'em fall into the hands of ye lawyers." A much worse lot y^n into ye hands of *any Phillistines* y^t e're subsisted! L^y L. desires her best respects to you, as wee both do to ye Dow^r D^s of Portland. Adieu, d^r madam.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 1st Dec., 1771.

I felt your cruel disappointment, my dearest Mary, at not seeing your dear P. at the time expected, but I think I pitied him more than you. Before this I hope joy has taken up her residence at Ilam, and will no more be a vagrant. I am delighted with my dear little M's beautiful lock of hair. I thought she had been a bouncing girl, but I now figure her to myself a little *sylph* or *fairy*. Such a delicate lock could only belong to some such wonderful little being, but I don't approve of the exchange! Give me a jolly smiling little creature that I may caress without fear of her evaporating! As to the lock, I shall enclose it (though not in amber), to preserve it from being transported out of my reach, by the breath of those who cannot see it without admiration! and place it in my glass case.

Tell me sincerely what you think of my brother. I *fear* he is very bad. I hope *all* things went well during your stay. I had a melancholy letter last post from Mrs. Hamilton of Summer Hill. The next account (I

have reason to think, I will not say fear), will inform me of Mrs. Forth's happy release from this vale of tears. She has past through a severe trial of a long painful illness in a most exemplary manner, and nothing but the selfishness inseparable from humanity can make her friends regret the blessed exchange she will make. She was a most amiable, excellent, affectionate friend, with an understanding extremely well cultivated, and a great deal of natural wit which, though *bright* as a *diamond*, had *not* the property of wounding.

I am still doubtful about Mr. Boyd, and alarmed, though had any fatal event happened it would have been, I suppose, in the newspapers.

Mrs. Boscawen is very happy in the King's having appointed the Duke of Beaufort Lord-Lieutenant and C. R. of the county of Monmouth. The Duke and Duchess have been in town to kiss hands on the occasion, and return to keep Christmas at Badminton, and have inveigled Mrs. Boscawen to be of the party. Dr. Kay is as well as can be expected, though I believe not yet out of his bed; the cure *retarded* by an ignorant country surgeon, which is terrible to think of. In his case, as it was an unforeseen accident, he was obliged to have the nearest that could be had. He is now in other hands. Lady Stamford was at Lady Wrottesley's christening.[1]

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[1] John, eldest son of Sir John Wrottesley, was born 24th Oct., 1771. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Wrottesley, 11th July, 1838, and died 1841.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 7th Dec., 1771.

I have had a letter from Mrs. Boyd with the account of Mr. Boyd's being much better, and Mrs. Sandford pretty well for her sad state, although 'tis like a day thoroughly overcast for a moment, and gives *hope* of clearing up, which proves a false one, but she is blest with a mind that *can* furnish her with *balm* for wounds of such a nature as to heal beyond the grave; and if we had leisure or inclination to encourage and dwell on those glorious hopes, we should not only be reconciled to our own dissolution but to that of our friends; we should have a foretaste of their felicity, and wonder at ourselves for being so sorry they are at the *haven, where they would be*, and it would lessen our regret at parting with them for a season, and animate us to be worthy (to the utmost of our power) of being reunited to them in endless happiness.

I was truly happy to hear of the return home of your dear and valuable friend, and that all things went to his satisfaction; my constant wish that they may *ever* do so, and that you may joy to meet and mourn to part; for (after all) those mere unfeeling philosophers who insensibly meet all changes, can have no more pleasure than a butterfly, though not half so beautiful a creature. Well I have thrown that pen away, it is so full of reflections, and have taken up a stump that will trot on as dull as John Hill!

The Duchess and Mrs. Boscawen were to have met here Thursday evening, but we adjourned to Whitehall. I have seen nobody else, except your brothers; they

dined with me on Friday, and are to dine with me to-morrow, and go out of town on Tuesday. I shall miss them very much; they have worked for me like little horses, and all my books are in pretty good order, and everything else, indeed; but as to comfort or quiet I might for the three last days past as well have lived in a paper-mill, a pewterer's-shop, &c., such sawing, hammering, and all sort of noises, but all pretty well over—and by way of exercise to my lungs I have scolded as smartly (as Dicky's mother could do) at absurd blunders and negligences—but with all its faults 'tis *mine own*, and it will appear faultless to me when my dear Ilam friends pay it a visit! I have been more tormented about a carpet than anything else, the old one would not do, and Captain Lechmere gave ten pound for it, which was its full worth; however, he had *other* conveniences given up *to him* in T. H. C. that made matters even, and Mr. Shuttleworth (born to be my torment, and I infatuated to employ him), has disappointed me day after day, and at last in a fit of despair I have submitted to take a very vulgar one, (*carpet I mean*).

I will fall to *spinning* as soon as the wheel arrives, it will raise a mixture of tender and venerable ideas, but I shall dwell on the present owner of it, and with my mind so occupied *I still shall turn your spinning-wheel!* Tony[1] likes London of all things, which now seems to rival the Duchess of Portland; at Bulstrode he hardly ever spoke or whistled but when she came into the room, but now like other fine sparks he is delighted with the *beau monde*, and prefers the noise within and without door to all the charms of Bulstrode and its sovereign.

[1] A bulfinch.

I am glad you have had the pleasure of seeing the Rev. John, but wish to hear a better account from Calwich, for I apprehend my brother is very ill. Pray God support and bless him with every sentiment that can give him present comfort and future happiness.

Your brothers dined here according to appointment on Sunday, and stayed till nine. The Duchess of Portland, Lady Walling[d], and Mrs. Dashwood finished the evening. Many and kind are the enquiries after Ilam, and where "Miss Port" makes a principal figure in the piece. My harpsichord is come home. The spinning-wheel has arrived safe, and I, with the help of Bernard to screw the nobs, put it in order for spinning; but what shall I do when my quill is full? for neither by force or art can I get the present quill off the spindle; perhaps you can help me with a word of advice.

Your brothers marched off this morning, very well, and have left with me their pictures and a letter, which I shall send by Miss Sparrow. I spent the whole day at Whitehall yesterday to meet Mr. Lightfoot, and we were so busy no interrupters were admitted. Our dear Duchess pretty well. When I came home I found my table covered with visiting tickets, Lady Bute and her two daughters, Lady Mansfield and her two nieces, Mrs. Drummond, Miss Auriole—I was sorry they came when I was abroad, which will very seldom happen, for I find the love of my chimney-corner increase, and any hurry a little more than ordinary too much for me; though I assure you I am very well, only lazy, or (as a fine lady not long ago said) "*indigent*," meaning *indolent*. Apropos to *indigent*, what do you think my bricklayer's bill alone comes to?—£146. I have called in the rest, and if they

are all in proportion high, *I may* write "*indigent*" for "*indolent!*" The Duchess of Cumberland[1] (the vulgar say) is to have *four* ladies; a beautiful one has been recommended, no less a person than a cook's daughter! You may say what you please of her Royal Highness, but she has acted discreetly, and has kept up a dignity equal to any princess in romance, for she has kept her lover an humble suppliant to the last moment!

I had a letter last post from Mrs. Sandford (Mrs. Boyd worse again); she seems greatly sunk, and all her affairs unsettled.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq., at Calwich.

St. J. Place, 17th Dec., 1771.

Though I am always glad to receive a letter from my dear brother, the fear that it hurts you takes off from my satisfaction, and as I cannot be easy without an account of your health from time to time, I hope when you cannot do it easily you will employ your chaplain, who I am sure thinks himself much obliged by your goodness to him, and I make no doubt will deserve it. I have not yet seen the Countess, she has sent me word she will come soon, and I will let you know what passes. I am glad you did not see Mr. B. K. for by all accounts his head is wrong, he has been a sad torment to his family, and I believe was the ruin of Mr. J. Chap^{e}. If he writes again would it not be the best way instead of an answer, to *send him back his letter?* I will

[1] His R. H. the Duke of Cumberland married the Hon. Mrs. Horton, daughter of Simon Luttrell, Baron Irnham, afterwards created Earl of Carhampton, 1785.

deliver your compliments to the Duchess of Portland this evening. We were yesterday together at Mr. Banks's to see some of the fruits of his travels, and were delighted with paintings of the Otaheitie plants, quite different from anything the Duchess *ever* saw, so they must be very new to me! They have brought the seeds of some of them which they think will do here; several of them are blossoms of *trees* as big as the largest *oak*, and so covered with flowers that their beauty can hardly be imagined; there is one in particular (the name I cannot recollect), that bears vast flowers, larger and somewhat of the appearance of the largest poppy when full blown, the leaves all fungid; the petals that are like threads, are at the calyx *white*, by degrees shaded with pale *purple*, ending with *crimson*. The leaf of the tree large and of a fine green; the branches are frequently full of a little blue parrot, not bigger than a bullfinch, and they snap off the flowers so fast that the ground is quite strewed with them, they blow daily like the gum cistus. They have a number of very pretty plants that grow out of other trees (like our mistletoe), but with lovely pretty flowers. Most of the views Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander brought over were gone to be engraven for the history of their travels to come out next year; the Natural History will not come out till three years hence, that is, not till they return again. I hope they won't meet with such churls as the Portuguese, who are like the dog in the manger, unqualified and unable to *inform the world* of the natural beauties and curiosities of their own country, and yet will not *suffer* those that are able to do so. I am not sure the tree I have attempted to describe did not grow at Rio del Janeiro, where they landed

by stealth, and in two hours time got near forty plants. I wish my tedious description has not tired you, but I was so pleased with the flower, &c., I could not help communicating it: one extraordinary beauty I forgot, which is that the flower as it hangs down is *transparent*. I long to hear you are well enough to go to Bath. Mrs. Sandford tolerably well in health. She has taken a house to herself ready furnished for one year in Blad[s] Buildings. Lady Clive [1] is now at Bath, which I am glad of. The P. Do[r] of W[s] not thought in immediate danger, though not in a recovering way. Betty Granville much out of spirits. My kind compliments to the Reverend, with the best wishes of the season. Adieu.

Foleys not come to town yet; he is so much recovered that he uses all manner of exercise with as much ease as before his illness.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. P., 18th Dec., 1771.

I am impatient to answer my dearest Mary's charming letter of the 14th. Every sentiment dictated by such a heart must give true satisfaction, and want nothing to make it agreeable, as well as valuable to the friend they are addressed to. I always think when I write to you, that my letters contain but little entertainment, and I am sure do not sufficiently express *my soul's meaning*. But your kind and partial acceptance, give them their

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[1] "Lady Clive."—Margaret, daughter of Edmund Maskelyne, Esq., who married, 15th March, 1752, Robert, Lord Clive, the celebrated General in India.

value; and so I'll write on, tell you all I think, *all I hear*, and *consequently* (as to the *latter*,) more than *is true!* Observe the sympathetic string that unites us: your last letter, written on the same day as my last, mentions the dear friend,[1] whose memory we both cherish with *so much love and reverence;* surely the recollection of *her virtues* must animate us to follow so bright an example.

I am glad our precious babe is already so attentive to what in time I hope will add to her happiness, and be a means of preserving her virtue; accomplishments, when founded on the rock of good principles, are of infinite use; but relaxation and *home amusements* are necessary, and the *purest* and *best informed* minds *require them;* and they that can take delight in improving the talents Providence has blessed them with, will not be in danger of adding to the new coterie, distinguished by the name of "*the Cuckow club,*" (an account of which I have just read in the Public Advertiser,) and many other enormities too tedious for me to mention. A sample of modern dress I enclose, which I *saw with my own eyes* last Sunday; the impression was so strong, that I have sketched or rather scratched it out for your admiration. I am much obliged to you, and your dear P.'s kind paragraphs about my house, crowned with the prospect of your seeing it at a convenient opportunity; but I do not wish it a moment sooner, if our pleasures are not led by the fair dame Discretion, as instead of a rosy path we shall be entangled with *thorns* and *briars*, and *they*, with all our care, are too apt to intrude. I do justice, and always shall, to your kind thoughts about me, with sincere gratitude.

[1] "*The dear friend.*"—Ann Granville (Mrs. Dewes).

Our dear Duchess met Lady Mansfield and Miss Murrays here yesterday, and all inquired much about you, and desired their compliments. I have nothing to do with your *private* correspondence with her Grace; I *fear you not,* so *do your worst!* We had last Monday at Mr. Banks's house in New Burlington Street, a charming entertainment of oddities, but not half time enough. In the first place we saw the Otaheite dress, something more simple, but not so well suited to our climate, as our compounded dress. They only wear a mantle, which they tie about their neck, much of a square that hangs almost to the ground, so, one arm bare and the hair tied up in a knot; this is their common dress, their commanders are distinguished, with a little more ornament, a gorget made of pigeon's feathers and dog-fish teeth. Feathers in their heads, and caps almost as top gallant as a modern English lady's.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, 22nd Dec., 1771.

I am much flattered, my dear madam, by your kind remembrance of me; it is surprising the number of warm, and pleasant walks I have had since I came here; but still these walks and ways of mine are so uniform et si plattes, that they are not worth your hearing of. News we expect from you, (our kind correspondents in the metropolis); company we have had, par ci par là, guests that have tarried a day or two, and luckily all gentlemen, for *ladies* are apt to take up abundance more

of one's time, and not being well acquainted with them, *l'Ennui* will be of the party, do what one can. At present, indeed, we have got a lady much to our content and satisfaction, if we could but keep her. Mr. and Mrs. Southwell [1] came yesterday, and as they are very agreeable *friends*, we are only sorry that they go away again to-morrow.

After this account of our coming and parting guests. I need not tell you that we are all in good health, and that my little grandchildren (three very pretty boys, I assure you) make the voice of joy to be heard all over the mansion. I have got a south apartment in it, which is very pleasant at this season. I retire to it for several hours in the morning, (and good long mornings we have,) to pour over abundance of old authors, with which the large library supplies me. I doubt I am neither wiser nor better for my studies, though I would fain be both. The evenings are spent in society, nor have we called in any gambling to our assistance, more than once when the company was numerous. You, my dear madam, have been very agreeably employed in other ways, still exploring the treasures of a late discovered world, and adding them to the storehouse of your knowledge; but I can't bear that you should be worried and fatigued with workmen. I hope they are all keeping holiday now, and will let you enjoy some in peace and tranquillity.

Many thanks for your good news of the Duchess of Portland's health—my best wishes attend her Grace, and for yours, my dear madam, through many new

[1] Edward Southwell, of King's Weston, Esq. (Gloucestershire), who succeeded, on the death of the Countess of Leicester, in 1775, to the Barony of de Clifford. He married Sophia, third daughter of Samuel Campbell, Esq.

years. I rejoice with you that all is well at Ilam, which will contribute to make them happy ones; and as you have nothing now (I trust) to harass your mind, so I insist upon it that you do not fatigue your body, with which *positive* injunction I leave you, and am most

Truly yours,
F. B.

P.S. The Duchess of Beaufort and Fanny desire me to present their best respects to you.

I intend to go over to Bath for a day after Christmas, to see Mrs. Molyneux and my friends in the Circus.

The Countess Cowper to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Richmond, Dec. 22nd, 1771.

My dearest Mrs. Port,

I am happy to hear that you and your sweet baby go on so well. I congratulate you on Mr. Port's return, for he is *so* attentive to you that you *must* miss him greatly when absent. I wish you both many, many happy new years. A merry Christmas I conclude you will have, though perhaps *not quite* so *merry* as your Welsbourn ones. I imagine you have heard of the extraordinary step Mr. Granville has *insisted* upon your brother John's taking, of throwing up his chaplainship! I conclude he means by it (if he has any meaning left) to make him more dependent on him, and he will, I suppose, make *him* his heir. Alas, poor Bernard! Some people contrive to make their family unhappy, even after they are dead! Your brother wrote me as proper a letter upon the occasion as such an unprecedented step

could produce! but I am not displeased *with him*, and I shall supply his place with my old acquaintance, who said to you I was "*the sweetest woman!*" he will then think me sweeter than ever. Poor Mrs. Fitzwilliam is quite laid up with a fever, which returns so frequently that I fear for many *reasons* she will not last long. The last time I saw the General he desired me, when I wrote to you, I would say from him he desired your *permission* to send you a *minuet!* My son has brought Mr. Tollemache into Parliament, in Captain Howe's room, without opposition. Mrs. Le Grand is still here, and I shall keep her as long as I can. I often think of the pleasant hours I passed with my dear *girl.*

Soupire
Vient du souvenire.

Let me hear from you soon, for I am as much as ever
Your tender and affectionate
S. G. COWPER.

The last accounts from Nice were favourable; but I begin to be uneasy, as it is now some time since there has been a letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. P., 28th Dec., 1771.

I feel more impatient than usual to hear from my dearest Mary, which makes me not stay till I receive an answer to my last about the telescope. Your muffs are done, and I will send them at the same time, and I was persuaded to take a case for the ermine for fear of moths.

And now to explain my impatience. I must own I have taken an alarm about Calwich, which, of consequence, must give me great anxiety, and am restless to hear. The death of my good friend Mrs. Forth has given an additional weight, though were I not a poor frail mortal I should rejoice at her happy change, and in a little time I hope I shall. These events, though frequent, are awful and particularly affecting when those younger than ourselves are taken from us; but I feel more for her sister than for myself, *knowing full well* such a wound is never *quite* healed; nor should it be, as it keeps up an image whose excellent example must make us endeavour to be worthy of a reunion.

At the same time this account came I received a packet from Calwich, with the *letters to* and *fro*, which I am expected to give my opinion of—at all times a difficult task, as I *cannot approve*, and am fearful of irritating a disposition whose bodily sufferings I fear could ill support any new vexation, which though drawn on himself nevertheless must occasion great agitation, and wish it were possible he should be in that composed state that he might receive the comfort of an humble and patient resignation under his sufferings, and be prepared for an event most probably not far off. I would not say so much to my dearest M. did I not know she wishes on all occasions to be my comfort, as she is always my delight; and the unburthening one's heart to a faithful tender friend is ever an alleviation. I have a thousand things I wish I could say—wish most earnestly to exchange our thoughts on what has been and what may happen, but it is impossible to do it in the short compass even of *our* letters. The fluctuating state of my mind has

cut me short in my journals. I hardly at present know how to recollect the last week's transactions, which I wish to do for your amusement. Last Saturday I dined with Mrs. Montague—she came to town on Thursday; came home to meet the Duchess of P. at seven, and had the agreeable addition of Lord Guildford, the Bishop of Litchfield, and Sir William Musgrave. Ilam was honourably mentioned, with many kind enquiries. Wednesday devoted to the happy purposes of the day—the anthem at St. James's Chapel, by the King's order, was "*Glory to God, he shall feed his flock,*" &c., and the last chorus out of the Messiah. Oh! how I wished for you! Our dear Duchess came to me every evening except last Tuesday. Mrs. Mon., Hanover Square, drank tea with me, and in walked (an agreeable surprise) Mr. Mason, in good spirits, and about half an hour after, Mr. Fitzherbert. Here again, the charms of Ilam and its owners were brought on the tapis, they stayed till eleven. I was very sorry the *Duchess of Portland* missed them. Yesterday *we* met at chapel, and she said she would come and dine with me. I gave her an exquisite *bit* of roast pork and hashed venison. She said she never eat anything so good in her life, and it certainly proved a heartier meal than I ever saw her make, and she said, "*Tell our dear Mary it relishes vastly the better for coming from Ilam.*" After dinner she made a visit, and then *returned to me again*—you well know her pretty, kind, attentive ways when she thinks one's mind is not quite at ease. I must write to dear Mrs. Sandford to inform her of Mrs. Forth's happy release; it is a painful task to add a pang to a wounded mind.

The Cottingham cheeses are arrived, and are the best

I ever tasted; but alas! from their richness and softness, unable to bear a rough journey, and they are sadly smashed. You will discharge my money debt, as well as for the attention and trouble Mr. Marsh has had about them. I must again say both your venison and your pork are excellent.

Your obliged and affectionate,

A. D.

Send the inclosed half-sheet to Calwich (I cannot write to-day), but *not* Miss Hamilton's, as it may *affect him* too much.

I have not yet seen *the C.* I wish our interview was over. I have expected her every morning for ten days. I have written to her to say I hoped to see her. I should be sorry to have her think I was the adviser.

P.S.—I hope the sturgeon and anchovies, &c., all came safe, and that your young visitor[1] is well: pray, my compliments to her. When she returns, I hope you remember, if it is convenient she will be very welcome to be my guest, and whoever conveys her.

Mrs. Garrick called upon me yesterday morning, and is "vastly glad that amiable, agreeable young lady she met at Bulstrode is so happy."

Dr. Courayer has been here twice, and begs his best compliments, seems full as well as last year,

Many, many happy new years to you both.

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[1] Frances Mabel, only daughter of Mr. Port's only brother, the Rev. George Sparrow, Vicar of Ilam.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's P., 31st Dec., 1771.

MY DEAREST MARY,

Unwilling to baulk your mirth and disappoint your kind design of diverting your own A. D., I inclose an unworthy [answer] to the quartetto;[1] don't let it transpire out of your own circle nor give a copy, for what is droll and understood among ourselves may not appear so to others. Many thanks for your joint letter, and for all your goodness to me. I am sorry my last gloomy letter should have arrived at a time so justly devoted to mirth and joy; but my dearest Mary accepts me in all moods. I have at last plucked up courage, and sent an answer *with all caution* to Calwich; you'll find out how it was accepted and let me know particularly: it was a difficult task, and I am now unequal to difficulties. I don't want the chintz petticoat till Miss Sparrow returns. I am obliged to you and your dear P. for taking my hint about "*speech*" so kindly. The strange behaviour of the young ladies of the present age makes one tremble for those that are *to come* on the stage; and I think much is owing to their want of that *humble, respectful deference* (to parents and elders) that we were taught in our childhood; it seems odd in one of seventy-one years of age to link herself

[1] The answer alluded to was a dialogue between P. M. F. and V., by which letters were probably meant Mr. and Mrs. Port, of Ilam, Miss Sparrow, and Miss Vrankin, the Governess. It was partly in prose and partly in verse, and written by Mrs. Delany in answer to a jeu d'esprit sent for her amusement from Ilam. Among other allusions is one to the Duke of Newcastle, in these words—"No French Cook, not even Chloe himself, could have given an olio a better relish." To the word Chloe is appended a note with "*late Duke of Newcastle.*"

with twenty-five, but you *had* the blessing (though early removed from you) of a pattern and instructor who was exempt from the vanity and carelessness of these modern mothers. I think in some of my self-conceited moments I will write *a book of maxims for G. M. A.*[1]

I have sent Smith in search of smaller laces and toys fit for a fairy; Butler has none smaller than those I sent. I am glad your jaunt to C. succeeded; and hope, as you say, you are so well (and surely you would not deceive me). I am quite happy about the nurse; as to your housekeeper, if *honest, sober*, and *careful*, something else must be overlooked, as there is *no perfection* in mortals even of a higher rank. I am mightily pleased with the account you give of Miss Sparrow; and am sure you will not be wanting on your part to show her the *best* kindness in your power, and not by a false and improper indulgence to hurt either her mind or constitution. I hope Mrs. Terry performs her part well; and I think she must by the improvement you find. Poor thing, if discipline had begun early enough she would at this time want *less* restraint. I was much obliged to Miss S. for her obliging letter, and hope she will accept my thanks and good wishes this way, as I have a great deal of writing on my hands. I am glad you like the brawn. I not only every day feast on my Cot. cheese, but have been so generous as to bestow a whole one on the Duchess of Portland; by-the-bye, should you not thank her for the rose-trees, as well as wishing her a happy new year? She loves "*our Mary!*" but I never inquire about *your*

[1] "*G. M. A.*"—The little child Georgina Mary Anne Port.

correspondence with her but I wish you would let her know exactly the state of your *invalid neighbour*, for I will ask no questions—though my thoughts and heart are full—as the apprehensions of what a friend suffers is grievous. I'll get some franks as soon as my acquaintance come to town. Major Egerton has been dangerously ill; is better. No visit yet from R.; but a kind letter, just mentioning what was past, which she says "*I* was *forced* to do." I hope *the war* will *not* be continued. *She* will have the advantage at *repartee*, which is her forte, and she has certainly been much provoked.[1]

Did I tell you Lady D. Gr. was come to town, and had been here; looks ill; asked much about you; glad of the account I gave; and I delivered the receipt for the £100 which you gave me. On Sunday at noon Mr. and Mrs. Boyd came to town and brought Miss Corser with her, who was with Mrs. Sandford. As she had business in town for a few days before she returned to Shropshire, I invited her to take a bed here; and it has been a melancholy satisfaction to me to learn many particulars of my poor afflicted friend I could not know by letters. She says she has got into a very convenient, pretty house, and hopes when she is settled she will be better. Little Tommy has had a return of his disorder. Yesterday, in the afternoon, as Mrs. Dashwood and I were sitting at work expecting her Grace of Portland, who should stalk in with her stately steps but the Duchess of Bedford. I believe I looked aghast, and well I might, when for four years I had not heard from

[1] "*Much provoked.*"—This probably alluded to the Countess Cowper and Mr. Granville, who had offended her by making his nephew resign his Chaplaincy.

or seen her. The visit was short; she told me Lord Granville[1] had run away, and nobody could tell where he was gone. I was afraid of our friend Lady D. Gr. coming in, which would have vexed me, for she does not *love* the family of "the Brimstone" (as they are called), —they have *all* taken it into their heads this winter to visit me; but I have *no matches* to make, and shall not let them in.

N. R. well again.

I have not mentioned the visit you had from Mr. K., as it would mortify her to think he had been trying his arts among her friends; and she must have been apprized from Mrs. Boyd of his sad conduct.

Foleys not in town. B. Granville is taken up with her dear Princess of Brunswick. Mrs. Boscawen not yet in town. Sir W. W. W. the happiest of men; and *so he was* not *many months* with Lady Har[t]. How flexible are the affections of some men!

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[1] Robert Carteret, last Earl Granville of that family.

[2] Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, married, first, 6th April, 1769, Lady Henrietta Somerset, fifth daughter of Charles, 4th Duke of Beaufort, who died in a few months afterwards; and secondly, 21st Dec., 1771, Charlotte, daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville, and sister of the Marquess of Buckingham.

CHAPTER XXII.

1772.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place (*alias Lapland*), 2nd Jan., 1772.

I was almost all despair, when the double rap at the door made my heart leap with expectation, and produced my dearest Mary's letter, dated the 13th, which surely I ought to have had last Friday, but suppose the waters retarded my happiness of hearing at the usual time; but I will forgive them since they did not drown the MS.; and blessings on your pen, or rather on the dear head and heart that dictated, and gave me so good an account of what I hold so dear.

I am quite glad you find Fanny[1] so much improved and so attentive; and hope her good sense will make her sensible of the happiness and advantage of having an uncle and aunt who are so sincerely her friends: young minds, when they have a good disposition, are easily led into the right path, if they have been early taught *obedience*—a point of such *high* consequence that it is the foundation of all future good to them here and hereafter. It makes every task easy, but where that has been

[1] Frances Mabel Sparrow, Mr. Port's niece.

wanting there must be an uncommon degree of sense and resolution to master the overbearing passions and evil tendencies that will struggle hard for mastery. If I don't cut my harangue short I shall be as tedious as the letter-writers about Wilkes and the aldermen, &c.

The Duke of Beaufort came from Badminton last Friday; a bridge was broken down that morning, and only planks laid over, which were too dangerous to pass in the chaise; the horses were taken off the carriage, all the men were employed in leading the horses singly over the planks, and his Grace and Dr. Boscawen[1] drew the chaise over themselves. Good night; I am going to bed to dream of you and *Paulinette*, and to-morrow will go on with my epistle.

I have not seen our dear Duchess these three days, such has been the impassibility of the ways between this and Whitehall; daily notes have passed, and to-morrow I hope the charm (that is *the ice*) will be broken and not obstruct our meeting.

The sweet violet is deposited in my pocket-book; but by this time you have another frost scene, that will bury all your sweet flowers, and threatens to pay us all its debts. How beautiful your mountains, your valleys, and your woods must appear in their dazzling whiteness. I have no despicable frost scene out of my window; tho' a little encumbered indeed with walls and old houses.

I am glad you wrap the *Paulinette* warm; those tender limbs require it, and I know you are of my mind; do *not* begin too soon to try and harden delicate plants; have

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[1] The Hon. Nicholas Boscawen, Dean of St. Buryan, in Cornwall, youngest son of the 1st Viscount Falmouth, and brother of Admiral Boscawen.

every warmth but that of *always* hovering over a fire! You are so wonderfully improved in your writing that I will not allow the word *scrawl* to appear in your letters; and I shall call it affectation. You will, I suppose, be careful in opening your box, as the mended bottle is stuffed into the ermine muff, wrapped round with gloves to keep it steady. I hope your dear P.'s elopement will not be longer than a week: don't imagine *you* have all my pity; he has at least half of it. En attendant your fire-side seems comfortable with your sweet child and so good a lecturer; not forgetting Miss Sparrow, the improving of whose mind I am sure is a real pleasure to you. My best compliments salute the triumvirate. I will now gallop over the journal of the week past.

Mrs. Kinnersley[1] and Miss Kitty called on me on Friday morning; the rest of the family are still in the country. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd[1] dined with me that day and staid till six; we had much discourse about poor Mrs. Sandford's affairs, which I fear will give her some perplexity to bring to order, great arrears due in Ireland, and some subtle friends to clear with in Shropshire (but that's *entre nous*). Mr. Boyd will be a steady and useful friend to her; her four boys have been ill with feverish colds and coughs; they are better, but sitting up four nights with them has given her a cold, and pulled her still lower: other friends at Bath well. Willoughbys and Dartmouths come to town; but no visiting this weather, though Mrs. A. Pit ventured to me on Sunday morning, and in the evening came Mrs. Boscawen and

[1] Mrs. Kynnersley.—Penelope, wife of Thomas Kynnersley, of Loxley, Esq. Catherine, their youngest daughter, died unmarried in 1815.

[2] "Mrs. Boyd" was Catherine Chapone, sister of Mrs. Sandford.

Lord and Lady Edgecumb. Mrs. Pit went to the birthday in all her bridal finery, and took her standing where she could pay her compliments best; but before the King and Queen came to that side of the room she was so near fainting away as to be obliged to go home as fast as she could, which you may suppose caused some speculation. Mr. Pit called on me yesterday morning; a solitary evening; and this morning I have had list nailed round my doors, and stopping every crack and crevice that let in cold air, which, with good fires, makes my house very comfortable, and I have much reason to be satisfied, though it has been more expensive than is convenient, as I shall not this year be able to make some alterations that I proposed; however, I will hope that Easter Term will finish my Irish affairs, and then I can indulge myself.

Mr. Keene has got poor Fitz's[1] place, one of the Lords of Trade, a thousand a year; you know he is married to Miss Legge.[2]

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. John Dewes.

St. James's Place, 7th Jan., 1772.

I return you, my dear nephew, many thanks and many good wishes for yours, which I had the pleasure of receiving.

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[1] Jan. 2, 1772, William Fitzherbert, Esq., M.P. for Derby, died *suddenly*. He was one of the Lords of Trade, and was succeeded in the office by William Joliffe, Esq.

[2] Whitshed Keene, Esq., M.P., married Elizabeth, daughter of George, Viscount Lewisham, and sister of William, 2nd Earl of Dartmouth. Mr. Keene became one of the members of the Board of Trade in 1774.

I had a letter last night from your father, who has sent me some good Xtmas prog according to custom. I thank God they are all well, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing your brother soon in town. The various seasons, like sickness, teach us to value the hours of sunshine; if we prudently guard ourselves from the cold, and patiently abide it, we shall receive no real harm from it: a parallel case might be drawn and improved upon, from the trials and sufferings of this life, but that requires an abler pen, and may suit your pulpit better than a letter.

Poor Mr. Fitz-Herbert's[1] unfortunate end is the subject at present; his head had been disordered for some time, and the consequences of it apprehended by many of his friends; but as our transitions here are pretty quick from one subject to another, the powder mills[2] blowing up have had their share. I felt two shocks, but was not alarmed, taking it for a sudden rising of the wind, when my maids knocked at my chamber-door, looking like spectres, and said the house was coming down. I immediately thought I had had rogues of workmen, and that my house was actually falling. I put on my warmest capuccin, called my servants to follow me, and walked to the street-door, where I was assured it was an earthquake, an opinion that prevailed all over the town till the King's messenger returned from enquiring at Hounslow. Though the damage has been great (and I suppose a certain gilded castle at Richmond has been

[1] Mr. Fitzherbert committed suicide, on the 5th of Jan., by hanging himself in his stable.

[2] Five powder-mills were blown up at Hounslow, on the morning of Jan. 5th, 1772.

considerably shook), it was a consolation to find it was not an earthquake, and I not a little comforted to find my own house staunch. The town they tell me begins to fill. Lord Temple,[1] they say, told Lord North he believed him so honest and able a minister he should give him no more trouble.. Many weddings are talked of, but so often contradicted, I am afraid of naming them; it is "thought there is a future scheme under consideration for a union between the Duke of Devonshire[2] and Lady Georgina Spencer." I think that paragraph would make a figure in a newspaper, and *just in that style!*

I am very comfortably settled in my new house, which is warm, airy, and convenient. At present my head is confused with calling in my bills and making up my accounts, for I think nothing my own till all is paid for, and the people tease me by *not* bringing in their bills; however it is almost accomplished, and I hope then to sit down in peace for the time Providence allots me, thankful for the blessings I have received, and humbly hoping that those afflictions and trials I have gone through may be a means of future happiness.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq.

St. James' Place, 16th Jan., 1772.

Your letter, my dear brother, which I received last Tuesday, gave me great satisfaction and relieved my

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[1] Henry Temple, 2nd Viscount Palmerston.

[2] William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, married, 6th June, 1774, Georgina daughter of John, Earl Spencer.

spirits very much. I hope accounts of your health will still mend, and that you may be well enough to go to Bath. I have not seen *the* Countess, which I am glad of; the fermentation I hope will be subsided before we meet. Vanity will meet with a whipping now and then, and it is well it does, or it might grow (as weeds are apt to do) too obstreperous. As to "a *scarf*," I suppose Mr. J. D. has taken his Master of Arts degree at Oxford, and that will entitle him to one or to the privileges, if I am not mistaken. I must break off the thread of my discourse to tell you Tony whistles and talks to the admiration of all hearers, and delights in the rattling of the coaches.

I have searched the town over, and the Duchess of Portland has employed all her emissaries in vain to get a print of Rousseau after Ramsay.[1] I am much pleased with your account of J. Dewes and your spending your time; it is always a sign of a good head as well as a good heart to desire to improve the talents Providence has blessed us with; and prevents that *dreadful* dissipation *so much* practised now, which undermines every virtue. When I see Lady Dr Gower I shall deliver your compliments, but "*not to the Tiger*," I assure you. I read that paragraph to the Duchess of Portland and made her laugh heartily. She is very glad to hear you are better.

The Duchess bids me tell you of a notable flirtation, sur le tapis—her Grace of Bedford[2] and Lord Ht.fd,[3]

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[1] There are two engravings of Rousseau, after *Ramsay*; one by D. Martin, 1766, and the other by J. Nochez, 1769.

[2] "The Duchess of Bedford."—Gertrude, daughter of John, 1st Earl Gower, and wife of John, 4th Duke of Bedford, who died 15th Jan., 1771.

[3] "Lord Ht. fd."—Francis, 1st Earl of Hertford, created Marquess of Hertford in 1793, and died, 14th June, 1794. He married, in 1741, Isabella, youngest daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Grafton.

to the great amusement of observers. The Grandison[1] wedding is to be the end of this month. Our young travelled cousin is a poor *weak-looking* soul, and they set out furiously in jewels and other expenses, beyond the Mason finances, and more won't come till the mother's death, and she seems to be a much better life than her son's.

The Duke of Leeds[2] is very happy in the return of his son,[3] who is at present much commended. I hope he will escape *the harpies*, both as to his purse and person, I make no doubt deep schemes are laid for both. I have no news; I am quiet in my chimney corner, and amuse myself with settling my shells that have been all jumbled together, and feel great comfort in having a place I can call *my own*, though it has cost me more than I intended, but not more than with prudent care I can answer; and at the latter end of life, when living abroad is irksome and impracticable, a convenient home is a consolation for the infirmities of age. I thank God I receive good accounts from Ilam. Lord Northington[4] is dead. Pss. of W. better.

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[1] George Mason Villiers, 2nd Earl of Grandison, married, 10th Feb., 1774, Lady Gertrude Conway, fourth daughter of Francis, Earl of Hertford.

[2] Thomas, 4th Duke of Leeds.

[3] Francis Godolphin, Marquess of Carmarthen, afterwards 5th Duke of Leeds.

[4] Sir Robert Henley, Baron Henley, Lord Chancellor of England in 1761, and three years afterwards created Viscount Henley and Earl of Northington. He died in 1772.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 27th Jan., 1772.

I have had a most disconsolate letter from *J.* about his *present confinement,*[1] and beseeching me most earnestly to get "*a call for him,*" meaning, I suppose, a living. Had that been at *my* call, he would have had one long ago, and those who I thought might have answered favourably have been reminded; but when people are to bestow favours they will do it at their own time. I do most sensibly feel his painful situation. I have experienced it often, and attended with aggravating circumstances, and for a much longer time than he is likely to do. But his good principles will support him whilst he is performing an act of duty; and his being able at the same time to improve himself in French and music are advantages that make some amends. An ingenious mind is never too old to learn; beside, there is another mitigating circumstance, that the worst part of the winter is over; that is, the shortest days, and time flies fast, a consideration which he is young enough to avail himself of, and when the *trial* is over will it not be a lasting consolation to reflect on having sustained *it patiently,* and at the same time given *any comfort* to age and infirmities. He desired me to answer this part of his letter enclosed to you, but I chuse not to address it particularly to him, for reasons that must be obvious to both. The letter directed to him with this is for public view. I enclose it to you to send, as I have no

[1] "*Present confinement,*" with his uncle, Mr. Granville, with whom he was not very happy.

franks, to Calwich. Assure my dear Reverend that I never can be unmindful of his interest, and especially at this time.

I think G. M. A. is too young to sit long in her chair. Their little joints are weak, and want support. I approve extremely of your wrapping her up *warm*. It will be time enough to harden her. I thank you for Mr. M.'s verses, with the lock of hair. They are very pretty. I will enquire about the thread. Have not seen Lady Weymouth since your letter. Lady Stamford come to town with a bad cold. I dare not go to her for fear of our dear Duchess, who charges me not to stir out this bad weather—an injunction very easily complied with. My house is maintained by kind providers. Item:—Venison from Mr. Montagu; pork and turkey from Mr. Dewes; fowls and hares from Sandford; a perigot pie from Duchess of Portland on the road, and potted rabbits, all within one week!!

It is probable that Miss Burney, having on some occasion heard of *similar* Christmas presents mentioned in a *similar manner*, took it into her head to intimate, many years afterwards, that Mrs. Delany was actually "maintained" by the Duchess of Portland! an imagination so evidently absurd that it would not be worth mentioning, excepting as a charitable endeavour to suggest a possibility of its having been a very ridiculous mistake instead of a wilful fabrication.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Port, of Ilam.

DEAR SIR, St. James's Place, 28th Jan., 1772.

You are always good and kind to your A. D., and a fresh proof is your writing to me with a *benumbed*

thumb, a calamity which I hope has entirely ceased, as well as your dear "pidgeon's" cold, and that health is perfectly restored to Ilam, where I pray it may long reign with felicities of every kind. Six notes and three long letters have I already written this morning. My eyes are wondrous dim, the *thick yellow fog* is no small detriment! but write I must to thank you for your obliging letter, and to tell you that whenever you think proper to send Miss Sparrow again to Mrs. Terry, she and Mrs. Salome will be very welcome at St. J. Place, and I will take care to convey Miss Sparrow safe to school; and should I be at that time free from engagements, hope you will give her leave to stay one whole day with me. Should I find it not convenient, I will hope for that favour another day, and will send her to Chelsea under a good guard the day after she comes to town.

I hope the amendment at Calwich will continue. It has been beyond my hopes. It is a melancholy thing to watch a friend under such infirmities, but surely the satisfaction of giving comfort to any human being in a painful situation is a real satisfaction, and these trials are sent to exercise our humanity, and *going to school* is no bad part of the story. The case would be *much worse without it*, and time would go on more heavily. I shall most certainly make your compliments as you desire to the best of women and of friends. What grievous affairs happen daily. Poor Mr. Fitzherbert! I refer you to Mr. John Dewes for the strange account of Mr. Cowper. I have not yet seen *the Countess*; the weather, I suppose, hinders her, as Lord and Lady Spencer have been in town some time.

A little billiards with Mr. Marsh in the morning, and

cribbidge at night I suppose go on, *selon coutume* (I know you love a little *French*),[1] except the map of Europe has arrived, and you are become a travelled gentleman! Have you any thoughts of a *post coach?* Mrs. Sandford, I believe, will part with hers. She is advised so to do. It was new last year, is very handsome, and very well made. The coachmaker has offered her fifty pounds, and I am sure if it could accommodate you, she would give you the refusal. You could not have such a one made new under ninety pounds, and it is seldom you can be sure of the goodness of any second-hand carriage as you can of this. If you would wish me to mention it to her I will.

The new play of the Fashionable Lover[2] is very sentimental and pretty.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Marsh.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. P. begun 29th Jan., ended 30th, 1772.

Pegassus is too high metal'd a palfry for an old woman to mount, and the air of Parnassus too lofty and keen, besides the muses are such flirts, that they won't keep company but with wit and beauty, and look on grey locks as the true Medusa's head, so forgive me my miscellaneous correspondents that I don't answer you in the sweet strains of poetry, but in downright honest

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[1] "*Love* a little French."—This was a joke, meaning the contrary.

[2] The Fashionable Lover, a Comedy, by Richard Cumberland. Acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1772.

prose return you thanks for bestowing so much of your time and so many undeserved compliments on A. D. I have sent according to order to take a place in the Manchester coach, and when the messenger comes back will let you know the day. I hope the box and its contents are safely arrived and approved of, and Mrs. Salmon's gown I also hope will be ready against the time she fetches it. Fat John will no more *rowl* off Mr. Marsh's grey horse (I think it was), or weigh down the Ilam mule, no more snore by the great kitchen fire, or tope Staffordshire ale! but don't be alarm'd, he *is alive*, and alive like to be, but is gone home to his Zantipe, and I have got a bonny Scot in his room that has a very good character for essentials, and seems a ready servant, really able to defend me at home and abroad.

Yesterday, Lady Francis Coningsby, and Mrs. Trevor spent the afternoon with me, no Duchess, nor the day before, but she has just been here in her way to Lady Stamford, who is confined with a cold, and sends her kindest compliments to Ilam.

I wrote such a quantity yesterday among you, that I should not have written this post, but to give you an account of having taken a place for Mrs. Salome.

I have heard various reports concerning the royal family to-day, the first that the poor P. of W. was released, and the second that the King of Denmark is dead, both by to-morrow (when I shall finish this letter) *may* prove *false!*

I allotted this morning for rumaging and settling fossils, had them all display'd in the parlour, when in came Mr. Dick Sutton, then Mr. S. Mordaunt, (the eldest Miss Mordaunt recovered of the small pox),

then the A. B. of Yorks.[1] two youngest sons, very fine boys; this company gone, then came Mrs. Bos^{n}, then Lord Guilford, then Lady Spencer, then Sir William Musgrave, and by the time I was drest your two brothers; they and dinner recruited my spirits, with the assistance of your entertaining "*medley.*" Court is gone to the Pantheon, which everybody says is superlatively beautifull. Lord Willoughby was so obliging as to send him his ticket. Bernard's turn will come another day.

I have begun Mr. Penant's tour thro' Scotland,[2] and shall read till my eyes ache, eat my toast, drink my lemonade, say my prayers, and go to bed, and hope to dream of the dear friend to whom this is addrest, and her sweet child, not forgetting your dear P. who justly claims (and has it) a large share of the affection of your most faithfull,

M. D.

My blessing to G. M. A., compliments to Miss S. and Mr. M. O! think of the sad distress of poor Mrs. Cowper, her son is not yet heard of.

30th.

Good morrow my dear Mary, but ah I did not dream of anything so pleasant as Ilam and its dear inhabitants. Breakfast hardly over when Court called to tell me how fine the Pantheon was, and shewed me a long list from Mr. Granville for *raisins, apples, and oranges,* &c., so I presume he is better and preparing for an entertainment!

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[1] The Hon. Robert Drummond, Bishop of Salisbury, was made Archbishop of York in 1761, and died in 1776.

[2] A Tour in Scotland in 1769, by Thomas Pennant, Esq. (the Naturalist), first published in 1771.

I suppose I may expect Mrs. Salome and Miss Sparrow in town on Tuesday or Wednesday next, their rooms are ready air'd.

The reports whispered yesterday were false, and well would it be if what is said to-day could prove so too—in short an express has brought an account of some sad affair in the State at Denmark. Now it is said that *they* have given a poyson to the K. of D. that has hurt his understanding; they are *both* under confinement, and perhaps *no more.* If I hear any more certainty or particulars of this horrid affair, I will add it, if not here ends my epistle.

Visiters this morning—Miss F. Howard, Mrs. Drummond.

It is now said that *the physician's* head is cut off, that a rebellion has ensued, and the Q. carried off and lock'd up in a castle!

The King seized, but released on his signing a paper to swear he would never see the Queen again. What a confusion such a wicked monster has raised!

Mr. Duncan to be married to Miss Jennings, the beauty,[1] who is half a year younger than his eldest daughter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

(? Feb. 1772.)

I have to be sure made a fine puzzle about the coach. My first mention of it was only on what Mrs. Boyd said, *that the coach-maker said he would himself give fifty pounds,*

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[1] Thomas Duncombe, of Hemsley, Esq., married, Feb. 24, 1772, Miss Jennings, daughter of Philip Jennings, Esq., M.P. for Totnes.

Mrs. Sandford was not then quite resolved to part with it, and when she was, a person at Bath would have treated with the coach-maker for it for 60 p^{d}, but Mrs. Sandford said, "Mrs. Port should have the refusal." I thought I had said this to Mr. Port, who in answer made no objection to the price, but said he should expect the coach to be sent to London without any other expence; which I notified, and Mrs. Sandford came to town in it herself as the safest way for the coach to travel, fearing if she trusted it to any other person, it might not be so well taken care of. The matter now stands thus. The coach is y^{rs} for fifty pounds, with the harness for one pair of horses, and the trunk. Mrs. Sandford will be better pleased you should have it than any body else. As to new painting it does not want it, only the arms. I believe I said harness for 4 horses in one of my letters, but it is only for a pair of horses.

On Saturday last Mrs. Sandford and Tommy went to Danson,[1] and to-morrow morning by eight o'clock Bernard and I set out for Danson to bring her back. She will rest a few days in London before she returns to Bath. I don't know but I have got a very good place for Mrs. Salome—Lady Wallingford's old servant, Mrs. Lefevre, is dying, and she wants a servant. I have ventured to recommend Mrs. Salome. I sent for her to-day for Lady W. to see and talk to, and she likes her very well, but cannot quite determine till some days hence. I hope I may say she *is* good tempered, tho' I had reason to think, when I was at Ilam, that there was *some* little fault in it, but it might be owing to her ill

[1] "*Danson*."—Mr. Boyd's place, in Kent.

health; but I think I may promise for her *honesty* and *sobriety*. As I think it will be a pleasure to you to have her provided for I was glad of the opportunity. Let my brother know I am well and had the pleasure of his letter, which I will answer as soon as I can, but whilst Mrs. Sandford stays in town, I am a good deal taken up with her and have a good deal of business to settle. I am impatient for your answer to my last. I am so afraid of your taking strong physick, for your nerves *will not* bear it. I see my lovely *Paulinette* is worthy of all admiration! We have just dined after our return from Danson. Bernard sets out to-morrow and will be a great loss. I am tired, but very well, but can only add the kindest compliments of this house to yours, and that I am with the utmost tenderness,

Y^r^ own

M.D.

Lady Cowper was this morning in town and came to know if I was at home. I am sorry it happened to be the only day she has come to town since my coming about 3 months ago.

Mr. Fitzwilliam to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Pall Mall, 13th Feb., 1772.

DEAR MADAM,

Considering the pleasures you are continually amidst, in the caresses and smiles of your little girl, I take it as a very particular mark of your civility to me in withdrawing yourself from them to do me the honour of a letter. All your happiness and every pleasing soli-

citude you have is very deservedly your lot, and Mr. Port, I dare say, is happy at having made you so. Lady Cowper, in the midst of our little wranglings, never meets with contradiction when we talk of the mistress of Ilam! *There* we join with cordiality, and she cannot utter a praise in your favour that I do not take up and carry on with an eagerness which re-instates me again in favour, and we part with complacency. Upon reading y^r^ letter I stopped at that part of it which mentions the three last bars of *the minuet*, and made Tom play it to me on the moment. It is divinely pretty (I write from the side of the harp while he is playing). I beg you will practise and play it, as I know you will most excellently. I am not sure, to speak honestly, if I be not a little peevish with you. What! do you then own that you do not practise above half the time you generally used to do? Consider, the time will come when the little girl will be to grow, and you will be to recommend music and every accomplishment to her; and why should not *you* (already *so founded*) shew her an example of perfection in music, as well as in other virtues? Let her try even to excell her mama, and be you her guide, her pattern, and the glass by which she may see herself to the most advantage. If then, not for y^r^ own sake or the sake of y^r^ friends, for *her* sake appropriate *six* hours only of the 24 hours to that delicious accomplishm^t^! Believe me the reward will be yours, tho' the harvest may be the little Georgiana's. But I am going on as if I were Mrs. Delany or "*my Uncle Granville*," and am advising her who is so much more capable of advising me, to meddle within my own line, and not step over it, when it is to talk so impertinently; *there*, then, I leave it to tell

you I have seen Mrs. Delany at her cleverly-arranged house in St. James's Place. It really surprised me to see with what real judgment she has transposed and deposed, and she has made it a very agreeable and pleasing dwelling. She looks well, fresh, *en bon point*, but the harpsichord standing close shut up, with no chance of its being unlocked unless by you. Y^r second brother (the fair one) was with her, with a lady I did not know, and a grave gentleman I had never seen before. My visit, therefore, was one of the shortest sort, which I mean to renew, that she may hear me upbraid you for y^r musical negligences. The whole town is to put on sable for the Princess Dowager,[1] in whom the poor and needy have lost a *real, generous, humane*, and most benevolent friend. She gave away annually in the *most private* charities *eleven thousand pound a year*, and she has gone thro' a most painfull illness with the utmost magnanimity and fortitude. Peace then to her shade, and may her virtues overballance her faults, be they fictitious or otherwise. It is happy for her she is gone, but it is miserable for the poor!

Mrs. Fitz^m has had another dreadfull fever, and took the opportunity of a dry frosty day to be brought hither, lest the Thames, as it has been known to do, should have come into her house. Her pres^t amusement is seeing from her window the world pass and repass, some of which calls in in a morn^s, and at night all is hushed with us at nine o'clock, so that *Ilam* is not more a solitude than my house is after the night comes on. As

[1] The Princess Dowager, widow of Frederic, Prince of Wales, died Feb. 8th, 1772.

soon as the good weather and her strength returns, the Bath is the prescription and is to be the cure. She begs her best respects to you and to Mr. Port, to whom may I beg of you to recommend me, as I am, with the most perfect regard, dear madam,

Y^r^ most obedient and most
Humble servant,
JOHN FITZWILLIAM.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. P., 23rd Feb., 1772.

The 22nd of Feby was remembered yesterday as usual with every tender and affectionate wish that my dearest Mary may enjoy many happy returns of the day. *Our* dear Duchess (born on the *same day* of the month) was joined in partnership with *our* dear Mary. She dined with me; *I was drest all in my best,* and my drawing-room illuminated with candles. In the evening came Lady and Miss Howard, Lady Bute, Lady Wallingford, Mrs. Dashwood. The quadrille of the *new order of monks* that appeared at the maskerade[1] is the subject of conversation: it was a droll thought and well executed, and they distributed a paper about which describes the dress

[1] The opening of the Pantheon is recorded in the Annual Register of 1772, where it is said that nothing could surpass the magnificence of the apartments, the boldness of the paintings, or the disposition of the lights in gilt vases suspended by gilt chains, with a number of statues representing the heathen gods and goddesses, to which were added three of white porphyry, representing King George III. and Queen Charlotte, and Britannia. The number of rooms composing the suite was fourteen. The date of this opening is mentioned as the 27th of Jan., and the masquerade, alluded to in this letter, appears to have taken place the following month.

they were in, and is an excellent satire on the tribe of *maccaronis.*

I have also enclosed you an account of the Pantheon maskerade with all the explanation of the maskers' names that I can get. Be pleased to transmit to Calwich what you think will amuse. Sir Charles and Lady Bingham,[1] Lord Charlemont,[2] and Sir Thomas Tancred[3] were the quadrille. The lighting of the Pantheon and brilliant eclat on going in, they say, was beyond all description, and the going in and out made so easy by lanes of constables that there was not the least confusion. To ballance these delights the *High Street* robbers give many panicks, but pleasure will conquer all fears; and the men on horseback with the pistol at their breast will at last grow *so familiar* as to be no more regarded than a common *turnpike* that makes you pay for your passage, and feminine fears as well as bashfulness is no more a check upon the female than the male maccaronis, pleasure is the prize they run for, and then nothing stops their course! And now having tattled all my *tattle,* and finished with my *moral,* I must proceed to busyness.

I hear Lady Cowper likes her new neice Mrs. Tolmache extreamly, that Lady Tweeddale is looking out for a house in London, and is very well. Lady M. Mordaunt told me this, who was with me last Sunday, and at the same time I had a visit from Lord Warwick.

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[1] Sir Charles Bingham, married, in 1760, Margaret, daughter and sole heir of John Smith, of Cannons Leigh, Esq., co. Devon. Sir Charles was created Baron Lucan in 1776, and Earl of Lucan, 6th Oct., 1795.

[2] James, 1st Earl of Charlemont. He married, 2nd July, 1768, Mary, daughter of Thomas Hickman, Esq.

[3] Sir Thomas Tancred, of Boroughbridge. He afterwards married, in 1776, Penelope, daughter of Thomas Ashton Smith, Esq.

Rousseau to the Duchess of Portland.

Je suis affligé du mauvais état ou continue d'etre la santé de mon bon voisin M. Granville, cela augmente mon regret de n'être plus à sorte de lui rendre des devoirs qui dans leurs inutilité lui auroient du moins temoigné combien je m'interesse à ses maux. Il doit trouver une grande consolation dans l'heureux marriage de son aimable nièce; je ne doute pas que le sage parti qu'elle a prit de nourir ces enfants malgré sa santé chancellante ne contribue à l'affermir; je suis plus mortifié qu'etonné qu'elle ne se souvienne plus de moi au milieu de sa petite famille naisante. Un jeune mari fait aussi même oublier un vieux Berger. Pour moi je me ouviendrai toujours d'elle!—cette manière pleine de grace dont elle accompagnait l'accueil carressant qui me faisoit son cher oncle, et je conserve précieusement un joli travail de ses mains qu'elle destinoit à mon pauvre Sultan[1] et dont je suis souvent passé moi-même.

Rousseau came to England in January, 1766, with Hume, who was then Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, and who obtained for him the friendship of Mr. Davenport and the use of Wootton. He wrote his "Confessions" at Wootton, (which were published in 1788,) but after a disagreement with Mr. Davenport he returned to France in 1767. In 1770 he went to Paris and lodged in the Rue Platrière, afterwards known as the Rue Rousseau, and he finally removed, in the month of May, 1778, by the invitation of the Marquis de Girardin, to his fine place of Ermenville, near Chantilly, where he died two months afterwards, and was buried, by his own desire, in an island in the little lake of Ermenville, where a marble monument was raised to his memory, overshadowed by poplars.

[1] "*Sultan*"—his dog.

Mrs. Delany to her niece, Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. P., 24th Feb., 1772.

I must begin my letter with a disagreeable circumstance. I thought I had secured *Lady Wallingford's* place for Mrs. Salome, but I find I have not. I had a note yesterday from *her* to say that, on consideration, she thought Mrs. S. *too young* for her service, as she wanted a more experienced person "to manage her affairs, as she never had whilst Mrs. Lefevre (who is now dying) was her servant *any occasion to look after them herself*, and her circumstances oblige her to be very prudent." I own I have been much vext that it was mentioned at all to Mrs. Salome, as it has greatly disappointed her. Lady Wallingford sent her a guinea, but I will try if I can recommend her to another place.

Has my brother communicated the tragical tale of Snow and Pil? but still the poor deluded wretch is to be pitied, considering what her early education was. As to poor Lady Cowper, she is truly to be pitied, who had meant to do so kindly by the girl, and has met with so shocking a return. She ordered Mrs. Ker to *see her married* to S., and wrote to him to let him know that if he did not immediately marry her, she would prosecute him to the utmost. Snow came here this morning on receiving this letter to Mrs. Ker to say he *would* marry her, but most unwillingly, and if he does, I don't know what the advantage will be, as the wretch is in league with Lady Bamfylde,[1] and no good can be expected for the wretched

[1] Lady Bamfylde. Jane, wife of Sir Richard Warwick Bamfylde, and daughter of Colonel John Codrington.

wife that is to be. It is thought that a licence *will not* be granted here, but they must go to Richmond to be married. L^y C^r has desired it may *not* be talk'd of, but it is half over the town already.

I dine to-day at Lord Guilford's, and on Friday at Lord Dartmouth's. I believe Mrs. Sandford will stay this week out. I have been so hurried with company all morning, that I can only add my most affec^te wishes.

Mrs. S.'s affec^te compliments. Tommy wishes Mr. P. here to play with him.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port of Ilam.

St. J. Place, 29 Feb^y., 1772.

As to the new painting the coach, as it does not want it, only the alteration of the arms, I thought you might like deferring the alteration of colour till it wants new painting. I should wish you could have it (or fetch it) soon, as being at nurse, (tho' I hope in safe hands,) will be no advantage to it, and it is now in as good order as if just made. Mr. Merchant has not yet been with me about blazoning the arms.

I have this moment received your letter that was enclosed to Lord Willoughby. Mr. Foley has just been here, and I have got two franks to myself, wch I enclose, and send you more.

I have sent you *no ivory* letters. When those you have are worn out I hope I shall be able to recruit them.

Some of Mrs. Sandford's friends are so earnest with her to keep her coach for her *own* use, as airing is recommended to her, and one among them (for reasons I cannot

in a letter explain) with whom she is a good deal connected, so very earnest, that she cannot immediately determine to do it till she convinces him that she is doing right, so I have not given her Mr. Port's note till that is quite fixt. I have not yet seen Lady Cowper.

The vile Snow has consented to marry the wretched girl, but a *licence cannot* be gain'd. She is at present under guard in George Street. It is a shocking affair. Last Thursday *Molly Ker* was married to Mr. Tilt, a modest well-looking man. They breakfasted here, and went and dined genteely out of town, came back hither to tea, and went home at ten to their lodgings, Duke Street, Westminster, or thereabouts. Smith seems very happy, and little Tommy delighted wth the bride and bridegroom.

I am sorry my bro^r^ has had a return of his disorder. It is grievous he can't get to the Bath, on many accounts, but the Allwise Disposer of all things only knows what is best for us.

I dined last Tuesday at Lord Guilford's; the company, Lord and Lady W^y^, Bishop of Litchfield and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Keene. My journal of late has been interrupted, and, indeed, nothing worth transcribing, as I have kept back company as much as I could on Mrs. Sand^ds^ account, as her poor spirits were sadly agitated when she first came, having so many things to transact that made her too sensible of her sad desolate state; but now they are pretty well over, I hope she will be better, as she does all in her power, and I have prevailed with her to see a few people. Tommy is just come in, and asks who I am writing to. I said, "Mrs. Port." "My love to her, and my love to her little child."

Mr. Walpole drank to the Dss. of Queensberry, and, by way of a toast, he "*wish'd she might live to grow ugly.*" She answered, "*I hope, then, y^u^ will keep y^r^ taste for antiquities.*"

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. John Dewes.

St. J. Place, 9 May, 1772.

My dear Nephew,

I wish you could have given me a better account of my dear brother's amendment. I saw Mr. Weston yesterday, who told me he thought him better. I have sent the French plumbs according to his desire, and hope they will prove good; they are from the same person. I have also sent my brother a new fashioned cheese carver, as I know he loves *new useful* whims. I would *not venture* to pack up *Rousseau's* print *with the plumbs*, and Mr. Weston has promised me to be very carefull of it. I am glad to find it is not necessary to be a Latin or Greek scholar to find out conundrums, for I, by ye help of my Dictionarys found those you *named*, and another which you have *not—Althea Fructus*, commonly called *Frutex*.

I had an invitation one day last week to dine at Mrs. Boscawen's, to meet Mr. B. Boothby[1] and talk of Staffordshire, which I did, and the morning after he made me a visit, and brought me a fine nosegay, which is now the politest present can be made, and are so much the

[1] Mr. Brooke Boothby, eldest son of Sir Brooke Boothby. He was a poet, and one of the literary circle at Lichfield, to which Miss Seward, Dr. Darwin, and Edgeworth, belonged. He married Susanna, daughter and heir of Robert Bristoe, Esq.

fashion for gentlemen, as well as ladies, that their pretty persons are *almost lost* in a bush! Apropos, have you seen "the *address to a Maccaroni behind his nosegay and before his looking-glass?*" I hope the waterfowl will return to you with good interest, and that the wind will change soon, that Calwich may appear with its usual beauty. The Duchess of Port., who always charges me with her good wishes and compliments to Cal., is kept in awe by the sharpness of the weather, or we had gone to Bulstrode next week, but it will hardly be before the week after. My letters still to be directed to me in town.

I went yesterday to see poor Mrs. Bramston, who has been greatly shocked with the death of Lady Frances Eliot:[1] she died of a cancer which she had 12 years, and nobody but her woman, an apothecary, and an old woman who undertook the cure, knew anything of it, not even Mrs. Bramston, till the day she died. She has left Mrs. Bramston but one thousand pound, which considering an attachment of 40 years, and that Mrs. B.'s circumstances are no way equal to the way of living she has been used to, is very little; she had about £10,000 in her power. Her house in the country, and £400 a-year comes to Lord Cowper; and her house in town to a nephew of general Eliot's.

Mr. Walpole has got a silver bell, the workmanship by Celini Benvenuto, whose life has been lately published; the work of this cup is exquisite.

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[1] Lady Frances Elliot, widow of General Elliot, and sister of Henry Nassau d'Auverquerque, 1st Earl of Grantham, and of Henrietta, first wife of William, 2nd Earl Cowper.

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. John Dewes.

St. James's Place, 21 May, 1772.

I should have answered your letter, my dear nephew, by the return of the post, but postponed it till I had enquired about lottery tickets; none are to be had at prime cost, and the market price is not above 12 or 13 shillings, so that I suppose the sooner you give orders for it to be bought the better.

I am much obliged to my brother for his kind present of cheeses, ham, and pigs' chaps, which would have better relish could I receive a better account of his health. It is always mortifying to be at a distance from friends, but when they are not well it encreases one's anxiety. My fervent wishes and prayers attend him, and his kindness to *you all* is a great consolation *to me!* I suppose you will soon have "*our Mary*" in your neighbourhood. I should have been glad to have seen her and her little babe had it been proper and convenient, but this *time* of year makes London *not* inviting. I desired Mr. C. Dewes to get the books my brother wrote for, and he gave them to Mr. Weston. I hope Rousseau's print will also arrive safe.

I thought I had put Lord Chatham's name to his verses, but by your being at a loss to know who it is that writes *one thing* and thinks *another*, I suppose I did not. I am glad you are so intimate with Rollin;[1] he was always a great favorite of mine, but I must chew the cud of what I *have read*, for my eyes are so dim[2] I can hardly

[1] Charles Rollin, the historian, born in Paris 1661, died 1741. His chief works were, "On the Manner of Studying and Teaching the Belles Lettres," "Ancient History," and "Roman History."

[2] The dimness here spoken of must have been temporary, as the marvellous works executed by Mrs. Delany much later, prove her eye sight to have been uncommonly good.

read the largest print by *candlelight* with my spectacles. I enclose you a curious letter that does honour to my Lord Chesterfield; he declines very fast, and is now sensible how insufficient all human honours are: a conscience void of offence would be a better support to him. I had a visit not long ago from Lady Chesterf., she thought him then much better, but is worse again. I am much obliged to those who find time to visit me, as I never pay them in kind, I only go to a sick friend by appointment, hardly ever go even to Whitehall, but the Dss. comes to me generally for an hour or two every evening.

Mr. Kirkham has not been heard of since I received my brother's letter, tho' strict enquiry has been made after him.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills called here the day before yesterday, and I was gone to the Museum with the Dss. of Portland, and they are gone to Bath. Last Monday I dined at Foley House (the only day this winter), your brothers were invited to meet me; he thinks he has found great benefit from his doctor, and looks in very good health. F. Foley has won at Newmarket, which those that wish him well are *rather sorry* for—I wish it may be attended with the same prudent resolution as Mr. Thynnes, (if he does but hold) who has won this year so considerably that he has paid off all his debts, bought a house and furnish'd it, disposed of his horses, hounds, &c., and *struck* his name *out of all* expensive subscriptions. But what a *horrid reflection* must it be to an honest mind to *build* his fortune on the *ruin of others!*

I don't hear a word of news. Diversions, *rouge*, and

every fantastick fashion in male and female daily multiply. Those who have mediocre fortunes grumble at the dearness of everything, and the poor are in a miserable plight. Lord Tyrconel soon to be married to Lady Frances Manners.[1] Lord Polwarth[2] 'tis said is making his addresses to Lady Bell. Grey, with an immense fortune. Lady Betty Worseley[3] I *fear* is foolishly married to Tom Hervey's natural son by Lady Hanmer, 12 years younger than herself, and little or no fortune. My eyes are weary, and my hand unsteady. Adieu.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany, at Bill Hill.

Enfield, Wensday, (1772.)

A thousand thanks (once more) to my dear kind friend, for all her favours and goodness to me. That of a letter with my breakfast was a very pleasant addition; as I am quite satisfy'd now, that you are not the worse for being so much better to me than I can ever sufficiently acknowledge; my eyes told you very true that I had a secret anxiety upon this subject! Routing out early and fasting, a cart (in the way) and a glass breaking, a dusty tiresome road, a day without recess and retirement, a journey again, and alone in the evening; all this I

[1] The Earl of Tyrconnel married, 9th July, 1772, Lady Frances Manners, daughter of the Marquis of Granby.

[2] Alexander, Lord Polwarth, son of Hugh, 3rd Earl of Marchmont, married Amabel, Baroness Lucas in her own right, and Countess de Grey by creation in 1816. She was daughter of Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor.

[3] "Lady Betty Worsley."—Elizabeth, daughter of John, Earl of Cork and Orrery, married, in 1749, Sir Thomas Worsley of Appuldercombe. Sir Thomas died 23rd Sept., 1768, and Lady Elizabeth on the 16th Jan., 1800. It does not appear that she married a second time.

was afraid might not agree with y^r^ spirits; but you assure me you are quite well, and I wish it too much not to be strongly inclin'd to believe it. Be pleas'd, however, when you are at leisure at Bill Hill to repeat the good news, for I can never hear it too often.

I must tell you how I long'd to fetch you back again, and *why*, (for unless I give you a very good reason the desire itself is so *improbable* you wou'd not believe it.) After we parted I return'd home, and not finding my young companions, I trotted on in pursuit of them, and found them and *my Mrs. Smith* in Mr. Breton's park, took Fanny into my chaise, and bro^t^ her home; still the sun was not set, so she and I set out a walking we knew not whither. After traversing the churchyard and reading the tomb-stones, I had a mind to explore an old house, wch is here call'd "Queen Elizabeth's house."[1] I went in, and doubtless arrived in her Majesty's eating parlour; a large room, fretwork mosaic ceiling of old form. A chimney piece ditto. E. R. carv'd and crown'd, portcullis's, roses, and other marks of Plantaganet! also a Latin distich over the chim:-piece, wch I believe was

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[1] Camden says: "Enfield, a royal seat built by Thomas Lovel (Knight of the Garter and Privy Councillor to King Henry VII.) as one may gather from the arms; near which is a place clothed with green trees, and famous for deer-hunting, Enfield Chace, formerly in the possession of the Magnavilles, Earls of Essex, and then of the Bohuns, their successors; but it now belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster, ever since Henry IV., King of England, married a daughter and coheir of the last Humphrey Bohun. Almost in the middle of this Chace are still (1607) the ruins of an ancient house which the common people, from tradition, affirm to have belonged to the Magnavilles, Earls of Essex." Gibson's "Britannia," Ed. 1772. The "Geography of Great Britain" mentions an ancient palace in the town of Enfield, where Edward VI. is said to have held his court. The initials "E. R." were more likely to be his than those of his sister, Queen Elizabeth. Enfield Chace was finally disforested in 1770

her Majesty's own composing, but Mr. George not being with me, I cannot tell you exactly the words, much less the sense. Well, this is not all, nor what I wanted to fetch you back to see; no! The sight was an immense cedar of Lebanon, so strait, so tall, so vast, that I question very much whether ever you saw its equal; those at Chiswick *are not*, no more than the famous one at Ld Portmore's at Weybridge. And now I think I have given you a very good reason why I wanted to fetch you back, viz. to see Qu. Elizab^th^ cedar of Lebanon, and for that purpose *only* I shall be often wishing you were here. That it will be a great pleasure to me, (nevertheless,) to hear of y^r^ health elsewhere, I am sure I need not repeat, for I cannot be otherwise than your very

Affectionate and gratefull servant,
F. Boscawen.

I am vastly glad to hear L^y^ W.'s nursery goes on well. I have a lett^r^ from Bad^n^ to-day: little Worcester is recover'd, I thank God! Fanny is much yours, and George you have *purchas'd* for life with y^r^ notice and bounty. Take great care of y^r^ health; I hope you will see the Duchess perfectly well, after her Kentish excursion. My best respects wait on her.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

St. James's Place, 6 June, 1772.

Most assuredly I had not waited for a letter from my dear Lady Andover, (a favour I hardly hoped for till I had challenged it,) but that I have met with hurries and

turmoiles, wch though not such as touch the tenderest strings, were sufficient to discompose my body and mind; such as domestick changes, paying bills, and (vulgarly speaking,) "winding up affairs" in order to pass from the *Wilderness* to the *Land of Promise*. This may be taken in more senses than one, and I am sure will be accepted by my kind indulgent friend, as an excuse for not instantly acknowledging her kind letter from Elford.

On Tuesday next, please God, I go with the best of friends to the most delightfull of places, where I should possess more happiness, were I not too conscious of my own inabillity of adding even a mite of entertainment, so enfeebled do I find myself! However, I *will hope* that I *may revive* in so much sunshine. Here I have been interrupted by the most impertiment, troublesome, prating man in the world, Mr. Dalton by name, who has vases, pictures, &c. &c. &c. to dispose of—"*the finest that ever was seen! amazingly cheap!*" though extravagantly dear, and not to be parted with, "*but to oblige her Grace, who is such a connoisseur! such an encourager of virtü in all its branches!*" and much more than I can say, or y^r^ ladyship can desire to hear. To make amends for this stuff, I think I may assure you our dear friend is pure well, but a little enveloped with business on her changing places. Tunbridge I believe will take place about a fortnight hence, and from thence to Weymouth, and I shall spend that time, (if in tolerable spirits,) between London and Bill Hill. Next week Mr. Soames Jenyns[1] and Mr. Fred. Montagu spend two or three days at Bul-

[1] Mr. Soame Jenyns, born in London, 1704, died 1787. He held the office of a Commissioner of the Board of Trade for 25 years, but was best known as an author, a wit, and a shrewd observer of manners.

strode, and the beginning of the week after Lord Guilford. Apropos, if you have not read a short pamphlet, entitled "A Scheme for a Coalition of Parties," said to be written by Soames Jenyns, I beg you will. Tho' I *start* at a political pamphlet, I read *that* with pleasure. I will obey y^r^ lady^ps^ commands about the drawings, most certainly every *stroke* of y^r^ pencil will be precious to the Dss of P., and if you ever make a false *one*, and throw it by, let it be destined to

Y^r^ ever obliged affec^te^ and obed^t^,
M. DELANY.

May I beg my love to Miss H. and sweet Lady M.

I have a million of thanks to return you, and Miss F. H^d^, for your goodness in coming so often to my fireside. I have miss'd you saddly. O! that Elford was as near Bulstrode as Beaconsfield.

Would it be possible to obtain a prebend of Litchfield for my youngest nephew? Though of small value, (as to income,) it is at this time particularly desireable? I ask'd it of the Bishop of Litchfield, he said he was then engaged: but I know if Lord Suffolk would be so good as to recommend it, it might soon take place.

I am sure you will do what is kind and proper, and I shall be satisfied; if you chuse to answer my P. S. beg you will direct it to me at Bulstrode near Gerrards Cross Bucks, all other letters to *Whitehall or St. James's Place*, for *they* come under the Dss's covers.

It appears that about this time Mr. Granville, although previously very unwilling to part with his nephew, thought it his duty to recommend him for preferment, and in a letter to the

Duchess of Portland he asks her to show what he writes to the Archbishop of York, to request that his Grace would ask the Bishop of Lichfield for the first vacant Prebend that fell in, that their value was small, but that he had a prospect of a living in the neighbourhood. That his character and behaviour in his vocation, as well as in his private life, had been unexceptionable, which in those days was very rare, and that after having served in Warwickshire for four years, he had been obliged to recall him in consequence of his own severe illness, during which time he had served the cure of the parish in such a manner that the "parishioners adored him;" that he had found "an abandoned church," which was then so crowded there was scarcely room for the congregation, as people came four and five miles round to hear him, and that his attendance on the sick, with every other part of the duty of a clergyman, could not be exceeded, and that his character and conduct in Warwickshire was well known. He concludes with saying that if the Duchess would comply with his desire, she would have his dying prayers for her own prosperity and that of her family.

On the 9th of June, 1772, Mr. Rupert Barber wrote from Ireland to Mrs. Delany as follows—

MADAM,

As your last letter to me was an order to distribute your bounty to your poor pensioners, I saw no necessity to trouble you with an answer; I obeyed your commands *exactly*, and the Kilfoyles, *with the rest*, are *made perfectly happy*. As this letter relates chiefly to my own affairs, I must entreat your pardon for troubling you on that head!"

Mr. Rupert Barber then proceeds to give an account of his affairs, and among other matters mentions his having unfortunately been persuaded to engage, with a very artful person, in a distillery, when he soon found that he had been entirely deceived, and was loaded with a heavy debt which had been incurred by his partner; but that his credit was so good at the bank of Sir Annesley Stewart that they had given him time to

repay it without having the least security or even a bond; that he had paid everything off to within 700*l.*, which they were now anxious to have repaid, knowing him to be in better circumstances; that he could raise the money immediately by the sale of a lease under the Bishop of Clogher, but that it would be a great injury to his family to sell that lease, and he therefore requests Mrs. Delany to lend him the 700*l.*, knowing that she had a considerable sum of money in Gleadow's Bank, Government debentures, which only paid four per cent., and that he would be glad to pay the legal interest of six per cent, and to pay the principal by instalments, in three years. He adds that the Valentia cause engaged the Judges and Chancellor during the whole of the last term, and that consequently the cause in which Mrs. Delany was interested, and which had been undecided at the Dean of Down's death, had not stirred one step.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, June 20th, 1772.

I have had the satisfaction to hear of your health, my dear madam, and I have no doubt of your content; so that there remains nothing for me to enquire after: but I think you bid me write to you. Dating from hence I must excite y^r^ pity, not that I suppose you can guess in the shades of Bulstrode how hot and dusty and odious it is to live in the streets of London. It us'd to be a great relief to me to walk or sit in Kew Gardens, or to go to buy my own peas in the King's Road, sitting under a spreading apple-tree, while they ty'd me up a nosegay: but now all these rural amusements are deny'd, by the clouds of dust that obstruct the pursuit of them, so that, when I am wise, I sit still in my dressing room, but I was

very foolish last Monday morning and went to a friend's house in Old Palace Yard to see the knights and squires pass,[1] wch could not be done, you may believe, without some difficulty in getting there, and some ennui in waiting.

The ball at night was a *furnace* by means of *lamps* of various hues, whose beauty made but little amends for their *excessive heat*; of this, you may be sure, I did not partake, but spent the evening very agreeably at Knightsbridge with Mr. and Mrs. Jenyns,[2] and talk'd of Bulstrode, where they had pass'd two or three delightful days, as they both declared with gratitude. They were equally surpriz'd and pleas'd with Mrs. Pitt's domaine, and Mr. J. said some very pleasant things upon the occasion. These (my neighbours) departed for Cambridgeshire this morning. I do not know any news. There seem'd to be a great drawing room to attend Lord North's investiture yesterday.[3] Lord Aylesford[4] I heard had a great escape in Lord Hyde's Park: he was put to drive himself in a cabriolet, the horse ran away with him, and escaping pits and trees at last overturn'd him

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[1] On the 15th of June, 1772, there was an installation of fifteen Knights of the Bath, who met in the Prince's chamber at Westminster, with the Knights Companions in the full habit of their order, the Knights elect in their surcoats, mantles and spurs, each attended by three esquires, from whence they went in procession to Henry Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, where they were installed with the usual ceremony. At night there was a magnificent ball and supper at the opera-house in the Haymarket, at the expense of the new Knights.

[2] Soame Jenyns, of Bottesham Hall, Esq., was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, Knight. Mr. Jenyns was a distinguished wit and scholar. He was twice married, but died childless. Sarah Jenyns, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, was of this family.

[3] In 1772 Lord North was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

[4] Heneage, 3rd Earl of Aylesford. He died May 9th, 1777.

upon a heap of flints wch cut his face near the eye, but not materially. I think the Duchess of Portland will not hear this article without exclaiming: "*I hate those Whiskys!*" I have the honour to be of her Grace's opinion, and one trembles to think of *such a père de famille* having *such* a hair-breadth scape. Lady Albemarle's father, Sr J. Miller, dy'd last night of the small-pox; so mix'd are the joys of this world! it must sadly allay her's in Ld Bury to think he caus'd his g.-father's death,[1] for this old gent. it seems not having had the small pox was unus'd to stay in London, but waited for the delivery of his daughter. I think you knew, my dear madam, that I have a house at Enfield, in the garden there is a grove to which all our wishes tend; but till Wensday next ye 24th I have no right to its refreshment. You may believe I shall loose no time in conveying myself thither where I hope to receive your congrat^s^ on our general jail delivery!

Adieu, my dear madam. I am ever

Your affectionate servant,

F. Boscawen.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 25th June, 72.

I am extreamly glad you c^d^ find a motive to make you, d^r^ madam, speak for yor self, especially in a cause I'm so much interested in as y^e^ *seeing you here*, wch will make

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[1] Anne, youngest daughter of Sir John Miller, Bart., of Chichester, married George, 3rd Earl of Albemarle. Their son, William Charles, the 4th Earl, was born May 14th, 1772.

me extreamly hapy. 'Tis a step I *greatly approve of*; from 2d July to wt ever time you can bestow, I flatter myself you will bestow on me; and let me know wn and where, you wd have my post-chaise come for you. I hope our little fat-ffriend has perform'd her long journey well; 'tis a great undertaking for her. I heard yesterday Ly Leicester was arriv'd safe and well at Holkham. Ye great heats gave me some uneasiness for her, not thinking her very expert at travelling. Last post brought a terrible acct of ye consternation in ye City, caus'd by ye bankers; you, nor none you wish well to, are, I hope, affected. *Avarice* and *extravagance*, jarring atoms, runs thro' all degrees of people, and is ye chiefe motive to gaming, and of worse consequence in ye Alley (*if possible*) yn at Almacks. Hapy are those yt are unconnected wth either. I'm rejoic'd to see under yor hand ye D. Ds. of Portland is very well. Desire my respects to her Grace.

Ly Grey[1] in a family easy maner has inform'd me of ye intended mariage of Ly Bell Grey and Ld Polwarth;[2] *where* a person is born is certainly not essensual to hapyness, yet I'm such an English Joan Trot as to lament ye *three greatest fortunes* this age has produc'd being transplanted into Scotland!

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[1] Jemima, Marchioness Grey in her own right, was grand-daughter and heir of Henry Grey, last Duke of Kent, and his successor in that Marquisate and in the Barony of Lucas. At her death, in 1779, the Marquisate became extinct. She was niece to Earl Harold, Lady Gower's first husband.

[2] Amabel, who succeeded her mother as Baroness Lucas, married Alexander, Lord Polwarth, eldest son of Hugh, Earl of Marchmont. Her husband died, without issue, in 1781. In 1816 she was created Countess de Grey, with remainder to her sister, Lady Grantham.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Enfield, June 28th, 1772.

How pleas'd shou'd we be, my dear madam, and how honour'd, if you wou'd visit us at our villa! Business forbids on Monday (you say), but what of Tuesday. Perhaps by that time the roads wou'd be water'd for you, otherwise, and in all this dust and heat, I would not have you come upon any account. I am not so selfish; indeed, I should not be gratify'd in wearying you, so that even selfishness forbids, unless I had any hopes to detain you for a time, and any cool bed-chamber to offer you. Alas, I have not so much as a hot one till George goes to Winchester and resigns his, wch will not be soon occupy'd I suppose by my eldest son, who has disposed of himself much better at Gosfield for the present, and to whom this can only be a pis aller, as indeed it is to me, for instead of dating Enfield, I might more properly change the spelling to En-Ville. Houses par ci, houses par là, houses par tout. Not over against us luckily, nor exactly behind, for there is the Chase, but— I won't set you against it for some time or other (I wish it may be next Tuesday). You will take this little journey par charité. You go to Portland Street, so to Islington Town, to Tottenham High Cross, to Edmonton; there where the roads divide en fourchette, a friendly post says to Bushhill and Enfield Town, follow it, aim at the church, and ask for Lord Lisburne's house, or perhaps asking for *Mrs. Boscawen* may do. (Hitherto obscure, I may have acquir'd a degree of fame by that time!) I shall look sharp at my iron gate on Tuesday, and will not breakfast till 10. I am one hour and 3 quarters

from Audley Street door to the iron gate aforesaid. You will be 2 hours, being something farther off from the Cavendish County, and may come rather slower. I am heartily sorry to find the Duchess of Portland has had any subject of anxiety, but it seems to tend to much joy and satisfaction. Amen, and ainsi soit il! Lady Weymouth's good spirits are a very good sign. Pray write me word of the success, for I shall rejoyce in it sincerely.

I shall want to know also whether the Duchess's journey to Tunbridge in such uncommon bad weather has not disagreed with her, all wch perhaps you will tell me on Tuesday. Perhaps, too, Mr. Dewes will escort you. You will both fast, for here is nothing good to eat—not a strawberry (that I know of in Enfield). Citizens live luxuriously, they say, and *citizens in abundance* live at Enfield, but they certainly bring their luxury with them. However, I wish you wou'd partake the beans and bacon of your affectionate servant,

F. Boscawen.

Fanny presents her respects, and joins in my petition. George will gather you a nosegay of his best damask roses. The blackbirds will sing to you.

My friends at Badminton are well I thank you. Heartily glad Mrs. Port is so.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 29 June, 72.

W^th^ *infinite pleasure* I shall send my chaize in ye cool of ye morn to Staines, wth a sadle horse, to wait yor time for proceeding hither. Pray consider all ways and means, to make yor journey as little fatiguing as possible. The weather has lasted uncom̃only hot a long time for our climate, y^t^ I flatter myself it may moderate before Thursday. I wish L^y^ Weymouth's anxiety was over. 'Tis a situation of fear and perplexity, y^t^ desease being liable to so many various turns. I take her to be of a calm temper, where reason presides, wch will make her go thro' it wth less bad effects. I'll say nothing of ye D^s^ D. of P. You'l answ^r^me all questions. I had a letter last post from Mrs. Mountagu, conformable to my possitive com̃ands, from Melton, where she was just arriv'd. Complaints of ye heat and dust, and fatigue therefrom (and no'ther) as any person younger and stronger w^d^ feel.

Conscience, I've long thought, has given over smiting, or else such universal injuries, both publick and private, c^d^ not hapen. I envy not all they gain by it. We'll talk it over in this my h^ble^ *cell*. In the meantime, d^r^ Mrs. Delany, adieu.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Bill Hill, near Twyford, Berks, 9 July, 1772.

I am quite unhappy at being so long without hearing from dear Lady Andov^r^. I hope you and all you love are well, and that company at home, or going abroad, or some of your ingenious works, have not allow'd you leisure to write. I am too well assured of your lady^ps^ goodness to me to attribute it to any sort of unkindness. I most heartily congratulate you on the recovery of all the little Thynnes from the small-pox, and during their being in a doubtful state I would not write. They have had it very well, and the dear Duchess of Portland gone to Weymouth with a contented mind. How long she will stay she does not at present know herself, but I believe not much longer than a fortnight, and I have promised to meet her at Bulstrode.

I came to this place the 2d of July, far from being in a happy state of mind, as Lady Weymouth's children were all ill, and the distemper not come to its heigth; but I had fix'd my time with Lady Gower before I knew they had sickened.

I hope your lady^p^ and Miss F. Howard, and the dear little prattler have enjoy'd this fine weather. How delightfull must the shade and sweets of y^r^ beautifull Hill be in such weather.

I sent the measure of the drawing according to your ladyship's commands before I came away from Bulstrode, and hope it came safe. We live tranquilly here and unmolested by neighbours, which suits the dulness of my spirit very well, but indeed Lady Gower's *spirited conversation* wants *no addition* to make the time pass very

agreably, I wish I were more worthy of it; if I could enclose some of it I would still add to my letter, but as I cannot, will only say, tho' imperfectly, that I am,

Dear Lady Andover's
Most affectionate and
Most obedient humble ser^{t},
M. DELANY.

My best compliments attend Miss Howard and Lady Maria. Hope Lord Suffolk is well.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Enfield, 14th July, (1772 ?)

I am not quite sure you have not thought me ungratefull, my dear madam, when, on the contrary I have only been frugal; a virtue so rare in this age that I beg you will not discourage it, and tell me "I need not have waited for a frank." As to your gracious visit, my dear madam, that is impayable; thanks are out of the question, but I am satisfy'd with my *sense* of it.

I heartily congratulate you on the *sunshine* you enjoy with y^{r} noble friend at Bill Hill, and on the welcome messenger that dispell'd all y^{r} clouds.

Do you know I have been tempted to write to the Duchess of Portland to congratulate her on the happy end of her anxiety, and the recovery of her beloved g.-children, however, upon consideration I said "No" to myself, for her Grace is so obliging and polite that she wou'd answer me were it ever so disagreeable and inconvenient; I think it may possibly be both, to write many letters at Weymouth, where her Grace's écritoire is certainly not

montée de la belle manière. I will not interrupt her enjoyment of that glorious ocean she is so fond of, (and that I us'd to delight in beyond all sights and all objects whatever).

Our precious Worcester had a short relapse, but is, I thank God, again recover'd, and so perfectly that I had a very cheerfull letter from his mother this morning. She had got Mr. and Mrs. Southwell with her at Badmin. All have been afflicted with certain Tetbury races, wch in weather like this *do require* a *considerable share* of *patience* and *good humour* to hold out thro' the ven'son dinner, the broiling tedious races, and the stewing stifling balls, doing the honours of all, and smiling and smirking thro' the day! We meantime in our obscure tranquility visit our cedar of Lebanon, or sit in our own grove, or take our airings upon the Chace, or do just what we please; and we please to read a good deal, and work a little. I have been to Lon^n^ for a few hours just to see my boy safe on his way to college, and just to endear this *Enville* to me by the sight and smell of the other. I do not think I ever saw London so odious, so aparently si déserté; and the brick kilns, and the dust, oh it is beyond all description. My neighbour Miss Leveson is in town, wch you may believe amaz'd me, when I knew she might be at Bill Hill; I heard Lady Gower say she had invited her. Her ladyship does us a great deal of honour to mention us favorably, and Miss B. has other obligations to her bounty of which she is very sensible, and takes a great deal of care that they shall be well apply'd. The post to-day tells me of a marriage in our family, but as it is not *announc'd* to me I know not if I may depend upon it; that Mr. Frederick, eldest son of

Sr Charles, and of my sister[1] (that is Admiral Boscawen's), is going to be marry'd to Miss Howard, only child of Mr. Howard of Ashtead, who is Lord Suffolk's uncle.[2] I fancy it must be a good marriage for the young man, who is in the Guards, and therefore wonder my sister has not told me of it. I hear also that Ld Lyttelton's son[3] has persuaded a very rich (and very worthy) East Indian widow, who has bo^t^ the Leasowes,[4] (a Mrs. Pearch or Peach) to take him with all his faults; it is to be hop'd she will *help him* to *amend them*, for 'tis *so great* a work that he will want assistance. I am glad of any good that happens to my lord, but having heard a respectable character of the woman, one is rather in pain for her rashness! Adieu, my dear madam. You see I did well to get a frank as I have wrote a bushell. You are not oblig'd to read it, at least not all at one dose, but be sure do not leave out the sincere wishes *we* form for your health and happiness. Continuance of good news from Ilam, Rotterdam, Weymouth, every place where your own are concern'd, and believe me ever, my dear friend,

Most gratefully
And affectionately yours,
F. Boscawen.

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[1] Sir Charles Frederick, K.B., Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and his wife Lucy, daughter of Hugh Boscawen, 1st Lord Falmouth, had three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Charles, born in 1748, is not recorded by Burke to have married at all.

[2] Lord Suffolk's uncle, Mr. Howard, was subsequently 14th Earl of Suffolk and 7th of Berkshire. His only child, Diana, married, in 1782, Sir Michael le Fleming, Bart., of Rydal, Westmoreland.

[3] Thomas, 2nd Lord Lyttleton, married, during his father's lifetime, Aphia, widow of Joseph Peach, Governor of Calcutta.

[4] The paternal inheritance of Shenstone, the poet, who died in 1763. A "Description of the Leasowes," by R. Dodsley, is prefixed to Shenstone's Poems.

My daur (you observe) joins me in every good wish to you, and thanks for y^e^ "*àlamode.*"

I have measured the cedar I told you of, it is nine feet 3 inches in circumference.

The Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Delany.

Weymouth, July 19th, 1772.

How happy my dearest friend made me by her delightfull letter, you can easier guess than I express. I returned last Saturday from Mr. Seymer's[1] at Hanford, he inquired much after you; he and Mrs. Seymer expressed such concern that they had not the pleasure of being introduced to you till a day or two before they left Bath. They are exceeding good sort of people, very obliging and good-humoured, and he is as generous as a prince, has given me fosils and butterflys without end, and I hope to improve by his instructions. I begin to have *the mal du pais,* and am greatly impatient to get home, and I purpose to set out on Tuesday, and if it is in my power perhaps may call at Bill Hill on Thursday, stay one night; and beg you will make my best comp^ts^ to Lady Gower, and to assure her I am always glad of an opportunity of waiting on her, and that if it is in my power will certainly call on her on Thursday, and am very sorry I shall not be able to stay but one night. I hope my dearest friend is well, and as you seem in spirits, I flatter myself it is so. I was delighted with your letter.

[1] Henry Seymer, of Hanford, Esq., near Blandford, Dorsetshire. He was a naturalist, entomologist, conchologist, and mineralogist, and his cabinets of shells were very rich. He died 13th July, 1785.

I have been packing twenty kinds of sea-plants, besides sea-weeds, so that I am as busy as possible.

My neighbours are very good to me. But O! my dearest friend how happy I am the time draws so near for our meeting. I hope to have laid in such a stock of health as not to take any more journeys this year but to Wroxton, and that will be only one day.

Duchess Dowager of Portland to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, July 20th, 1772.

I have been unwilling to trouble dear Mrs. Port, with a dull letter which has prevented me so long returning you thanks for the favour of yours, but as I can have the pleasure to inform you of the health of some of your friends, it may make a dull letter acceptable. Mrs. Ravaud is in very good spirits and in better health than when we saw her last year, and I wish the sea air, (as she don't intend to bathe,) will be as efficatious to her health as it has been to mine. I hope to-morrow to see dear Mrs. Delany, and that I shall have the joy and comfort of bringing her back with me on Wednesday. I flatter myself you enjoy perfect health, as well as Mr. Port, to whom I beg my best compliments, and to your little daughter.

I am, dear madam,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

M. C. PORTLAND.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 9th Aug., 72.

You was most obliging, dr madam, in giving me ye satisfaction of knowing yt you, and ye Ds of Portland got well to Bullstrode, and I hope not much annoy'd by heat and dust; for her's and yor goodness to me merited reward, *ye very bees* thought so, by *swarming* in her road. I'm delighted wth ye incident, pleasing myself wth ye thought yt it made ye way seem shorter; beg my best respects to her Grace, for her kind inquiries, &c. &c. I'm certainly better, ye fury of ye disorder is nigh spent, and if ye ground was something softer, I wd endeavour oftener to try wt I've been told, "yt a *horse* is ye best *physician*, and an *ass* ye best *apothecary*." Ye last I regularly apply too, no weather interupts.

I met Mrs. T. in a vissit, quite absorb'd in ye Wiltshire controverted election: if *graces and volubility* will carry it, Mr. Herbert stands a bad chance, 'tis computed 'twill cost him ten thousand pounds, wether he succeeds or not.

If you told me ye distress'd people's names, and their particular case, I've quite forgot it. I remember upon ye whole a dismal story, it called for attention and reliefe; must desire ye too first particulars, believing it necessary to be very plain and exact in executing a trust. Don't have any qualms abt postage, 'tis ye only part I contribute too, for all ye fine things yt are said to me on these occasions. I have begun ye waters, in a very gentle maner, find no ill effect from ym, hope for great benefit. Sick, or well, ever most faithfully yrs.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 16th Aug., 1772.

Have not I been very good to you, my dear Lady Andover, to leave you the peaceful enjoyment of your shade and sunshine, your pencil and your book, without interrupting you with an insignificant letter, but finding I must suffer by it, by not hearing from your ladyship, my modesty gives way to the earnest desire I have of knowing how you do, and all those you love. I hope the heat of the weather has not continued to have the same effect as at first; it is no wonder such a sudden change of climate should too much relax tender nerves having been for some years past under the frigid zone.

Our dear friend, I thank God, has brought charming health and spirits from Weymouth, and desires her kind love to you. To-morrow we set out for Wroxton, and return on Friday; I feel a reluctance in being so far from home; but being so kindly solicited and travelling in so easy a way has conquered my scruples. I must now rejoyce with y^r^ ladyship on Lord Dartmouth's [1] appointments, it must give pleasure to all his friends, and does honour to those who distinguish his merit. We have had but few interlopers since we returned to Bulstrode, and all our occupations have gone on. We devote as much of our time to the garden as we can, and by the addition last week of a glorious moon were hardly sensible how much the days have shortened, but every season

[1] "The Right Hon. William, Earl of Dartmouth, was appointed one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, Aug. 14th, 1772, and on the 31st of August, First Lord of Trade and Plantations."

brings its amusement, and our works and books reconciles us to candlelight. The Dss. of Portland has not this summer been edified by Mr. Lightfoot's[1] lectures; he is sailing over lakes, traversing islands, clambering rocks, &c. &c., among the Western Isles of Scotland, in order to lay his prizes at her Grace's feet next Michaelmass.

At present I believe Lord Lytelton is one of the happiest men in England, and if his virtues can make up for the absence of them in his son, Mrs. Lytelton[2] may be a happy woman, but the chance is *much against her*, which is pity, for everybody says she is good and agreable.

My best complim^ts attend Miss F. Howard and dear little Lady M., the same to Ld Suffolk, if within y^r walls. I am ever y^r ladyship's most affect^e

And most obed^t

M. DELANY.

The Dowager Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 16th Aug., 72.

Inclos'd is a dra^t for one hundred pound, payable to Mrs. Sandford (or order), for ye benefit of Mrs. Shuckborough. W^n you write pray assure Mrs. S. of my sincere congratulations on her son's recovery. I w^d return her a letter, but have ne'er a ffrank left. Direct this to

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[1] The Rev. John Lightfoot, born at Newent in 1735, rector of Sheldon, in Hampshire, and afterwards of Gotham and Sutton, in Nottinghamshire. He was a Fellow of the Royal and Linnæan Societies, published the "Flora Scotica," in 2 vols., and drew up a catalogue of the Duchess of Portland's Museum. He died in 1788, and his Herbarium was purchased by George III.

[2] The Hon. Mr. Lyttleton, only son of Lord Lyttleton, married, July 8, 1772, Mrs. Peach, widow of the late Col. Peach.

Whitehall, hoping it will catch you on yor way to Wroxton;[1] if it does not, conclude there 'twill be taken care of. No letters have come here for you since you left me. I sh^d wth infinite pleasure follow ye D^s of P. prescription, tho' I'm better as to ye cough, yet certainly have somthing of y^t humour called St Ant^s ffire flying ab^t me; it has show'd more outwardly since I drank this water, probably ye cause of ye cough going off. If it continues to agree wth me I'm to drink it six weeks at least. Besides these lions in ye way, I have an immovable one—*age*. I feel so old y^t its impossible to stir from home. Sorry I am you sh^d be affected by my superanuation, and give you ye trouble of writing w^t I ought to have remember'd. Adieu, d^r madam.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Enfield, Aug. 21st, 1772.

I wou'd not have my dear Mrs. Delany forget her friend at Enfield! How has the hot weather agreed with you? perfectly I hope, and shall be glad to hear so, as well as that the Duchess's health is just in the state you wish it. Her Grace honor'd me with a most kind letter: I was extremely sensible of her goodness, which I endeavour'd to express by the return of the post.

I observ'd in the news papers to-day that a gentleman is dead at his house upon Uxbridge Common; I will not wish myself his heir, but I shall be glad lawfully to suc-

[1] Wroxton Abbey, near Banbury, the seat of Lord North.

ceed to his dwelling; meantime I am going to see one upon Mill Hill (far enough from Uxbridge), wch is recommended to me by a new acquaintance, whom I like mightily, and not the less for his having a great respect for you. It is Mr. Burrow (the Rev^d^.), who preaches at Berkeley Chapel. He seems to know you, tho' not so much as he wishes perhaps, and as I guess by means of Mrs. Chapone and that family, with whom he is very intimate. He lives on the other side of Enfield Chace at Hadley, of which he is minister. We have seen him three or four times; a great acquisition to our neighbourhood, and sometimes we treat ourselves with Hadley Church of a Sunday morning instead of Enfield; the *difference* is very great, and the drive across the Chace very pleasant.

We have another new neighbour since I wrote to you, Lady Mayne;[1] she has a charming place at Southgate, to wch one goes also thro' the Chace. This dry summer has made good roads where there used to be bad ones We have had a visit from our friend Captain Wallis,[2] who has been sent for out of Cornwall by Lord Sandwich [3] to contribute his quota of materials for the history that Dr. Hawksworth [4] is compiling of circumnavigation.

We are reading the works of a traveller by land, wch suit me better than voyages by sea (alass!); a Mr.

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[1] The Hon. Frances Allen, daughter of Joshua, 2nd Viscount Allen, married, in 1758, Sir William Mayne, Bart., of Marston Mortain, who was, in 1776, created Baron Newhaven.

[1] The celebrated navigator.

[2] John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich, who was at that time First Lord of the Admiralty.

[3] John Hawkesworth, LL.D., author of the "Adventurer." The compilation of voyages here alluded to is well known.

Marshall[1] has publish'd his journey thro' Holland, Flanders, Germany, and the northern parts of Europe; it is very entertaining sometimes, and sometimes only instructive, upon commerce, politics, agriculture, &c. I have purchas'd another traveller, who comes to England and calls his perigrinations "Londres." It promised to divert us, but my son ran away with it before we had made any progress, and has not restor'd it; but we expect him (my son) to-day to make us what he calls a long visit before he goes into Cornwall, at the desire of Monsr notre Vîcomte.[2]

I do not know the least syllable of news. Miss Tryon din'd with me yesterday; she seemed to allow that her royal mistress was with child; but that is *no news at all*, an event of the year of course.

I believe I may present my congratulations on the heavy rain now falling, it will do good to the plants. Swamps are quite out of the question I should think, and only the families wch delight in rocks can thrive. My best respects wait on the Duchess; my daug^r begs hers. Ever, my dear madam,

Affect. yours,

F. BOSCAWEN.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Enfield. Saturday, 5th Sept., 1772.

What a charming letter have I got from my dearest Mrs. Delany, dated 30th August, and perhaps you think I have taken up my pen to answer it; not I in-

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[1] William Marshall, a well-known writer upon agriculture and rural economy.

[2] Hugh, 2nd Viscount Falmouth, Mrs. Boscawen's brother-in-law.

deed! There are much pleasanter ways of answering than with a pen. I hope to answer *de vive voix* next Friday the 11th, when I am to have the honour and pleasure of paying my respects to the Duchess of Portland. I think her Grace's hour of dinner is 4, but I shall probably make *you* a visit, dear madam, half an hour sooner, and appear at your toilette!

You are going to have a royal guest the Duchess tells me, and I wish her Highness may have good weather; tho' probably she is very indifferent about it, as her visit is to the mistress of Bulstrode, and not to Bulstrode, whose charms she is so well acquainted with. The cave is however new, and many other beauties, perhaps, that I am not aware of, as I have not seen it since 1768—happier days!

I am in pain for Lady Beaulieu,[1] and have thought of her continually since I read a newspaper yesterday that says Miss Montagu is dead! The addition of "Isabella" makes me fear it is her daughter: I should be very thankfull to any body that wou'd contradict it, for the loss must be terrible to her, poor woman! who never tasted any thing of the like kind before. Her husband she did *not* regret, father and mother left her only to *lament* their *unkindness*, so that she has lived threescore years without knowing what that grief is which exceeds all other pains, and will probably overwhelm her! Her daughter must have been 20 years old.

My dear madam, shou'd any thing retard the Prin-

[1] Isabella, daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, married, first, William, 2nd Duke of Manchester, by whom she had no child, and secondly, Edward Hussey, Esq., who assumed the name of Montagu, and was created Earl of Beaulieu.

cess's visit to the Duchess, her Grace will be pleased to send me a messenger. They tell me 'tis but 18 miles from Enfield to Uxbridge cross the country, *but* my march will be thro' London, as I don't love to explore unknown roads. Mrs. Walsingham[1] tells me the Duchess, &c., has made a delightful one from Bulstrode to Windsor. If I can contrive it I must visit *her* after I have enjoyed my pleasant day with you. As to the house upon Uxbridge Common, I think I can get up on Saturday morning, go and see it, and return just before the breakfast begins in the gallery, mais *nous verrons*, and mean while I think of Friday ye 11th with great pleasure. My best respects wait on the Duchess.

I am most affectionately yours,

F. B.

I have just rece^d^ a letter from Lady Edgcumbe,[2] who has been very ill of a bilious fever, but is recover'd, thank God! and out on horseback (for the first time) by order of her physician; her illness was very violent, she says, tho' short.

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. John Dewes, at Calwich.

Bulstrode, 5th Sept., 1772.

My dear Nephew,

I intended addressing this letter to my dear brother, but as your account gives me apprehensions it

[1] Daughter of Sir C. H. Williams (of Coldbrooke, Bt.), and wife of Admiral the Hon. R. Boyle Walsingham.

[2] Daughter and heir of Dr. John Gilbert, Archbishop of York, and wife of George, 1st Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

may be troublesome to him at this time, I answer your letter first, for which I return you many thanks.

This has been a fine season for the enjoyment of the beauties of Calwich, had my brother been in a state of health to have permitted it to himself or friends. It has pleased God to order it otherwise, but I think the very hot weather has been rather oppressive for him. I have found it so, tho' I am tollerably free from any other complaint. The bite of the gnat (I rather think it must have been something more venemous), was a very troublesome affair, and came at an unlucky time, for I was not able to walk at Wroxton, and in so much pain (which made me very feverish), that I could not enjoy the place, tho' Ld Guilford's kind attention and politeness made it as easy as it would admit of; it is now pretty well again, though not yet able to wear my shoe, but a large slipper; this is a long tale about such a trifling matter. I am glad you have received so good an account of Court, I hope he will return in perfect health. I was at Compton when last at Welsbourne—it is surprisingly *mended*, but cannot admit of any comparison with Wroxton, where nature has done everything that can be wished for, and is improved by the best judgement. Last Thursday se'night we went to breakfast at Mr. Waller's at Beconsfield to see the place, which for some years has been unregarded, tho' formerly a place everybody went to see. I could only drive about a little in the chaise, but I think it charming for what there is of it, and capable of much improvement, which Mrs. Waller, (who seems to delight in it,) is going to undertake, or at least she means to spirit up Mr. Waller to *do justice* to the place. I hear no news. Lord Litchfield, who was reported dead,

is alive, and they say better. Miss Montagu, an only daughter to Lord and Lady Beaulieu, (*Dss. of Manchester that was*) is dead,[1] which everybody that knew her laments; and pities her mother, who doated on her. I begun this letter last post, but a little busyness carried the Dss. of Portland to town for a day, and I took ye opportunity of settling some little matters at my own home; we returned last night and are now preparing to receive a visit next Thursday from the Princess Amelia, who has sent word she will dine here. I enclose some verses which perhaps you may not have seen, if you have, excuse my troubling you with them.

My love and best wishes to your uncle.

I am very anxious to receive better accounts from Calwich.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 14th Sept., 1772.

A gracious visit from her R. H. Princess Amelia,[2] has made some little disturbance even in this palace. All the comfortable sophas and great chairs, all the piramids of books (adorning *almost every chair*), all the tables and *even the spinning-wheel* were banish'd for that day, and the blew damask chairs set in prim form around the room, only one arm'd chair placed in the middle for her Royal Highness; she came in a post coach and four, only

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[1] The Hon. Isabella Montague, daughter of Lord Beaulieu, died at Hungerford, Sept. 3rd, 1772.

[2] Princess Amelia, second daughter of King George II. She died, unmarried, 31st Oct., 1786.

attended by two footmen and a groom; in the coach with her was Lady Lothian,[1] and the lady in waiting, Lady Anne Noel.[2] They were here by a q^r after one, conducted by the keeper, who met them at the end of the common, and were brought (not the common way,) but thro' "*the bosom.*" The Dss. met her at the hall door, and I stood in the hall; when the Princess had paid her complim^ts to her Grace, she came up directly to me and said many civil things wch I hope I answer'd properly. She was so easy, good-humoured and entertaining, that I was glad I had not absented myself. She was delighted with the place and her entertainment, which was magnificent and pollish'd to the last degree, yet everything conducted with the utmost ease. The Princess went all over the house and garden, but insisted upon the Dss. of P. and my not attending her there, only her ladies. We dined at three, and she had a polite attention to every ingenious ornament on the table, and you may be sure Mr. Leiver's ingenuity, &c., was *not idle* on the occasion. After dinner she would see my own apartments, and made me display all my frippery works, all which she graciously commended; we then adjourned into the library, and at seven the Princess return'd to Gunnersbury by moonlight. The next day the Dss. of Portland sent to enquire how she did in a note to ye lady in waiting, and the Princess wrote a letter of thanks for the enquiries, and "for the delightfull day she spent at Bulstrode," with her own hand. This princely visit has taken up an acre of ground, but here it ends.

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[1] Lady Lothian. Lady Caroline D'Arcy, only daughter of Robert, Earl of Holdernesse, married, in 1735, William Henry, 4th Marquess of Lothian.

[2] Lady Anne Noel, daughter of Baptist Noel, 4th Earl of Gainsborough.

Mrs. and Miss Boscawen came here on Friday to dinner. Saturday morning they travelled away to Uxbridge Common in search of a house, well recommended, but proved not worth having. This morning they are gone to see Mrs. Walsingham at Windsor, return to dinner, and go away to-morrow. Very well, and very agreable, and very kind enquiries after the dear friends at Ilam. I have had a very satisfactory letter from Court, and now having a long one to write of business, can only add that my tender wishes and affection are never ceasing to all three.

To Miss Port, of Ilam, aged 1 year, from her Aunt Delany, aged 72.

Bulstrode, 16th Sept., 1772.

My dearest little child, this is your birthday, and I wish you joy of its return; perhaps if you knew what a world you are enter'd into, *so abounding* with evil you would not say "*Ta*" to me for my congratulation, but the precepts and example of your excellent parents will teach you how to make so good a use of the tryals you will necessarily meet with, that they will not only be supportable, but lead to a state of happiness that will have no alloy. This is above your understanding at present, and a rattle or a little squeaking cuckoo will suit much you better; so for the present I leave you to your infantine amusements, which I shall be as ready to contribute to when I can, as I am to testifye how dearly you are beloved by,

Your great

A. D.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 18th Sept., 1772.

I am greatly oblig'd to you, d^r^ mad^m^, for so kindly enquiring after my health; 'tis much mended, and I realy think I am now as well as an old woman can hope to be; rise so early, and am so alert y^t^ I've had thoughts of breakfasting at Bullstrode, and returning here before 'tis dark; for as I'm dexterous at contrivi^g^ a journey I *know* I can do this wth ease, soposing ye D^s^ of Portland was *w^th^out company* (wch seldom hapens), and, being old and humoursome, wth more ease y^n^ lying out of my own bed!

The first week in the month I wrote to Ld Littleton my excuses in a soft, tender style; but something wond'rous sad, viz., y^t^ I was so old and spiritless y^t^ I c^d^ not avail myself of ye pleasant plan he had drawn out for me, *ye cause* I *expected* from ye strength of poetick fiction he w^d^ contradict; instead, his ans^r^ is cold and short as a *dull winter's day*; says, his son[1] is from home (*a bad sign*) great encomium on his daughter-in-law. Mr. C. Dewes' note was most polite; hopes for ye assistance of L^y^ Carysfort,[2] but Providence has otherways order'd it, for I had a letter from L^y^ Mayne of ye 7th ins^t^. to inform me of ye death of Ld Carysfort, and y^t^ her sister was to come immediately to England: I hope ye event won't distress M^r^. D.? I'm sure it does *not* me;

[1] Thomas, afterwards 2nd Lord Lyttleton, married Apphia Witts, widow of Joseph Peach, Governor of Calcutta.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of John, 2nd Viscount Allen, and coheir of her brother John, the 3rd Viscount, married the Right Hon. Sir John Proby, who in 1752 was created Baron Carysfort, and died, Oct. 18, 1772.

and I dare say he may find a *madamoiselle* at Lisle to take ye trouble of choosing off his hands. W^n^ you write, praying best complim^ts^ to him, y^t^ he will most oblige by giving himself as little trouble ab^t^ it as possible. Ld Albemarle[1] has been on ye brink of ye grave of an inflamation in his bowells, symptoms of ye jaundice follow'd, y^t^ was remov'd, and he recover'd enough to go out; but in ab^t^ a week he relaps'd, and was thought again in danger; however, I heard to day he is well enough to take ye air; I wish ye recovery may last. Pray mention me to ye D^s^ of P. as a most h^ble^ serv^t^ and well-wisher to all y^t^ is hers, and all her philosophical researches; 'twou'd have sour'd anything but a philosopher to throw all aside for such hon^rs^, &c. But while I am writing against others I myself am *a cast-away*, so farewell for this time.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street. 2 o'clock, (Sept., 1772.)

My dear Madam,

We have had, or rather should have had, a pleasant journey, if we had not been coming *from* Bulstrode; but in that case few things appear pleasant, neither bright sun or soft air. Found my son, who, having had the precaution to get us a dinner, insists on our eating it with him; so we must ask pardon of our dinner at Enfield, and defer our arrival there till sunset. Your young friend has taken her walk, and gives me the

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[1] George, 3rd Earl of Albemarle, died Oct. 13, 1772.

inclos'd to present to you; she is now gone to visit Lady Sefton.[1] All the news I hear is that L[d] Albemarle[2] being relaps'd, Ad[l] Keppel[3] was sent for to him, but is unable to go, having put out his knee, and now L[d] Albemarle is rather better, but still in a dangerous way. Once more adieu, my dearest madam. I am sure you know how truly I am sensible of all the favours and kindnesses I have received at Bulstrode, and will say a word of my gratitude to the Duchess when you do me the honour to mention me. I shall wish to hear of her Grace's health and yours; may both be perfect and long remain so.

&c. &c.

F. Boscawen.

My dau[r] presents her respects. She did not find L[y] Sefton at home.

Notre *grand repas* est annoncé; but pray pity our tête-a-tête in the evening at Enfield.

I open my letter to tell you that Mrs. T. Pitt[4] is brought to bed of a daughter.

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[1] Isabella, second daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington, married, Nov. 27, 1768, Charles William Molyneux, 1st Earl of Sefton.

[2] George Keppel, 3rd Earl of Albemarle, K.G., died Oct. 13, 1772, and was succeeded by his son William-Charles, the 4th Earl.

[3] Admiral Edward Keppel, afterwards created Viscount Keppel, was brother to the 3rd Earl.

[4] Wife of Thomas Pitt, eldest son of the eldest brother of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. This Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, was raised to the peerage, January 5, 1784, as Baron Camelford. His wife was Anne, daughter and coheir of Pinkney Wilkinson, of Burnham, Norfolk, Esq.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Enfield, 30th Sept., 1772.

I have wanted leisure (but not gratitude, believe me) to acknowledge my dearest Mrs. Delany's most kind and most welcome letter; to hear of your walk, of the Duchess's good night and good health, was most pleasant hearing to me; but I have never been able to say so much from that time to this. At first when I returned from "les Delices de Bulstrode," "*tout le monde me vint tirer sa botte.*" Not only the neighbours that I *have*, but one of those I *us'd* to have in Surry, at Hatchland's. A neighbour not willing to lose old acquaintance came to spend a day with me; Mr. Burrows only intended me a morning visit, but found the equinox en campagne, and was very glad to remain all day and during a stormy night; but a propos of equinox—how did the hurricane of the 24th agree with my dear friends at Bulstrode? for indeed it was terrible enough to affect stronger nerves than theirs, and to awake sounder sleepers. I heard a dreadfull crash about 3, and thought the chimnies were falling; but it was a great elm broke asunder in the back yard just behind my bed; happily its vast debris fell into the pond, and not over the house. The morning after the storm we set out for Langleybury (Mr. Amyands) where we spent four days, *trops remplis* with airings, and quadrilles, &c., to find any hours for writing. We had very agreeable company in the house, of your acquaintance, viz., Sir Wm Musgrave,[1] and Mr. C. Lang-

[1] Sir William Musgrave, of Hayton, Bt., m. Isabel, daughter of William, Lord Byron, and widow of Henry, 4th Earl of Carlisle.

lois,[1] the former may possibly be at Bulstrode by this time. We had very fine weather, Monday only excepted, when Lord and Lady Hyde and their son came to dine with Lady Northampton.[2] How the children grow up! I remember that heir apparent in a frock not long ago methinks. Lady Hyde inquired after your health. Lady N. carry'd me to see Cashiobury[3] (the owners being absent); it *might* be *made* fine, I think, in other hands; at present the house is more like a *French hotel* than an English nobleman's country seat! Lady Dow^r E^s farm was just the reverse, being very neat. I did not go into the house, wch I had seen, but the grounds were very pretty and well kept.

Lady Hyde's portraits are always charming to me, and my lady permitted me (in a short morning's visit[4]) to gaze at them at my leisure, which I preferr'd (I own) to all the *propos* flatteurs with which she graciously receiv'd me.

Yesterday we returned hither to our Michaelmas-goose, and I take the earliest opportunity to thank you, my dear madam, for the two papers you were so good to copy for us. My dau^r, proud to have executed y^r small commission well, now aspires to transact a *great one* for the Duchess, and to procure for her Grace a sheet-cow and bull, or rather, I believe, two calves of different sexes. The Duchess of Beaufort enters into the negotiation

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[1] Mr. C. Langlois might have been Mr. L'Anglois, who was alive in the commencement of 1800, and was executor or trustee to David, 2nd Earl of Mansfield.

[2] "Miss Hougham," 2nd wife of Spencer, 8th Earl of Northampton.

[3] The seat of the Earl of Essex, near Watford, Herts.

[4] To the Grove, near Watford, Herts, the seat of Lord Hyde, who was, in 1776, created Earl of Clarendon.

with particular pleasure; but both will be angry if I presume to take it out of their hands, so I will say no more of it. Your young friend will take the liberty to write to you when she has succeeded, and her sister will inform her of the march of these pretty animals. I am only afraid they will dirty their sheets as they come along, and make only a very common appearance when they arrive.

I cannot tell you any news. I have heard that Lord Palmerstone[1] is going to be marry'd to a physician's daughter, whose name I don't know, and that Mr. J. St. John (forbid it honour) is marry'd to a certain *Poll* Kennedy, much too well known. Neither of these events sound likely, and are probably *contes faites à plaisir*.

What is true is a marriage in my family, which surpris'd me a good deal (having totally disbeliev'd all the reports I had heard of it). Lady Jane Evelyn, my brother's widow, is going to be married to Dr. Pepys.[2] One cannot but think it an *unequal match!* Au reste—I believe he is a gentleman by birth, and certainly by education and manners; his character, too, is excellent; but you would have pity'd me, had you seen how I was puzzled and distressed in answering an obliging letter her ladyship wrote me to impart her intentions. I

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[1] Henry Temple, 2nd Viscount Palmerston, was at that time a widower, his first wife, Frances, only daughter of Sir Francis Poole, Bart., having died in 1769. He married, secondly, in 1783, Mary, daughter of Benjamin Mee, Esq.

[2] Lady Jane's first husband, George Raymond Evelyn, Esq., Mrs. Boscawen's youngest brother, died Dec. 23, 1770, and on the 30th Oct., 1772, Lady Jane married Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart. She was the eldest daughter of John Leslie, 8th Earl of Rothes, and in the year 1773, on the death of her brother John, the 9th Earl, became Countess of Rothes in her own right.

cou'd not *rejoice with her*, for I did *not* rejoice (*au contraire*); and I did not congratulate upon what I cou'd not approve; but my approbation is not necessary, and "*ce ne sont pas là* mes affairs." However, I had rather have wrote ten letters than that one answer. A propos of letters. I hope the Duchess has rec^{d} those of L^{d} C^{h},[1] wch we got copy'd in the house, and I sent them last Friday to Whitehall by a safe hand.

Fanny tells me more news, as that Mr. Jenkinson is going to be marry'd to Lady Eliz. Parker,[2] daughter of Lord Macclesfield; that Lady S. Bunbury[3] is to live with Sr Charles, and meantime is at Holland House inoculating *her* child, who *grows very like* Sr Charles. That Lord Villiers[4] has spent *all*, and Lady Grandison a good deal in his service. I suppose that cannot be literally true, tho' his lordship is very ingenious in the art of wasting the most possible money in the least possible time. That Mrs. A. Pitt is to spend her winter at Paris, and will sell her villa at Knightsbridge. Lady Hyde told us something about the Duchess of Gloster's[5] manner of receiving Mrs. Walsingham, wch I did not make out; but you will

[1] Chesterfield, Philip-Dormer Stanhope, the 4th Earl, died in March, 1773.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Parker, daughter of Thomas, 3rd Earl of Macclesfield, married John Fane, Esq., of Wormsley, Oxfordshire.

[3] Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond, married, in 1762, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart., of Barton, Suffolk. Lady Sarah married, secondly, the Hon. George Napier.

[4] Elizabeth, Countess Grandison in her own right, married Aland-John Mason, Esq. Their son George, Lord Villiers, became, at his mother's death, Earl of Grandison.

[5] H. R. H. William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, 3rd son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and brother of King George III., married, Sept. 6, 1766, Maria, Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

probably hear the story, if any there be, for I did not perceive that it was mention'd otherwise than report. Adieu, dear madam, pray take care of your health, and do *not* walk (now that much rains has made the ground damp) except in the delightful drawing-room; 9 times to and fro every morning will satisfy me in the article exercise, to which I should like to add some morning drives with the Duchess in the post-chase. My gratefull respects attend her Grace, whose goodness to me I shall never forget. Continue me yours, my dear madam, for I am,

Very affectionately,

Your faithfull servt,

F. Boscawen.

My daughter says more of her respects and gratitude than I can insert.

From Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

(? Oct., 1772.)

The Duke and Duchess of Cumbd to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding day gave a grand entertainment to all their attendants, a ball and supper for fifty people, and all the valets des chambres and abigails within their compass graced the entertainment, whilst their R. H.'s[1] condescended to be put to bed by a housemaid and a footman. I think there is a third

[1] H. R. H. Prince Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, brother to King George III., was born in Oct. 1745, and married, in Oct. 1771, the Hon. Anne Luttrell, daughter of Lord Irnham, afterwards Earl of Carhampton and widow of Christopher Horton, Esq., of Catton Hall, Derbyshire. Horace Walpole mentions her as "Mrs Horton," sister to "Colonel Luttrell, whom the Court crammed into the House of Commons instead of Wilkes."

Duchess might dance the hays with them who has unsuccessfully tried all her charms to inveigle company. Had they proved as *un*availing with his G. of K. happy would it have been for him? She has her state coach following her wherever she bestows her presence, with three or four *ladies* (or rather *misses*) called her maids of honour. She wears a sack sometimes white, sometimes other colours, trimmed with roses of ribbon, in each a large diamond, no cap, and diamonds in her hair, and some gewgaws hovering over her head; a tucker edged with diamonds, a little twist with a jewel dangling, and no more of a tippet than serves to make her fair bosom conspicuous rather than to hide it. I hear no news but a fine singer, I suppose *à la mode*, is to *squall* to admiration this winter!

I had last post a letter from my brother, with as satisfactory an account of himself as I fear I am to expect. He tells me he gets rest by the help of laudanum, and mentions you tenderly (for him,) and is afraid of your venturing out, as your bridge has suffered,—a piece of news I was sorry to hear, but hope the damage can be easily repaired. Our dear Duchess's best wishes, as well as those of your ever affectionate

M. D.

A Mr. Jones [1] has published a translation of Asiatick Poetry, among it a poem on the game of chess. I fancy it is your old acquaintance.

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[1] Sir William Jones, the eminent Oriental scholar, was born in London in 1746. His father was a Welshman of illustrious descent, and a friend of Sir Isaac Newton. He distinguished himself at Harrow and Oxford, and added to scholastic attainments remarkable skill in manly exercises and accomplishments, he also played on the Welsh harp. In 1765 he became private

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 4th Oct., 1772.

I will write to you all the prittle-prattle I can pick up, in hopes of amusing you. As to the grand affair in question, the kind visit you wish to make, and I to receive, don't let it give you a moment's perturbation should it not happen, for I am satisfied neither you nor Mr. Port will be to blame, and unless it can be done *without giving offence*, and also without inconvenience in *every* respect, it will be no happiness to either of us. Your returning in bad weather you must take into consideration, as you lye-in in the country, which I think quite reasonable if agreeable to your own inclination. I have as good an opinion of Mr. D. as Mr. G. has, but without depreciating the merit of *others*; but above all I hope I have that reliance on Providence as to give me the most cheerfull hope and dependance on support and protection for my dearest Mary wherever she is. I believe Lady Weymouth will be confined in the month of Dec^{r}, and the Dss will choose to stay here till she is brought to bed, and go then directly. I should not in that case like to leave her here alone, so that we may both stay till Xtmas,

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tutor to Lord Althorp, and in 1769 and 70 travelled with his pupil on the Continent. In 1771 he adopted the Law as a profession. In 1772, he published a Collection of Poems, chiefly from Eastern authors. In 1774 he published his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry, and in the same year was called to the Bar. In 1783 he married Miss Shipley, daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, received the honour of Knighthood and embarked for India. In 1784 he established the Asiatic Society. He died in India, April 27, 1794. He was master of twenty-eight languages, and among them of his paternal Welsh.

and I would willingly be at home a week to be sure that the house is well air'd *in case* you come.

Sr Willm Musgrave and Mrs. Dashwood are here now, and make many enquiries after you. You are a very modest mother to have kept all the personal charms of y^r^ daughter to yourself. From what *you* told me I had form'd her to myself a *comely, sprightly, lovely* girl, (tho' not an absolute beauty,) and also the most agreable little creature of her age—this is what *Lady M.* Mordaunt told Mrs. Dashwood at Richmond last week (that she was), *who* was full of the praises of Ilam and its owners. I have not the least suspicion of your spoyling her. An *early obedience* saves infinite chagrine to parents and children, and a very little experience must teach us that the most wretched beings are those who have *no command* of their passions, and *that foundation* must be laid very early, and may be done so cautiously as hardly to be perceived by the little pupil till it gains such ground as to become a habit. Believe me, my dearest Mary, I don't say this by way of preaching to you, for I know it is unnecessary either to you or Mr. Port, for I thank God you are of one mind.

I should imagine if Mr. G. is well eno' to bear the exercise, that the Bath would do him service, and that the *sooner* he went the better. Bern^d^ writes me word Mr. J. Dewes is summoned to Oxford to give his vote for Lord North. Surely there will no spoke be put in *that wheel?* I hope not, on several accounts!- I have had a letter from C. D. from Brussells, with a good acc^t^ of himself, and of his return homewards. I hear Lady Tweeddale and Lady Cath. Hay, who is quite well, are at Hawnes with Lord Granville, who is particularly

fond of his niece. Perhaps it may be a means of reforming him?

The *adventurous widow*, I am afraid, at Hagley, will fail in her hopes of reforming a rake, and dearly pay for her presumption! Everybody is sorry, as she is well spoken of, and much liked; but it is already manifest to the world that his whole scheme was to cheat her of her fortune. He prevailed with her (as he has all the arts of Belial) to marry him *before* the writings were completed, which Lord Ly[n] was endeavouring to get finish'd as soon as possible; but now the wretch refuses to ratify them, so that he is master of her fortune, and she unprovided for. How greatly the poor father is to be pitied! The only hopes now for the defrauded lady is that another marriage in Italy may be proved upon him, and she set at liberty; but as to her fortune, he has no doubt already sunk it.

I have had a charming long letter from Mrs. Boscawen, in pure spirits. Mr. Lightfoot not expected till y[e] end of this month. He will be a welcome guest.

I have invented a new way of imitating flowers. I'll send you next time I write one for a sample. I have done no work but *finishing* the work'd stools, and am now knotting fringe for them, and I have done 3 chimney boards for the drawing-room here, the dining-room, and the Dss own bed-chamber. They are meer bagatelles; but the weather has been so fine we lived much abroad, and my *agility* is not now equal to my *imagination*.

Mrs. Bos[n's] sister-in-law is going to be married to Doct[r] Pepys, a physician,—a very unequal match, and which vexes her family.

The limits of this work will not permit of the insertion, at length, of the letters of Mr. Court Dewes to his sister during his different tours on the Continent. His first letter is dated Harwich, 27th June, 1772, when he was so ill that he said that every chaise he got into, he was in great doubt whether he should order it to drive forwards or home again. He however embarked that evening for Helvoetsluys.

He writes from the Hague the 3rd of the following month, and expresses the great interest he takes in Holland, says he never wished more for health, as he never was in a place where there were more objects to excite and gratify useful curiosity and observation; and that if it pleases God to restore his health he shall make Holland another visit; but that he must hasten to Spa, and try the air and quiet of that place, with horse exercise. He praises the excellent servant who is with him, and says that his companion is a nephew of Lord Exeter's, who with his governor (a Frenchman) is making the same tour. That they dine together, which is much more agreeable than going to ordinaries, and that they pay little more than 2*s.* 6*d.* a-head for an excellent dinner, including dessert and wine. That they propose changing their inn, and going to the Parlement d'Angleterre, which is less expensive; that their present hotel was recommended by a Mr. Crauford, who lives chiefly at Rotterdam, and he had called upon them and invited them to supper with him. That his house is situated on the Bomb quay, one of the noblest streets in Europe, and he entertained them very handsomely. That his fellow-travellers, when at home, were always playing at chess, or on the fiddle, in both of which he joined, accompanying them on the harpsichord, which they found in the inn.

From Spa Mr Court Dewes writes the 28th of July, where he says—"Like Mr. Blunderhead, in the Bath Guide, he sent for a Doctor to tell him how to drink the waters," who immediately prohibited the three things he was particularly fond of, viz., *butter, cheese, and fruit.* That he rose at six, drank the water of the Puhon Spring till half-past seven, then rode till nine, after

which he breakfasted, for the first time in his life, without *butter*, *chocolate*, *milk*, *a crust of bread or a biscuit!* Dined at half-past two, on plain meat, without *pie* or *pudding*, *peas* or *beans*, and supped at nine on a crust of bread and a little wine and water! The only person of his acquaintance whom he had met was Mr. Pery, the Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, whom he had known there, and who also visited Mrs. Delany in London. That the way of life is so exactly like Bath, that were it not for the difference of the buildings he could imagine himself there; but that if possible there was *still more gaming*, "Pharaoh and hazard being the favourite games." That the country round resembled some parts of the Peak, and that some of the prospects between Liege and Spa reminded him so much of Matlock and Ilam that he could not see them without emotion; but that he would wait with patience if it pleases God to restore him to that degree of health, without which life was not worth having, although he did not desire more than a moderate share of either.

On the 19th of August he again writes from Spa, saying that he has given the place fair play; has not been *out* of bed at eleven, or *in* bed at seven, since he came there, and that being advised to intermit the waters he is going first into Germany by Aix la Chapelle, Bonn, Cologne, and Dusseldorf. That he expects his friend, Mr. Coke, to meet him the beginning of September to make the tour of Flanders, and to return to England together the end of October. He mentions Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord Althorpe, Lady Harriet and Lady Georgina Spencer being at Spa, paying him great attention, and sending messages to Ilam. The 19th of September, Mr. Court Dewes again writes from Spa, having nearly recovered his health. He mentions a series of engagements with the Archbishop of Tuam, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Butler, "an Irish gentleman of great fortune," Lord Spencer, Mr. Pery and Mrs. Anne Pitt, "*who had come over by herself;*" but adds that he has not yet had strength to dance, and regrets that a commission from his sister, to get *flax* for her in Holland,

had not reached him before he left that country; but he promises to obtain some in Flanders "although it is liable to be seized."

On the 5th of October, in writing from Brussels, he says, "I partake your pleasure in the improvement of Mary Ann.[1] I am far from vain enough to think I deserve all your partiality says of me, but if I *ever* can be of any use *to her* I shall be very happy. I hope you will be able to bring Miss Landor home with you, as I think a female friend is *almost all* you want at Ilam! I am very willing to believe wth you y^t^ virtuous love and friendship will last beyond y^s^ life. They are the most delightful employments of the soul here, and we have very good authority for thinking they will make a considerable part of its happiness hereafter." "I pass my time more agreeably here (Brussels) than I have done in any place since I came abroad. My mornings are well employed in writing, reading and walking, and I have a spinnet in my room, a little music in the afternoon, an excellent comedy four times a week, and the other nights an assembly at *a Baronne's*, where I go when I please and meet the best company in Brussels; I played at loo last night there in French, which is whimsical enough. There is an agreeable English family here, Mr. Benson, his wife and sister. Though greatly mended, I am not yet fit for much, and though impatient enough to see my friends in England, I shall stay till after the 15th, when there is to be a grand ceremony and gala in honour of the Empress's name-day, St. Theresa."

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Enfield, ye 19th Oct^r^, 1772.

Your kind letter, my dear madam, took a long journey, even as far as Cornwall, from whence my son re-

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[1] His niece, Georgina Mary Ann Port, aged 1 year.

turn'd it me: 'tis well the postmen there were ignorant of the treasure they possess'd, for I think they might have *got* a good deal by *shewing a letter of Mrs. Delany's!* and I am not sure some of the *Corporations* wou'd not have got it fram'd and glaz'd for the ornament of their Town Hall! *so much* is she *held in honour* there by those who have *heard* of her; the few that have *seen* her *there* are now almost worn out, 'tis true, but they have *carefully transmitted her merit* to their posterity, and upon the whole I was very glad to get my letter safe back again. Mine in return must be very unworthy, and sans envelope, for tho' I know you are very free of y^r^ 6 pences, yet I shall think it my indispensible duty to spare them for better occasions; and when I get to Badminton, and have franks at will, then I may talk to you sans fin et sans cesse, if you will be graciously pleas'd to hear me. At present I shall only express my satisfaction to hear that you have enjoy'd the fine days, as I hope you do still, for they increase and multiply upon us, to the great increase of my expences; for every fine day I think we get *another*, and still *another*, gardener, and have new gravel'd the walks, and planted abundance of flowering shrubs, and thicken'd the wood with laurels here, and thin'd it into an open grove there; in short, have bestow'd abundance more shillings upon our landlord than he will ever thank us for, mais cela nous amuse, and might be lost at loo in a night's time! I don't think you have been reduc'd lately to take y^r^ exercise in the gallery, but do it discreetly out of doors, and never go without clogs (tho' they should pinch you), nor stand still when you are warm with walking. I am glad you

have seen Shardelois,[1] because I have always wanted to see it. I hope you will also visit Mrs. Walsingham, because I am sure it will give her pleasure. As she is a very early person, I think you may fly away by yourself some morning. I never saw a prettier airing.

I am not acquainted with Mrs. Dow. We have been travelling further *a-field*, even to the moon, and are reading Fontenelle's Pluralité des Mondes, for now I have got 2 Fannys, my daug^r^ and my goddaugh^r^. I give them lessons of astronomy, neither having read this pretty book, tho' I had 40 years ago pretty near. I forget the narrow bounds of my paper. The *sheet cows* are—*somewhere*, and they *will* be in Bulstrode Park—*sometime*. If I had known the broken row waggons, or the great broad dish (tho' the latter is indeed handsome) had been worthy a place in the Duchess's china closet, Mr. M. shou'd not have been *middle man*. I shou'd have aspir'd to convey them without his assistance. Adieu, my dear madam. I can't imagine where the seal is to be put to this, or where I can tell you how much I

Am y^rs^.

Enfield.
Tuesday night, ye 20th.

Since I wrote the preceding scrall, I have been at London, my dear madam, and who shou'd visit me there but a mem^r^ of Parlia^t^ (Mr. Brett), so now I might gossip as much as I pleas'd; but unluckily this March (early in the morning) the starving w^ch^

[1] "*Shardeloes*" near Amersham, Bucks, then *and now* (1861) in the possession of the family of Tyrwhitt Drake.

came upon me before dinner, and the stupid heaviness afterwards, have so disqualified me for *conversation*, that I will only pretend to send you certain franks long intended for use, and present my best respects to the Duchess from her Grace's and dear Mrs. Delany's

Very affectionate, faithfull,
and obliged servant,
F. Boscawen.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 28th Oct^r., 72.

Dr Mrs. Delany has a most terrible prophetick spirit, for by ye very same post y^t I rece^d her last obliging letter, I had one from L^y H., wch I have not yet quite decipher'd, but as much as I can find out 'tis *full* of *nothing!* The rash act of breakfasting at Bulstrode so establish'd my health, I have not had a complaint since. I had a letter from ye D^s of Portland in ans^r to one I wrote to asure I was perfectly well after my expedition, and to dissipate all yor apprehensions. One may justly say of her Grace w^t Voiture says of his ffavourite, "Y^t she never forgets to do a good action, or ever remembers it w^n it is done;" but I shall always remember to be her faithfull h^ble serv^t.

I hope Mr. Lightfoot is happly ariv'd, and y^t virtu meets wth no interuptions. Pray tell ye D^s on examining y^e *layers* of my large blooming magnola I found one remarkably vigorous, wch I have dedicated to her Grace. Y^e man y^t takes care of my garden advis'd me to put it in ye stove, to make it strike root ye better, and it may

be harden'd by degrees in ye spring to plant out; this he says is ye best method. I very much pity L^d^ L—n.[1] What must a parent feel under such circumstance? Yet it *astonishes me*, after *so many instances* of his son's misconduct, he *c^d^ suffer* ye widow's ffortune to be in his power! tho' she was ever-so-much ye L^y^ Hot-upon't. There's no accounting for't, but from his L^ps^ own romantick turn he was charm'd wth ye advent'rous fflight. I've just read in his own history, &c., this remark, "When wise men act unwisely, ye cause must be usually sought for in their *passions*."

I shall soon set forward for Norfolk. Wherever I am, I beg Mrs. Delany will never imagine I dislike long letters such as I can read, and such as her's I delight in; being her faithfull, &c.,

M. G.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Enfield. Saturday, 30 Oct., 1772.

My dear Madam,

This *comes hoping* that the sheet cow will come walking (very gracefully, and accompany'd by her spouse) into the charming domaines of Bulstrode on Wensday next the 4th Novr. My dau^r^ assures me they have chosen a very carefull poor man for the conductor, and have given him the strictest charge, but that the animals themselves are far less beautifull than she intended they shou'd be; in short, they are not arriv'd at their perfection, but as everything does at Bulstrode, so will these I doubt not, and claim a share of their noble

[1] Lyttleton.

mistresses notice and favour by next summer. Having thus perform'd my commission, I must not indulge myself with further discourse, my dear madam, for here are all manner of people come with all manner of bills. Monday or Tuesday I shall be in town, and set out Friday, s'il plait à Dieu, for Badminton. There I hope to have the pleasure to hear of your health and of my Lady Duchesses, to whom I present my best respects, and am ever dear Mrs. Delany's

Most affectionate faithfull servant,

F. Boscawen.

My young companion is very much your servant, and presents her respects to the Duchess.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, 13th Nov., 1772.

Many thanks to you, my dear madam, for the favour of your kind letter. Great has been the care and anxiety express'd for the little cows, because of the floods and torrents, till my daughters had the pleasure to receive the Duchess of Portland's obliging notes, which gave them great satisfaction in having a share (tho' ever so small) in anything that is agreeable to her Grace. This chateau, tho' great, furnishes but little matter of intelligence. A regular life and a quiet one, which suits me mighty well, but gives no scope for history; mine, therefore, is not eventfull. However, I will begin it up at London, where I staid but two days, and hardly saw three people that I car'd about, except my good friends

the new Lord Chief Baron and his lady,[1] with whom I spent one evening. On Friday we set out early for Windsor Castle to breakfast with Mrs. Walsingham, and staid with her as long as ever we cou'd afford. There we heard of our good friends at Bulstrode, which is always pleasant to us. Our conversation was extremely so; but all pleasant things end soon, and we tore ourselves away to proceed in much rain and most dreary weather to our inn at Speen Hill, where we inquired after Mrs. Montagu. The landlady *suppos'd* she was gone from Sandleford, so we concluded her at Bulstrode, but (as it appears) were premature in our conjectures. Next morning, with becoming impatience, we got up before daylight, and arriv'd here in torrents of rain, and surrounded by torrents of water (w^{ch}, however, we *only saw*) long before dinner time. My little grandsons rival'd their mother in joy at our appearance, and we had the great satisfaction to find them all in good health. Mr. and Mrs. Southwell were in the house, but are now gone, and we have no company; but Wensday last was jour de gala, and we sat down 30 to dinner.

In the evening there was a ball for the young people, and cards for those who chose it, and then supper, and then to dance again: all which was a great holiday to the neighbours. As to myself, vous jugez bien, that I prefer the even tenor of our ways: a walk when the sun shines as bright as it does now (wch has been rare); a book which I read to my young ladies while they work and the gentlemen are at their sports; an hour or two by myself in my apartm^{t}; a little playing with the chil-

[1] Chief Baron and Lady Smythe.

dren, or listening to their mother upon the harpsichord, the whole concluding with one game at whist en famille, in which I am a mere goose; for 'tis a great science, and requires too a degree of memory which I am not possess'd of. Quadrille was much better suited to my capacity; but that is out of fashion, it seems, wch will cost me many a sixpence.

So much for my journey and occupations. Yours, my dear madam, thro' the paths of science, are far otherwise important. I am glad Mr. Lightfort[1] is return'd, your faithfull guide and fellow-labourer.

Mrs. Montagu's company will divert your pursuits, and in every sense of the word divert you. I hope she is well, and I beg you to make my compliments to her. I should have told you that I have seen those who have seen la niéce bien aimée, and gave me a very good account of her and her dau^r^, and her *most romantick* and *agreeable* habitation. Mr. and Mrs. Southwell have been at Ilam this summer in a ramble they took into Staffordshire, Derbyshire, &c. They were very kindly entertain'd by Mr. and Mrs. Port, and left them in very good health.

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[1] John Lightfoot, rector of Sheldon, Hants, and of Gotham and Sutton in Nottinghamshire, a Fellow of the Royal and Linnean Societies, and author of the "Flora Scotica."

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 20th Nov., 1772.

DEAR MADAM,

The Dss of Portland has told me that y^r^ lady-ship complains kindly and gently of my silence, which is too flattering for me not to take an immediate advantage of, and to assure dear Lady Andover that the happiness of her friendship, and the pleasure of her letters, are of too much consequence for me to neglect, and that on this occasion I have infirmities of body and mind to plead. A very slight billious indisposition left a *stupidity* for some time that made me unfit for writing. The former, I thank God, is quite removed; the *latter*, I fear I must carry to my grave. As for example: here have I been some days, nay, I may say, almost every hour, entertained with a redundancy of *wit*—with the *profoundest wisdom*—with the *sublimest philosophy*—with the *greatest learning* and knowledge of men, letters, and manners—with the nicest punctilios of good breeding, and with the most elegant fancy in dress—and yet I have neither *more wit, wisdom,* or *philosophy*—I am *not* an abler politician—not a bit *better bred* or *better dressed* than I was 40 *years ago!* Can anything be more stupid? How can it be accounted for? But that my brain is petrified like a fossil; or, that the overflowing of such a torrent of parts comes like a flood from the mountain on the poor humble valley, and carrys all before it. I own I prefer the salutary gentle dew of *common sense*; a little rill, a purling stream, that fixes the thoughts, and allows of social and reciprocal conversation; but the *towering sublime* without being modified

by the beautifull is astonishing, but not pleasing. It is like travelling always on the Alps; we wonder at its magnificence, but are shock'd at the precipices, and in dread of being crush'd by the impending rocks.

What a contrast is there to this, my dear Lady Andover, in *our* inestimable friend! who, with every advantage (in a superlative degree) that can make her respected and beloved, possesses the greatest modesty, and her dignity is blended with so much amiableness that, whilst she is respected for her rank, and admired for her accomplishments, she is a delight and consolation to all those she honours with her friendship. She ever forgets her own sufferings when a friend wants her to sooth her grief, or support her under any tryal. Her religious principles are so well establish'd, her mind so enrich'd and inform'd with usefull knowledge of art and nature, her sentiments so just and delicate, and her polish'd manners and *real* politeness render her conversation so animated and agreeable, that no fault can be found but that she is too sparing of it, arising from the great diffidence which makes her insensible to her own peculiar merit. *She* is wise without insolence, and entertaining without a grain of conceit! I could say a thousand things more, but to crown all, and what I feel with the most affec^te^ gratitude, she is the best and steadiest of friends. This is a subject I am sure you will forgive my enlarging upon, tho' your own excellent and ingenious mind could do it ampler justice.

I rejoyce your lady^p^ has a fix'd abode in London for this winter, tho' it is lamentably far off. I comfort myself with the hopes that you will have many calls to *Westminster*, and that in so long a journey an *inn* by the

way may be convenient, and hope the *Dove and Olive Branch in St. James's Place*[1] will have your custom, where you will be provided with a warm room, and with a hearty welcome from

Dear madam, your lady$^{p's}$
Most affec^{te} and most
Obedient humble serv^{t},
M. DELANY.

Lady Wallingford leaves us to-morrow; the rest of our company on Wednesday next.

The Dss's love attends Elford; mine also, with my best respects.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Holkham, 23^{d} Nov^{r}, 72.

Modesty, I know, is always yor attendant; sorry I was to read indisposition was another, tho' it had left you, I hope, never to return again. I did not think my comiss-sion to Mr. C. Dewes c^{d} have chagrin'd him in ye least degree, if I had, I sh^{d} not have sent it. Tho' he is not satisfied wth himself, I verily believe I shall be wth ye execution of it; and for ye price *not* amounting to ye sum suppos'd, is very agreeable both to my disposition and my purse! If ye lace don't incumber you, wish you'd keep it till wee meet; in ye mean time, w^{n} ever you write, pray, d^{r} mad^{m}, forwards my best thanks to Mr. C. Dewes. When people think their health mended it certainly is, tho' they mayn't imediately show it in their countenance, wch I hope is his case.

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[1] "*The Dove and Olive Branch*" alluded to a painted glass window in her house in St. James's Place.

L^{y} Leicester, who is perfectly well, as is yor h^{ble} serv^{t}, desires her comp^{ts} and thanks for all yor kind wishes, and to ye genii of Bulstrode Groves, whose amusem^{ts} are *information.* I had a most obliging letter from her. I did not mean to tax her time for ye magnolia being always her devoted.

You greatly hon^{r} ye citizens. C^{d} you diffuse yor hap̃y composition among 'em, they might merit ye title you give 'em. As they are, they only make use of ye word *aprehension* to serve their turn; but you *feel* it. I hope their riots will be confin'd to y^{m} selves (as there is now a hap̃y ap̃earance of) till it brings 'em to nothing. Before I conclude, I must find fault wth one of yor "apprehensions;" viz., being tedious. I now give it you *under my hand,* y^{t} can *never* hap̃en to d^{r} Mrs. Delany.

Mountagu uses us ill. Yo^{rs} is ye only information we've had of her being in London, and we've been concern'd for her, hearing a great deal of ffloods in ye North, and know not now wether she's sick or well.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 4th Dec., 1772.

My dearest Mary, I have a longing desire to make you a little visit at Welsbourn, and if it will not be inconvenient to Mr. Dewes, I will set out next Friday, the 11th, from hence, the day the Duchess of Portland intends, please God, going to town. I can stay no longer than till Friday the 18th; but it will be a great gratification and satisfaction to me to spend a few days with you and the rest of my friends

at Welsbourn, not to say a word of the little darling. I name the time of my staying that you may contrive, if possible, that we may not have many interruptions, and think it will be best not to mention to anybody whatever beside your own household *and Mrs. Mead* anything of my coming; and should you find it will be any way inconvenient, tell me honestly. I don't enclose this letter, that you may have it some hours sooner and answer it by the return of the post, and I may have it on Thursday morning, which will give me time to prepare my chaise if I put my scheme into execution. I purpose lyeing at Woodstock, at the Duke of Marlborough's Arms, where I was when we went to Wroxton, and is a very warm good house. I will take care of myself, I assure you, on the road, and think the journey will be of great service to me. I am sure seeing my dearest Mary, &c., will, to whom I am ever most truly affectionate,

M. DELANY.

The Countess Cowper to Mrs. Port.

Richmond, Dec. 4th, 1772.

MY DEAREST MRS. PORT,

I am glad to hear y^{u} are going, or gone, to Welsbourn, as I think change of scene will be good for y^{r} spirits, and change of air may cure your cough. But if it should not, I hope you will not lose time, but go to Bristol, as those waters will be both good for y^{u}, &c., and cool your blood, and prevent any little fever. Cooling diet must certainly be right. I have not mention'd to any one y^{r} having been ill, for fear it shou'd reach Mrs.

Delany. Lady Mary Mordaunt has left me now for the winter, and Mrs. Le Grand is come, I hope, to spend it with me. The tides have run high lately, but not so high as to drive, or rather *wash, my neighbours* from Richmond. They are as usual lean and chilly. *I* as warm as ever, and keep fire at a distance. Lady Charlotte Edwin presented Lady Catherine Hay to their Majesties on Monday last. They were remarkably gracious to her. She is to go to the Queen's birthday, and dance at ye ball. She dined with me on Wednesday last, and staid ye evening. I had three tables at cards. Mr. Tollemache[1] is going to be married to one of the Miss Lewis's. They say she is handsome; perhaps you may have seen her, as I believe she is Warwickshire. She has an extream good character, and so has he. He has bought ye lease of Coombe of Mr. Vernon for £800, wch I am glad of on many accounts. I am sure Lord Spencer will like to have him for a tenant. I rejoice to hear the sweet girl has cutt her teeth so favourably, as I have been told it is a sure sign of a good constitution. My best complim^t^ to Mr. Dewes, Mr. Port, and Mrs. Mead, who is, I conclude, very happy to have you so near, and *who would not be so?* Well! I live in hopes that a time will come when we shall meet again! But, absent or present, I am, my dearest Mrs. Port, with the truest affection,

Unalterably y^rs^,

S. G. COWPER.

My sister and niece desire their kind compliments to

[1] The Hon. Wilbraham Tollemache (afterwards 5th Earl of Dysart) married Anna, daughter of David Lewis, of Malvern Hall, Esq., Warwickshire.

you. I hope Mr. Court Dewes has quite recovered his health by his native air.

I have just recollecfed this is y^r^ wedding day. May you and Mr. Port see *many happy returns of it.*

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

5th Dec., 1772.

I have always heard that arbitrary government *is the best, provided* one cou'd be sure that the Sovereign wou'd still be wise and good. Now, as I am very sure yours is both, my dear madam, I have only to congratulate you upon your *chains,* which are *ornamental,* and your *submission,* which is *voluntary.*

The spinning wheel has taken in a stock of provision lately my Lady Jerningham[1] tells me, and I grow a little suspicious of your designs since I héar it is "*victuall'd*" for so long a time! We had need to be all patient Grisels, since none can hear of her Grace's intentions to come towards us. Lady Bute is *impatient,* Lady Jerningham wants her *scholar,* and I may name a *little* personnage, and I shou'd add that the way of conversing with you which I best like is on soft cushions at the *Hotel Delany,* St. James's Place. And now, my dear madam, I must confess to you, that in humble imitation of you *where I can* (so many of y^r^ qualities and powers

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[1] Mary, eldest daughter and heiress of Francis Plowden, Esq., and of Mary Howard, heiress of the Barony of Stafford, and wife of Sir George Jerningham, Bart.

being *inimitable*), I have got an inflam'd eye, and it is with *one* only that I assure you I remain, and ever shall,

Your most faithfull,
And affectionate servant,
F. BOSCAWEN.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ham.

St. James's Place, 30th Dec., 1772.

Adieu old year.

As I am sure my dearest Mary, &c., will wish to know how I do after my journey, I have no remorse in so soon writing again. I thank God I am very well; found my house, *clean*, *dry*, and *sweet*, and not colder, if so cold, as the country in general. I saw our dear Duchess twice on Tuesday, and Mrs. Boscawen once, and yesterday morning I had a visit from Mr. Pot, with a message from *Mrs. Montagu* (*Han*^{r}) and Mr. Fred. Montagu, and in the evening *Mrs. M.* and Mrs. Bos. Again her Grace played truant, but will make me amends this evening. Lady Weymouth and child very well for their time. Though I have not yet had a levee of beaux esprit, I have not been neglected. I found on my table a profile of Captain Edward Hamilton[1] in Wedgewood-ware in imitation of the antique—very like, and a new edition, with notes, from Mr. Walpole, published by himself, of Count de Grammont, printed at Strawberry Hill; also a

[1] "Capt. Edward Hamilton." Fifth and youngest son of the Hon. Henry Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton (Miss Dawson, of Castle Dawson), Mrs. Delany's intimate friend.

letter from Mrs. Ravaud, with a pair of ruffles from Bath—a downright cheat, and I *will* have those that were at first designed me, and so I have just told her. These are elegant and pretty, but *not her work.* Mrs. Johnston brought them from Bath, and is to come to me this afternoon, and give me an account of our friends there.

I have sent to Lady Willoughby, and suppose I shall see her soon. Mrs. Keene is also in the encreasing way, and happy with a place of a thousand pound a year that Lord North, or rather, I believe, Lord Hertford, has bestowed on Mr. Keene. Who should just now interrupt me but the little Père Courayer, in as good spirits and looks as I have seen him *these twenty years!* If I had time I would tell you all his *douceurs* (not fearing, considering his age and distance, that it would give your dear P. a pang of jealousy). From me he walked to her R. H. Princess Amelia. I have not picked up a word of news. The great men are taking breath this recess, and when they assemble, woe to the Nabobs! They are at present the subject of debate. Those that have been unjust and cruel I hope will be detected; those that have done their duty mercifully I hope will be distinguished from the *horde of rogues!*

My friend Mason is much chagrined at his daughter Elfrida's [1] having eloped without his consent. I knew when I heard it was brought on the stage that he was not consulted, and they say it is sadly performed. It vexes one to think that a poem of such delicacy and

[1] Elfrida, a Dramatic Poem, written on the model of ancient Greek tragedy, by William Mason; first published in 1752. It was afterwards altered for theatrical representation.

dignity should be prostituted, and the charms of virgins represented by the abandoned nymphs of Drury Lane. Such a poem would have been represented in days of yore by the youthfull part of the Royal family, or those of the first rank. Indeed, in *these* our days (*save our own Royal Family*), it would be difficult to find representatives suited to such virtuous and refined characters! Mr. Garrick has alter'd Hamlet. I don't on the whole find it meets with any other approbation than that of shortening the play, which was rather too long. I own if I was advent'rous enough to go and see it, I should regret the loss of the gravediggers, which scene is entirely left out. I am no judge of time and place, &c., but the wild strokes of *nature* that enliven Shakespear, I think, are *too precious* to be parted with. In my full career of criticism, in came two old acquaintances from Ireland—Bishop Maxwell,[1] brother to Lord Farnham, and his lady. They have left me only time enough to put on my cap before dinner.

Surely last night your cheeks glowed (and the darlings), for I had a comfortable talk with my *little friend* on the chapter of children and g. children. Everybody full of enquiries; everybody sends more kind things than I can say, so adieu.

Here I am *in* my *post chaise*. I long for a letter from Welsbourn.

[1] Dr. Henry Maxwell, Bishop of Meath, married Margaret, only daughter of the Right Hon. Anthony Foster, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JANUARY 1773—JUNE 1774.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. P., 2nd Jan., 1773.

Thursday evening I saw Lady M. Mordaunt, who looked very well, and you may easily guess our subject of conversation. Lady Bute, Lady Wallingford, Mrs. Johnston, Mr. T. Montagu, and *our dear Duchess* made up my circle. Yesterday *little* Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Dashwood, Miss Boscawen, the belle esprit Mrs. Montagu, and *ditto*. This morning Lord Guilford, and the evening take its chance. To-morrow the Duchess of P. dines with me, and on Monday I send Smith (in a hack) to fetch Miss Sparrow, who is to stay with me till Thursday. The chief topick of conversation yesterday was Lord Villiers' appearance in the morning at Court in a pale purple velvet coat, turned up with lemon-colour, and embroidered all over with S. S.'s of pearl as big as pease, and in all the spaces little medallions in beaten gold, *real solid*, in various figures of *Cupids* "and the *like*" (as *Smith* would say). At best it was only a fool's coat, and so I leave it to tell you something better worth your attention. I had this morning a visit from Mr. Light-

foot, and am charged with his best compliments, and the darling must have her share. He told me he had seen Mr. Banks and Solander, and they gave him an account of what was most remarkable in their summer's tour; amongst other things the discovery of an island on the western coast of Scotland, called Staffa, about three miles in circumference, and supported like a table on a frame by clustered pillars exactly of the form of those of the Giants' Causeway, and of the same kind of stone, differing as they do in their angles and dimensions, and some 60 and 70 feet high, their base in the water; and as they sailed round the island they discovered a cave of a very particular form, three hundred yards long, diminishing to the end as an avenue appears to do at a distance; broken pillars on each side from which they might have stept from stone to stone to the end, and the base of the pillars made a roof over head. From thence they went to Iceland, which is 65 degrees north latitude, not far from Greenland: there they met with a mountain called Hecla, that had been a volcano, for the country all around it is covered with lava. At the foot of it is a fountain called Geyser, that throws up a stream or column of water 30 feet in diameter, and 64 high. They threw a dead partridge into it, which was very well boyled in seven minutes.

Did you receive my note from Chapel House, and my long letter from Tetsworth and London? Sir Roger Bourgoyne[1] has had a stroke of palsy. Mast^r C. Williams something better, but Lady W. very anxious about him.

[1] Sir Roger Burgoyne, M.P. for the county of Bedford. He married, in 1739, Lady Frances Montagu, eldest daughter of George, Earl of Halifax. Sir Roger died in 1780.

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. John Dewes, at Calwich.

St. James's Place, 30th Jan., 1773.

I am very well now, but very much concerned to hear that my bro[r] had the additional pain of rheumatism. I hope this dry weather may agree with him better than the damp; my most affectionate wishes attend him. I wish I could interrupt your studies (agreeable and profitable as they are) by some bagatelle, which, though not good for *nourishment*, might be good sauce for *better*. In the first place I must begin with a message from Mr. Foley to Mr. Granville; he desired his best compliments (indeed he is always very kind in his enquiries), and that I would inform h[i]m that he is going to have (he hopes) a very happy marriage in his family,—his youngest son, Mr. Andrew Foley,[1] to his cousin, Miss Tomlinson. The young people have liked one another some time. Mr. Foley settles on them, in present, his house and estate at Newport, which is now above a thousand pound a year, and Miss Tomlinson's fortune, exclusive of what she will have after her mother's death, is £7000 and £400 a year. It is a great match for him according to his present income; but Mr. Foley intends *doing more* if they behave well. Mr. Foley would not suffer his sister to give up *any part* of her income, or *lessen* any of her present comforts, but keep her house, &c., to herself, and he will furnish the young people's. He says "his son Andrew has always shown him a *proper regard*, is very well-disposed, and has withstood all the snares

[1] Andrew Foley, Esq., third son of Thomas Foley, afterwards Lord Foley, married in 1773, his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Boulter Tomlinson, Esq.

that have been laid for him;" and those who are in the way of seeing and hearing the dissoluteness of the present age must know how to set a value on those young people who are virtuous in the midst of vice. Mr. T. Foley has *lost*, at Newmarket, &c., fifty thousand pounds. He has now entered into an agreement with his father, that if he will pay his debts he *will* entirely leave off gaming! I wish it may prove so; but any habit of profligacy is not so easily laid aside. The wedding will be as soon as ye writings are drawn. There is no truth in the report of ye other wedding. Though T. Foley[1] is much in love with Lady C. Carp^r^,[2] he is not so with matrimony! I hear of balls without end, and an opera that enchants *the degenerated* taste of the musical world. I am satisfied with the report, and was much entertained with an account of Madlle. Heynell's dancing,[3] compared to a T totum set a spinning, after *stalking* over the stage, like a *pair of compasses* that you twirl from point to point on a sheet of paper! I am sorry Miss Lander has been prevented coming to your *sister* on so melancholy an account, for I fear *she* is now in an uneasy state, and wish she had a cheerful female friend with her. I feel myself quite unable to be with her at the critical time, and it is sad to be at such a distance from those we are anxious for! but she is under a better protection

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[1] Thomas, afterwards 2nd Baron Foley.

[2] Lady Caroline Carpenter, youngest sister of the Earl of Tyrconnel. She married, April 28, 1774, Uvedale Price, of Foxley, in Herefordshire, Esq.

[3] In Dec. 1771, Walpole says, "I shall go to town again on Monday to see that greatest of curiosities, a fine dancer at the Opera. Mademoiselle Heinel is to appear on Tuesday." In April 1772, he says, "She is the most graceful figure in the world, with charming eyes, bewitching mouth and lovely countenance."

than any that is human, and I must submit to what I cannot alter.

Lord Orford[1] was so ill yesterday that there was no hopes of him, occasioned by his striking in a humour. Most likely if he dyes Sir Ed[d] Walpole,[2] who will then be Lord Orford, will make a sale of that fine collection of pictures, and I may have a chance of seeing them, a pleasure that *still lasts with me,* though many others have dwindled.

John Dewes, of Welsbourn, Esq. to his son the Rev. J. Dewes, at Calwich.

Welsbourn, 31st Jan., 1773.

Dear Rev[d],

I had y[rs] of the 23rd inst., for which I thank you, but am very sorry to hear yo[r] uncle has been so much afflicted of late with his old complaint.

I am glad to hear Mr. and Mrs. Port got safe home, and that they were so well pleased with their entertainment here. I thank you for your kind congratulations and good wishes, but it is not reasonable for people at my time of life to think of enjoying years of health. I thank God I am tolerably well in health, but perceive a *generall decay,* which *increases dayly.*

I am glad you are so well, and wish you a long continuance of health and every other blessing.

I am glad you think so well of Mr. Marsh's pupill. I

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[1] George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, disposed of the collection of pictures made by his grandfather, Sir Robert Walpole, to the Empress of Russia. He died, unmarried, in 1791.

[2] Sir Edward Walpole, second son of Sir Robert Walpole, 1st Earl of Orford.

wish for both their sakes he may turn out well. Yo^{r} bro^{rs} as you imagine, have left me, and tho' it's so long since as the 21st of Jan^{y}, I have not heard from either of them ever since, wch is to me mᵉre of great surprise, the like *never happening before*. One or other of them always used to let me know how they got to town, if nothing further, but now I have not heard a word from either, w^{ch} *much surprises me*; and if it was not for the old proverb, wch says "no news is good news," I sh^{d} be more anxious about it; and now being left quite alone after the hurry of company wch I have had for some time past, makes the transition from that to none the more irksom; but if extreams must sometimes happen, I think the latter the most desirable. You, p'haps, who experience this in a greater degree, may pbably think otherwise; but upon the whole, what the poet (w^{r} Pope or Pryor I am not certain) has long since observed, seems true,

> "That cruell *something*, dispossess'd,
> Corrodes and bitters all the rest."

And here let us leave it, not without resolving or endeavouring at least to get the better of this malevolent disposition. Welsbourn stands just where it did, and all its appendages much in statu quo. I suppose you have seen the brace of fine greyhounds Mr. Lucy gave Mr. Port. I expect to hear of great feats done with them by you and Mr. Port. I think a breed by one of them from one of y^{r} uncle's Italians would be a good cross. We have had, and still have, the greatest plenty of woodcocks this year that I ever knew, so many that I frequently don't eat of them when they are br^{t} to table, and no scarcity either of hares or partridges. I hope you

have plenty of them with you, and of everything else that is good, and am, with best respects to Mr. Granville,

Yo^{r} most affec^{te} ffa^{r},

J. D.

I suppose Mrs. Port told you how ill Dr. Lander had been; but he is now in a fair way of recovery, but his eldest sister who came to see him, I hear is now very ill at Warwick.

Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Whitehall, Feb. 25th, 1773.

I am extreamly obliged to you, dear madam, for the favour of your letter, and return you many thanks for accepting of me for a godmother. I hope *our dearest Mary*[1] will endeavour to keep up her spirits, and am very glad she does not make *visits*, as no good can proceed from it. I have the satisfaction to tell you our dear A. D. is pure well. She is so good to dine and spend the day with me, and is in good spirits. I dined with her on your birthday, when you may imagine we drank your health with our best wishes of many happy years to you.

The town, as usual, are full of entertainments. Besides the constant plays, operas, and oratoria's assemblys, there are concerts, balls, and masquarades. The latter one hears so much of that I suppose the only method of not be tired of them is to frequent them. The oratorias are

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[1] "*Our dearest Mary.*"—Mrs. Port herself.

to be much the fashion, as Miss Linleys are to perform.

It is reported that Lord Beauchamp [1] is to marry Lady Amelia D'Arcy, but he is still, they say, *a disconsolate* widdower, tho' I saw him *smile* at a ball the other night!

I beg you will be so good to make my compliments acceptable to Mr. Port, and a great many good wishes to your little darling, and beg my dear Mrs. Port will believe me most

Obediently and affectionately yours,

M. C. PORTLAND.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Monday, 1st March, 1773.

You have named a longer day for my visit to Ilam than I had in *my mind's eye*. I suppose the bantling will not be baptiz'd till your last week, and would not that be a good time for me to come to you? and I can then have the honour of representing our dear Dss, and by that time I hope my coming will not *flutter your spirits*, for it is y^t^ consideration alone that keeps me from flying to you as soon as you are safe in your bed.

As to the darling's stays, it may be time eno' when you and I have had *a conference* about them; but if a good air is not settled from the beginning, it is as diffi-

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[1] Lord Beauchamp's first wife (daughter of Viscount Windsor) died in 1772. He married secondly, in 1776, Isabella Anne Ingram Shepherd, eldest daughter and coheir of Charles Ingram, 9th Viscount Irvine.

cult to be attained afterwards as good manners if neglected. Is not the nurse in raptures with the dear child?

I have *gallop'd* about this week, and I flutter in the sun like a butterfly! I am now going my annual round of morning visits, that I may leave London with a good grace when I have paid my debts of honour. This morning I made a visit to Lady Dartmouth; found her and her excellent lord at home, tho' deeply immersed in busyness; his friendliness, politeness, and cheerfulness still the same. Lady Dartmouth was just going to submit to the friseur's tyranny, in order to make her appearance at the French ambassadour's ball[1] to-night, where all the fine world are going to shine away. It is to be the most brilliant thing that has yet been exhibited, and even our dear Dss goes, with whom I dined, and am just return'd from Whitehall, where I left *a groupe* all ready to set off. The ambassadour's house is in George Street, West^r.

Lady Bute and her two daughters, Lady Weymouth *most splendid* in jewells, but in came Mrs. Montagu, who *rivall'd her* in sparkling gems. I could not help calling to mind (on seeing her so beset with jewells) Lady Clarendon's answer to Lady Granville, when she ask'd her "what was become of her jewells?" (as she had not seen them a great while). "They are in my cabinet. When my eyes outshone my *diamonds* I wore them; now *they* outshine my eyes I lock them up," and I thought if Mrs. M.'s *coronet of brilliants* which crown'd

[1] The French Ambassador, Monsieur de Guisnes, gave a grand ball in March, 1773. There were two sets of dancers in costume, one in dresses of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the other of the reign of Henri Quatre.

her *toopee* had been in her cabinet it would have been their proper place. It is wonderful that a mind so well stored shou'd find a corner for so frippery a thing as vanity.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale[1] *to Mrs. Delany.*

Ham, March 18th, 1773.

MY DEAR MRS. DELANY,

According to y^r^ desire I send you a copy of my amiable sister Shelburne's[2] letter to me on my *first coup de foudre*, and also some lines on both *my dear angels*, which I believe you will like. I can say no more but that I am, my dear Mrs. Delany,

Your most affectionate and unhappy cosin,

And faithfull humble servant,

F. TWEEDDALE.

Lines by Sir Edward Baynton[3] *on George, Marquiss of Tweeddale.*[4]

'Twas a short life, as that to roses fix'd,
Whose youth and age in the same day is mix'd;
The rising sun beholds them fresh and gay,
But setting sees them scatter'd on the way;
Lovely like them to spread his fragrance wide,
Like them *he* faded—drooped his head and died.

Addition by the Rev. Mr. W. Cooke.

But, as when warmer suns and milder skies
Bid the lost beauties of the Spring arise,
Call the sunk flower in purpler honours forth
From the cold bosom of its mother earth—

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[1] Frances, daughter of John, Earl Granville.

[2] Sophia, youngest daughter of John, Earl Granville, by his second wife, Lady Sophia Fermor.

[3] Edward Rolt, Esq., second son of the heiress of the Bayntuns, assumed the name of Bayntun, and was created a Baronet in 1762, as Sir Edward Bayntun-Rolt, of Spye Park.

[4] "The most noble George, Marquis of Tweeddale, Earl of Gifford, Viscount Walden and Peebles, and Baron Yester, in the 13th year of his age, died 5th Oct. (1770)."

So shall *he* spring to everlasting day,
Call'd forth by angels from encumb'ring clay,
In happier climes, immortal from the tomb,
To rise and flourish with superior bloom.

STANZAS

Sacred to the memory
of
The Right Honourable the Lady Grace Hay.[1]

Whose endearing sweetness of disposition and
Innocent sensibility of heart,
Joined to strong sense and a discerning judgement,
Rendered her equally lamented and esteemed.

Say! ye great guardian angels, who convey
Departed mortals with a seraph's flight,
Through fiery regions and a starry way,
To golden vales, and seas of liquid light,
Say! bright conductors, did you ever lead
A soul so spotless to the bless'd abode,
Or e'er present, amongst the happy dead,
A fairer spirit at the throne of God?
Say! how the heavenly Host with ardour strove,
And joyed to see their own high natures joined,
Their heartfelt charities and pious love,
To mortal virtues and a female mind.
May her sweet form in sacred peace repose
Where budding flowers perfume the ambient air,
While from her moss-grown grave the blushing rose
Shall spring, as *she* short-lived, as *she* so fair.
Tho' dead, her virtuous praise shall ever live,
And in each pitying tale for ever bloom,
And still superior to decay survive
The sting of death and silence of the tomb.
Entranced in joys ineffable her soul
Swims in the fulness of those bless'd retreats,
And views unmoved the vanities that rowl
On earth, far placed beneath those happy seats.

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[1] "The Right Hon. Lady Grace Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, died 26th Aug., 1771."

Hence then all tears, and sighs and piercing groans,
For why should Sorrow, in her sables clad,
All plaintively despairing pour her moans
In empty wailings, impotently sad?
Or why should Memory, o'er the unfeeling clay,
Sit lonely pensive, with her streaming eyes,
And consecrate to endless grief the day
That gave *another angel* to the skies?

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 7th May, 1773.

So kind and so agreeable a letter as that I had the pleasure to receive from you, my dear madam, well deserves to be instantly acknowledged; and so it was by my heart, tho' not by my hand. My new villa has occupy'd those mornings which us'd to be partly employ'd at my desk. I have not yet sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, but there is not, I believe, anything wanting to that ceremony but a little more alertness in my lawyer. I wish you may like it, and that will go a great way towards putting it higher in my estimation than now it stands, for hitherto I have been apt to consider it with a *critick's* eye, rather discovering its *blemishes* than its *beauties*; but when it comes to be quite my own, I think it very possible I may reverse this conduct and be

"To all its faults a little blind,
To all its beauties very kind."

But, my dear madam, how shall we ever talk about beauties to you, unless you could forget those you are now beholding?[1] What a description do you give of

[1] Ilam.

those *fine romantic scenes*;[1] I long to see them, and yet I don't believe I cou'd clamber with you, "mais vous madame vous grimpez les rochers gaillardement," *provided* you have the company you like, and then you return with *that pretty rosebud*[2] which adorns your home scene. Pray tell dear Mrs. Port how much I interest myself in her happiness and health. As Mrs. Port rides, and as it *will be May* one of these days (tho' at this present, writing by a good fire, more like Christmas), I have no doubt but you will leave her much restor'd and recover'd; car la jeunesse revient de loin.

Mr. A. Foley[3] was marry'd to-day, which you probably know from the fountain head, to whom I wish all that happiness in this young son wch he seems hitherto to have failed of in his elder ones. We talk much of Lady Craven,[4] and have a variety of stories, wch I shall not employ my pen to string for you, car elles ne sont point rangées, ni si nettes que des perles. This evening Mrs. A. Pitt made me a visit; I think she looks better than she did. She asked me if I had not admir'd the white face of her house, but said not a word of parting with it. Adieu, my dear madam. I do assure you the Dss of Portland looks exceedingly well, which is the best news I can tell you. My daug^r^ joins me in a thousand good wishes to Mrs. Port, her daug^r^ and son, not omitting our compliments to Mr. Port and respects to yourself.

Ever y^r^ affectionate F. B.

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[1] Ilam.

[2] "*That pretty rosebud.*"—Mrs. Delany's niece, Georgina Mary Ann Port.

[3] Andrew, third son of Thomas Foley, Baron Foley, of Whitley Court, and of his wife, Grace Granville, daughter of George, Lord Lansdown. He married, in 1773, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Boulter Tomlinson, Esq.

[4] Afterwards Margravine of Anspach.

Mrs. Delany to Rev. John Dewes, at Calwich.

St. James's Place, May 25th, 1773.

I gave an account of my safe arrival last post to Ilam, which I suppose they communicated, tho' your brother Bernard said he was to write and would make my excuse, as I was a good deal tired with my expeditious journey. I thank God the waters (tho' frightfull) were passable, and afforded me an extraordinary scene. I could compare it to nothing but the first appearance of land after the Deluge. Had I been aware of such a flood I should have avoided the terror of it; but it was very sudden, and hardly ever known at such a time of the year. I was unhappy to leave my dear brother in so weak a state, and very anxious to know how he does now, and am sure you will give me all the satisfaction you can, and make my kindest compliments to him. The Councellors are so good as to call on me every day, and dined here on Monday. I found the Duchess of Portland in town, engaged to go to Portsmouth to see the fleet at Spithead, and alas! as she set out yesterday morning, I fear she has been saddly disappointed, for it has *rained incessantly*. She returns on Thursday, and proposes we shall go to Bulstrode on Friday. I have enquired of news from the few I have seen, have met with none worth relating, but the tittle-tattle that comes in my way you shall have, and make ye best of it. The affair at Salt Hill undetermined; most people think it was the *wine*, but it is as violently debated as if a political dispute. The next thing is ye remains of L^y^ C——'s shocking behaviour, which is more like madness than anything else. She won't move out of her bed, put *on* her cloathes or *off*, but it is done by

force. She won't answer any queestion that can either serve to justify her. L[d] C. with the greatest generosity offers her the kindest terms if she will confess, and offers to screen her as much as possible from what the world may say, but in vain. Mon[r] de G.[1] denies the honour, and the world gives it to the D—ke de Lau—ne.[2] The innocent amusements are as follows:—

My fine neighbour, Lady Clermont,[3] sent cards last week to a few of her acquaintance, (not exceeding 300,) "to drink tea and *walk in the park.*" I say it should have been "to eat rusks and drink milk under the cow," and that "umbrellas were provided in case of rain." Her Grace of Bloomsbury,[4] immediately after, sent her cards to invite "to *drink tea and walk in the fields,*" which I suppose her G. proposed to have properly illuminated. Lady Teat proposes following this new way of invitation, and to give her entertainment *in Berkley Square,* his Majesty's statue in the middle to serve as a lustre! I met a letter on the road from Mr. Foley, with thanks for all congratulations, and that he should have written to Mr. Granville to have acquainted him with the day of the marriage, but was afraid it would be troublesome; his best wishes attend him. There are two little volumes come out on "the improvement of y[e] mind,"[5] addressed to a little girl of fifteen (from Mrs. Chapone

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[1] Monsieur de Guisnes, the French Ambassador.

[2] The Duke de Lauzun.

[3] "Lady Clermont."—Frances, daughter of Colonel John Murray, and wife of William Henry Fortescue, created Baron Clermont in 1770, Viscount Clermont in 1776, and Earl of Clermont in 1778.

[4] The Duchess of Bedford lived in Bloomsbury Square.

[5] Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady, by Hester Chapone.

to her niece), that I will send my brother the first opportunity; they appear to be upon the best plan I have ever met on the subject. It is plain truth in an easy elegant style, and the sentiments natural and delicate. I have just finish'd it, which has insensibly lead me to give my opinion of it, which I did not intend doing, but as it has given me pleasure and edification I cannot forbear sending it the first opportunity. It *sells prodigiously*. One should hope from that, *tho'* there are many corrupted minds, there are also many *ready to listen to the voice of the charmer*. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. P., 28th May, 1773.

Eight long tedious days are past since I said adieu to the dear friends at Ilam, and only once have I heard since that day. I trust all things are going on well, and hereafter I shall only expect once a week an account from some kind hand. I am at present in the state of a child that is weaning, which must be *by degrees*; and in truth, my dearest Mary, all things considered, I am not so *very unreasonable* neither, when you recollect that the dear lines I received this day se'night were written on the very day of separation, and that I had been accustomed for a few precious weeks to an hourly information of what is most dear to me. I have promised our dear Dss to attend her to-day to Bulstrode, but George is to stay till evening in hopes of bringing me a letter, the cordial I want. And now having vented the *furiousness* of my

spleen, I will make some amends by telling you all the news that has pass'd within my little circle.

Tuesday last, in the evening, I had a visit from the Dean of York, Lady And., and Lady M. Mordaunt, Lady Wall[d]. Wednesday morning, Mr. Montagu, Lord Willoughby, and your bro[rs]: in the evening, poor Mrs. Dashwood (who looks sadly), Mrs. Fountayne, again Mr. Montagu and *his fine cousin,* who introduced Dr. Beattie[1] and his pretty little wife, left them with me (a precious depo[t]), and whisper'd aloud in my ear that *she "was going on important business to the Archbishop of York,"* then whisked away like a goddess in a cloud. To her succeeded Lady Weymouth and Lord Dartmouth. Lady M. M. has called on me 3 times. Nothing can be kinder than her enquiries; indeed, I may say so of all; except *the Xtian Philosopher,* and he has not the honour of knowing you. I was rather sorry he came at a time when I could have no opportunity of entering into conversation with him. He is plain in his appearance, a sensible honest countenance, his manner very modest and civil, not the least appearance that he is conscious of his superior talents and merits. It was a satisfaction to me to see so extraordinary a personage, tho' perhaps we may never meet again. I shall read his works with more pleasure for this short acquaintance.

Yesterday morning Lady M. M. again, and Mrs. Cotterell, who stumbled upon me by chance, and *diverted* us both for an hour. In the evening L[y] Bute drank tea with me. In the whirl of my company I forget Mrs. A. Pitt and Mrs. Boscawen, who have play'd their part

[1] Dr. James Beattie, author of "The Minstrel" and other works. Born 1735, died 1803.

very kindly, and on Thursday morning the Miss Foleys came in full sail from Court, where they had seen young Lady Townshend[1] presented, and a whole possy of her family. Various are the opinions of her beauty. The men say "she is handsome," the ladies that "she is pretty." Lady Emily D'Arcy has at last obtain'd her wish, and is certainly to be married to Lord Caermarthen.[2] Her warm assiduity has thaw'd the ice, and the Adonis is gratefull.

The next subject of conversation is the declaration of the validity of the Duke of G's marriage. He sent to his bro^r to desire proper persons might be sent to take the proofs of his marriage, that the child (hourly expected) might be legitimated. The AB. of C., L^d C^r, and the B. of Lon., attended his R. H. by order from ye K. When evidences were ask'd for, none were to be had; no register! no certificate! and no witness; the person that married them dead, and nothing remain'd but the oath of the D. and Dss of G.[1] that they were married, which it seems the law allows to be sufficient to legitimatize the child, but *not* to obtain a dowry for the mother, which seems hard, but the reason is, the child is innocent, but the mother guilty of neglect! so the marriage in equity is admitted, but they remain still in the same situation as to Court. The younger b^r and

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[1] George, 4th Viscount Townshend, married, secondly, in 1773, Anne, daughter and coheir of Sir William Montgomery, Bart.

[2] Francis Godolphin Osborne, Marquess of Carmarthen, married, in 1773, Amelia, only daughter and heir of Robert D'Arcy, Earl of Holdernesse. The Marquis succeeded to the Dukedom of Leeds on the death of his father, Thomas, 4th Duke of Leeds.

[3] H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester married Maria, widow of James, 2nd Earl of Waldegrave, and daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

his Dss have come off triumphant, for they produced every proof that could be demanded. So ends the affair.

Mrs. Dunoyer will send some books to Mr. Granville as soon as Solander's travels are publish'd, which will be the week after next. I send you in the same box Mrs. Chapone's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, which are usefull and charming.

If I had paper and time I could entertain you with the acc^{t} of Mrs. M's (Hill Street) *room of Cupidons*; which was open'd with an assembly for all the foreigners, the literati, and the macaronis of the present age. Many and sly are the observations how such a *genius* at her *age*, and so *circumstanced*, could think of painting the walls of her dressing-room with bowers of roses and jessamins entirely inhabited by little Cupids in all their little wanton ways, is astonishing! unless she looks upon herself as the wife of old Vulcan, and mother to all these little loves!

I hear the prancing of the horses, so must say adieu to my dearest M.

The Dowager Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 28th May, 73.

I sh^{d} have made earlier acknowledgm^{ts} for y^{r} obliging letter, and have petition'd for another, while you were at a far distance, had I not had oportunitys many of hearing of you. I rejoic'd you perform'd yor journey so well, and y^{t} all improv'd in health on yor arrival at Ilam; and y^{t} you was bless'd wth a scene of domestick happiness. *A rare sight.* 'Tis uncomon in May to be

incomoded wth waters in travelling. All here sorry you have suffer'd by these rains. Y^e^ river Lodden has overflow'd its banks twice since I came into ye country. Luckily I'm at too great a distance to be annoy'd by it.

I will write in ye plural stile, like Royalty, *and L^y^ Hyde,* to asure you, *we* wish to hear yor cold was gone, and y^t^ you was safe lodged at Bulstrode, where you are always pleas'd and happy. *Please* you do *everywhere* which Bill Hill can witness, and wee are at this instant talking of you as you merit, and wishing ye D^s^ of Portland was wth you at her sweet shades and retreat this abominable weather. *M^rs^. M.* has commenced an acquaintance w^th^ *M^rs^. Jones* (w^m^ I know ye greatly admir'd!) They go airings together, and she brings from Wokingham a *budget full of talking.* Her maid Ffalkener is acquainted wth M^rs^. J. maid *Tapp,* and they are left together while their ladies *air,* so there is *gossiping beyond compare.* I wish I c^d^ transmit it to you, but it is above my abilitys! L^y^ Leicester and M^rs^. M. both desire their complim^ts^, and I am ever, d^r^ mad^m^, most faithfully yo^rs^,

M. Gower.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 7th June, 1773.

My dear Madam,

Your kindness took a most exact measure of my care when it prompted you to write to me immediately after y^r^ arrival at sweet Bulstrode, and the account you gave me was so very pleasant: "that you had a very good night, and felt y'self a new creature," that I have

hardly felt any anxiety for you since, save that I doubt you was disturb'd, and perhaps got the headache by the terrible thunder of last Tuesday night. I have such a rage to be out of town that I spend all my time getting into the country. I have heard of a mal du pays, I think mine is a mal de paysage. Every day I make some excursion, else it is not my fault. To-day I have been at Sion[1] with L^d^ and L^y^ Edgcumbe; exceedingly entertain'd with what I saw within doors, but wanting to see a *great deal more without,* w^ch^ *nobody* invited me to do. I go (thro' much dust) to sit upon my benches at Colney Hatch very frequently, and have spreading oaks (I assure you) to shelter me; but this takes up a great deal of my time, even had I no other business, wch is not the case. *Our* great business goes on as well as it can do *without* any assistance, I had almost said *notice* from the *other side.* The noble ladies have each wrote an answer to Mr. L's letters, but so laconic that L^y^ Leicester's was of 3 lines only just to say she "wish'd him happiness in every station of his life, and was his humble servant"—*M. Leicester.* That of *your* noble friend[2] was *just twice* as long, and she was so obliging to say she "had *no objection* to the lady." But yet one must see that they are *not pleas'd,* much less that they have any thoughts of giving us the pleasure to hear them say "You are welcome;" and yet, my dear madam, does not Admiral Boscawen's daughter with £10,000 now, and at least 5 more by-and-by, with many excellent and

[1] The Duke of Northumberland's.

[2] The Dowager Countess Gower, mother of the Hon. John Leveson Gower, whose marriage with Mrs. Boscawen's eldest daughter, Frances, was then settled.

wife-like qualities, and no faults that ever they heard of, deserve some gentler welcome, especially as *nobody* asks *anything of them?* But this, my dear madam, *only* for the Duchess's ear and yours, for I wou'd not go about *complaining,*—on the contrary, we mean to behave as if we had been receiv'd with the cordiality w^ch^ (*I* think) we deserve! but *I* am partial, no doubt. *Our* poor little projects of settlement are now before my Ld Chief Baron (Smythe), when he returns them we shall submit them to Bill Hill, tho' *perhaps* they may not deign to take any notice of them. I wish they cou'd think as I do, that in this age it is a great blessing to marry one's child to a person of worth and principle. Such I am sure my daughter is, and as such I did expect she wou'd have been kindly receiv'd in any family where there was not any *great* pretension to *fortune,* wch Mr. Leveson certainly has not.

I think aloud to you, my dear madam, and you will impart all my troubles to the Duchess, with my most respectfull compliments, and most earnest good wishes to both.

I am ever, my dear madam,
Your very sincere,
And very affectionate servant,
F. BOSCAWEN.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 9th June, 1773.

A word or two to my dear Lady Andover to thank her for her goodness in writing to me, and to say how much I wish to hear you are better satisfied about Lord

Suffolk. The tedious and painfull visiter that has so long confined him I hope has taken leave, and that his lord^{p} will have better health for the future. His *temperance* and *patience* will be the surest means of driving away the *foul fiend,* as he does not love *such company.* Be so good to let me know your motions, that I may lose no opportunity of tormenting your ladyship with my letters. Most likely you at this instant imagine me gaping and staring at all the wonders in the Oxford Museum, or hobbling upon the pebbles from college to college, or winking and blinking in the burning sun over the plants in the phisick garden—no, here I am enjoying every rural delight (which abound here), and gratifying every sense. 'Tis true the zest of all is wanting, but our dear and excellent friend returns (at least proposes so to do) on Friday next. I *was afraid* of hurrying myself so soon after having been ill, which made me decline what would otherwise have been a great pleasure to me.

I wrote to Mrs. Dashwood soon after I came; I fear the melancholy attention she pays her poor sister prevents her gaining ground, and keeps her low. I hope Lady Weyth is going on to her satisfaction wth her nursery, and beg y^{r} lady^{p} will be so good as to make my affec^{te} complim^{ts} acceptable to Miss F. H., and to those friends above mention'd.

I am ever y^{r} ladyship's most affectionate,

And obed^{t} hum^{le} ser^{t},

M. Delany.

I *think* Mr. L. *has* made a *good* choice, and hope he will make my young friend happy, as I really think her very deserving.

Mrs. Port is at Buxton, and much better for it. The D^ss^ of P. charming well and in good spirits.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 12th June, 1773.

If indeed I cou'd have been of any use or pleasure to you in your solitude, my dear madam, surely I would have flown had you sent me a summons. I shou'd have lik'd it mightily. I wou'd have sav'd y^r^ eyes by chatting, or reading to you, and I wou'd have staid to make my best curtsey to the sovereign of y^r^ Elizeum. I shou'd have seen her gracious countenance in good health I hope, wch wou'd have given me great satisfaction, and so—pleas'd and refresh'd I shou'd have return'd back to my "*loviers*" and my prison-house, for so I esteem every house in London in the month of June, when one longs to sally forth every half hour, and sit under a shady tree, or pace upon the smooth shaven turf: here is pavement, and dust, and the perpetual cry of "mackarel!" and variety of ill smells, instead of perfumes and fresh air. However, by one excursion or another, I get a good deal of the latter. One day I went to see Sion (annoy'd with dust however); yesterday L^y^ Edgcumbe carry'd me to Harrow, where we din'd and look'd down upon the world below. She found her son in good health, and our jaunt was very agreeable, sprinkled with frequent showers. To-day Mas^r^ George[1] and I are going to my new villa, and have put up cer-

[1] Mrs. Boscawen's youngest son, George Evelyn, afterwards 3rd Viscount Falmouth. He was born May 6, 1751, and married June 26, 1784, the only daughter of John Crewe, of Bolesworth, Esq.

tain prog that will enable us to stay out till the evening. As I expect the chaise every moment I have only time to tell you that *your prophecy of good* begins to be fulfill'd. Mr. L. had a kind letter from L^{y} Dow. Gower last night, in wch she says that she will come to town next week, and has other gracious expressions that seems to promise *even* her assistance as well as contentment in the proposed alliance. This gives him great pleasure, as indeed it does to me. He had proposed to wait on her at Bill Hill, wch she does not forbid, only says it is un necessary, as she is coming next week with Lady Leicester.

Their lady$^{p's}$ cordial approbation (wch now I am in great hopes of) will exceedingly add to my contentment upon this occasion, and I am sure I can promise that my daughter in all future ones will be very attentive to pay them every duty and give them every satisfaction in her power.

The Duke and Dss. of Beaufort and their children set out yesterday for East-Bourn, so that now London will be more tiresome to me than ever; but I must comfort myself with thinking of the *good work* wch detains me, and wch I hope will add much comfort to the evening of my life.

My chaise is come. Adieu, dear madam; my best respects wait on the Duchess.

Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. Delany, at the Duchess-Dowager of Portland's, Bulstrode, Herts.

Dated June 13th. (?) 1773.

A thousand thanks to you, my dear madam, for the favour of your most obliging letters, and for the partial opinion you express of the little books I took the liberty to send you. The approbation of so excellent a judge cannot but be a high gratification to me, whether I consider it as the result of your judgement, or of a partiality arising from that friendly regard which I have so long experienced, and in which I take equal pride and pleasure. You are very kind in communicating the honour done me by the commendations of your admirable friends, the Duchess Dow^r^ of Portland and the Archbishop of York. Such testimonies greatly encourage my hope that my feeble attempts may, by the blessing of God, succeed in doing some little good, a hope which alone could have surmounted my timidity, and determined me to this publication.[1]

I am happy to hear that the country air has had so good an effect on your health. I too have felt the enlivening influence of pure air, though I have not been able to enjoy as much of it as I could wish.

I am very glad to hear that Buxton agrees with Mrs. Port, and hope it will entirely establish her health and strength.

How have I pitied the Archbishop of York![2] I am

[1] Hester Chapone's "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind" were published in 1773.

[2] Thomas Drummond, Esq., second son of His Grace the Archbishop of York, in Dartmouth Street, Westminster. Died April 7th, 1773.

glad he has been with such excellent comforters—but how sad must Brodesworth appear to him now, where I saw him three years ago surrounded with his happy amiable family, and enjoying himself and them with such chearfulness and affectionate kindness as it was impossible to see without delight! That sweet youth whom he has lost was particularly pleasing to me; and Mrs. Drummond appeared to be one of the best of wives and mothers!—and how miserable are those who, liable to the same evils, want the sovereign remedy under them! I feel the greatest gratitude to Dr. Beattie for his successful endeavours to rescue this nation from that gloomy scepticism which a few false philosophers of dangerously shining talents have so fatally spread amongst us;[1] *miserable philosophy* is that, which robs us of every hope in the hour of affliction and of the sweet sensations of religious gratitude in the enjoyments of prosperity! Do not you honour Mrs. Montagu for the pains she has taken to introduce this *excellent champion of Christianity* into the notice of the great world, and to obtain for him some other reward than that of barren fame?

I thank you, dear madam, for the honour you did Mr. Burrows at my request; I am sure it must have been a great gratification to him, and I am particularly pleased with whatever may improve your acquaintance with him, which I am sure will prove a great pleasure to both, for

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[1] In the year 1770 Dr. James Beattie published his Essay on Truth, which was intended to counteract the sceptical essays of Hume. He visited London in the year 1763, again in 1771, and yet again in 1773. On the last occasion he was admitted Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford, and received from the King a pension of 200*l.* a-year. He was born in Kincardineshire in 1735, and died at Aberdeen in 1803.

he is worthy of all the regard that *even you* can bestow. I do not like to trust him on the other side of the water; and am very impatient to hear of his being safely landed; tho' the quiet weather we have had leaves me no reason for apprehension.

You give me comfort with regard to my dear sister Sandford, though the weak state of her health and spirits, and those frequent fevers which so reduce her strength, are melancholy subjects of reflection. I entirely believe that she has the truest and humblest resignation to the dispensations of Providence. But *resignation* has *not* its *perfect fruit* till it *restores* the mind to its capacity for *enjoying the blessings that remain*, as well as to a *chearful* activity for the duties of life. But this depends much also on the animal spirits, and therefore I do not mean to impute the smallest share of *blame* to my dear afflicted friend; and I sincerely honour and respect her fortitude of mind and her true and constant piety.

I have encroached on my 4th page, forgetting that I had not a frank, and have hardly left room to assure you that I am,

Dear madam, with the highest esteem,
Your most obliged and aff^te^ serv^t^,
H. CHAPONE.

Quainton, June 13.

I shall leave this place in about a fortnight, and go to Farnham Castle.

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. John Dewes.

Bulstrode, June 17th, 1773.

My dear Nephew,

I was afraid your long silence boded no good, and could you have sent me a better account of my dear brother, you would have written sooner. By this time the books I hope are arrived, and will give you as much entertainment as expected. Your brothers call'd on me last Thursday (the 9th) in their way to London, they waited on the Duchess of Portland at Oxford to know if she had any commands to Bulstrode; she pressed them very much to stay all night, and said she intended following them, but busyness wou'd not allow them that indulgence. They came by 12, dined with me, and went on to London at 6. Your brother Court is pretty well, but not well eno' for him to neglect *going* to Spaw, which he proposes *doing* the latter end of the summer. I don't think he looks quite as well as when he went to Welsbourn, and says he finds himself rather weak. The Dutchess of P. return'd on Thursday evening, much pleased with her expedition, on the whole. She met with an excellent botanist, Mr. Sheffield, keeper of the Museum at Oxford, who is going to Ireland for no other purpose but to explore all the plants that are *natives* of the place; and Mr. Lightfoot sets out, I believe, on Monday next, on the same errand with Mr. Banks, to Wales, to the top of Snowdon and the Isle of Anglesey; Mr. Greville, one of Lord Warwick's sons, is to be of the party, who is *far gone* in the pursuit of natural curiosities: I wish he could infuse the same inclination into the young fashionable men of the age; a short experience

would make them sensible how preferable such pursuits are to their destructive ones, on the turf, and at Almacks, &c. I have heard no news but in the melancholy strain—Lord and Lady Baghot's loss of 3 children out of 4 of the putrid sore throat! and Master J. Verney past all hopes! The Bishop of Exeter's son,[2] (who fell over the lower battlements at Windsor 14 feet,) in a fair way of recovery. We have so many quiet amusements here, which suit my friend and me much better than going in search for any, that we never go beyond the Park pale, except last Sunday evening, to make visit to Mrs. Waller at Beconsfield; it is a pretty place, and much improved; but I am afraid Mrs. Waller will not enjoy it long, she is in so bad a state of health. I had a letter last post from Mrs. Sandford, from Bristol, where she is gone with all her children, who are not well, occasioned a good deal, she thinks, from the closeness of Bath in hot weather. She herself very far from well, and is ordered to drink the waters; she is hardly ever free from some degree of fever, which wears her to nothing.

As for politicks they are much as they have been for months. Those *out* railing at those *in*, and those *in* too well fortified by the advantages of their situation to mind their railing! I am now reading the abridgem[t] of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World to refresh my memory, having formerly read his Folio. Surely he was

[1] William, 1st Lord Bagot, married 20th August, 1760, Louisa, only daughter of Viscount St. John. They had six sons and three daughters, of whom three died in 1773, viz., 1. Edward, born 1763, died 1773; 2. Walter, born 1766, and buried at Blithfield, June 11th, 1773, three days after his brother; 3. Barbara, born 1768, and buried at Blithfield, June 11th, 1773.

[2] Dr. Frederic Keppel was Bishop of Exeter from 1762 to 1778.

a *very good*, as well as a *very great man*, and he had a hard fate! It is strange he should ever have been accused of Atheism, for he seems not only a firm believer in God and his Providence, but a true Xtian; tho' I believe it was only by his virulent and malicious judge (Coke) at his tryal. I am running on as if I was talking, instead of writing; but writing without ceremony is very like conversation. Miss Boscawen, the Dutchess of Beaufort's sister, is soon to be married to Mr. Lewson,[1] the Dow^r^ Lady Gower's only son. I hope *he* will be worthy of her, for *she* is a very worthy young woman; he has a good character among his associates, and much beloved; I don't know *him* by sight, but I believe he is upon very good terms with his mother, and with his aunt Lady Leicester, who has *a great deal* in her power. Miss Bos^n^ has £15,000 to her fortune; it has not yet been publickly mentioned, but will soon. The Duchess of Portland desires me to add her good wishes and compliments. I hope to hear good news soon from your neighbors Mills: if you have any bon mots from Mrs. Mervin, pray impart them.

I am so pleased with a thing in Sr W. Raleigh (which I think he quotes from Causabon) that I can't help transcribing it—"*Happiness consisteth in a Divine life, not in the knowledge of the Divine things, wherein the devils exceed us.*"

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[1] The Hon. John Leveson, son of John, Earl Gower, by his third wife, Mary, widow of the Earl of Harold, and daughter of Thomas, Earl of Thanet, married in 1773, Frances, eldest daughter of Admiral Edward Boscawen. Mr. Leveson was afterwards an Admiral in the R.N.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bul., 3d July, 1773.

Your last letter saith that you intended, please God, to set forward for Scarbro' on *Friday or the Monday following,* and I have prematurely already written to you directed to Scarborough under frank of Mr. Montagu's, which letter I presume will rest at the post-house there till your arrival; I should be sorry it were lost, or fall into any hands but the owner's, from whose partiality alone it could claim any merit. And now having tried both the direct and indirect means of getting at you (as I shall send this to Ilam) I will wrap myself up in the mantle of Patience (a light summer suit) till I receive intelligence from you.

I believe I mentioned Mrs. Montagu's succeeded the excellent company we had here on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. *Dr. Beattie* and Mrs. Beattie stay'd till Tuesday; then *he* was obliged to go to town in order to be presented to the King at his levee on Wednesday by Lord Dartmouth—*Truth* introduced to Royalty by *an Angel!*—Were my little talents in their *meridian* and not in *their setting* state, I should be presumptuous enough to make an emblematical picture of so fine a subject. I am in better humour with the thought of the King having received the philosopher with *grace* and *benignity,* and there are great hopes something will be obtained for his support; his present income is very small, and arising from an employment that does not give sufficient leisure for a genius so qualified to benefit the world, to mend the heart, and delight the imagination.

He is of a tender constitution, and much impaired by study, and the cares attending a very narrow fortune. Mrs. M. looks saddly too, notwithstanding her usual flow of wit and spirits, and is *vastly entertaining*; she goes to-morrow to town in order to follow Mr. Montagu to Sandleford, where he is gone bowing under age and infirmities.

Many kind services and wishes attend the Pilgrims. If Mrs. Fountayne had been at York she would have been very glad to have seen you and your little ones. Does my little Mary *bridle?* and does she scorn to be set down on the carpet, or Mrs. Prim in the corner?

O! for a perspective to see you all in your rambles; but that would not be enough, the same magician that composed such a one must also produce a trumpet that could convey and return the sentiments that would mutually arise.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Pall Mall, 3d July, 73.

As L^y^ Gower wish'd to write to M^rs^. Delany, she undertook for L^y^ Leicester to send her thanks this way to ye D^s^ of Portland for her very kind enquiry after her, will do it herself as soon as able. She has had a very severe attack, but now Doctor Warren thinks 'tis quite over, and y^t^ she'll dayly get strength. This was to have gone last post, but her secretary was interupted.

Now, d^r^ mad^m^, I've *wrote all this for my sister!* 'Tis time I sh^d^ tell you I'm most sincerely oblig'd to you, for interesting yor self so warmly in w^t^ concerns me,

indeed, it deeply does, an engagem^{t} for life is a *serious consideration*, and I hope this has been well consider'd on both sides; 'tis to be concluded on Monday.

Pray wth my respects tell ye D^{s} y^{e} *Scotch Moggy* made an extraordinary overture to Mrs. Bos., wch did *not* succeed; I know her Grace admires Moggy and all her works!

Mrs. Mountagu is prevented her northern journey by her usual complaint of opression on her breast. I hope she'll soon be well, but it breaks into all her plans, and disconcerts her very much.

There's a report Ld Beauchamp is going to be mãried to y^{t} green-girl L^{y} Louisa Ffitzpatrick[1] y^{t} lives wth ye D^{s} of Bed.; if it is so, (as I can't credit,) ye D^{e} of Bedford's boroughs must be her portion! I am call'd away, can only add,

Y^{r} most faithfull and obed^{t},

M. GOWER.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Colney Hatch, Midd^{x}., 14th July, 1773.

At length I come to you, my dear madam, and 'tis high time you will say: but believe me I have had 15 letters of a morning—not to own that I have scribbled to my daug^{r}, (never yet parted from my side,) as much as might have employ'd 15 mornings. In short I have been—excedée d'ecritoire, and all my pens are wore out:

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[1] Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, Earl of Upper Ossory, and of Lady Evelyn Leveson Gower (step-daughter to Mary the Dowager-Countess), became the second wife of William, 2nd Earl of Shelburne, and 1st Marquis of Lansdown in 1779.

but they shall in their fatigued state express my best thanks for all your kindness and good wishes, wch I am very sensible of and entirely believe in.

I have been *encamp'd* rather than dwelling in this nut-shell 3 days, and oh! how hot they were! to day it is cool, thank God, and I see my hay rain'd upon very patiently, as I am going a journey first to Bagshot Park, and then, (as I believe) to Bill Hill.[1] From thence I will endeavour to write to you, my dear madam, as it will be a pleasure to you to hear from *thence*, especially if I can have the satisfaction to tell you that the noble owner is in good health.

Your affectionate,
Sincere, and obliged friend,
F. BOSCAWEN.

It is true Mrs. Montagu was ill of her astmatick complaint, but she really began to look very well ag^n^ when last I saw her.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 16th July, 1773.

I plead guilty and throw myself at the feet of your ladyship's mercy, but tho' I could plead as well as Tully, or Lord Mansfield, I would rather owe clemency to my dear Lady Andover's kindness and indulgence than to my own oratory! I had the pleasure of receiving your

[1] Bill Hill, the residence of the Dowager-Countess Gower, became afterwards the home of her son, the Hon. John Leveson Gower, and the inheritance of his descendants.

ladyship's letter from Wigmore Street the day before you left it, and only meant to leave you undisturb'd at Elford till you had snuff'd up so much sweet air as to recover you from your fatigue of removing; I was then so fully possess'd that I had written, that when I received the favour of y^r^ last letter it made me start as out of a dream; and now I am thoroughly awaken'd I must return my best thanks, and to make amends for past deficiencies assure you our most dear and valuable friend is in good health and spirits, has, indeed, enjoy'd the *shades and glories of her charming Bulstrode*, most meritoriously—how few know how to enjoy rationally and gratefully the blessings of Providence! but she truly has a *double* enjoym^t^ of them, by the *participation* she allows those whom she honours with her friendship; tho' no words are adequate to my thoughts on this subject—no heart can more warmly and gratefully feel its obligations. But now alas! we are going to make a sad exchange for a few days—busyness obliges us both to go to dirty, dusty, London, the antipodes of tranquillity, sweetness, and pure air; the hope of returning on Wednesday is some consolation. Not a soul in town, that we wish to see. Dash at Petersham, Mrs. Boscawen at Colney Hatch, Lady Wey. by this time at Long Leate. Pity us as you smell your roses on your Hill. As to news your ladyship has young correspondents that know what's doing better than I do, and times must be *mended* if anything is worth recording!

Mrs. Boscawen and all parties thereto belonging *much* pleased with Mr. Leveson's match.

I have been under some anxiety for my good little friend in Hanover Square, who has had a severe astmatical

attack; I hope she was well eno' recover'd to set out on her journey to Papplewick last Wednesday. The Dss of Portland charges me with her love to her dear Lady Andover. My best compliments attend Miss F. Howard and Lady Maria. I am with true affection,

Dear madam,

Your ladyship's

Most obliged and obed^{t} humble ser^{t},

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to the Right Hon. Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 22nd July, 1774.

Dear Lady Andover will find to her cost that I shall take no hints about not writing, and free or not free my letters must pay their homage. I must confess I was a little mortified at your ladyship's threatening *not* to write without a frank, and ready to take it as a hint to be silent; but to carry my resentment so far would be revenging it on myself, so I take up my pen and pluck up my courage, sure of making this a welcome letter by informing you that last Wednesday the dispute about a road thro' Bulstrode Park was decided *in favour* of the Duchess Dow^{r} of Portland, and that that foolish, malicious, unjust attack has met the fate it deserves. What must those wretches be that could have laid *such* a scheme against *such* a neighbour, who see and hear daily of her goodness and benevolence to *all* about her? I wish they had all been chain'd at the iron gate for half an hour the night the news came, to have heard the joyfull harmony consisting of huzzas, singing in full chorus's, handbells ringing, dogs barking, asses

braying, everything that could possibly make acclamation in full vociferation! but as the performance was chiefly out of doors it came melow'd to our ears, and was quite delightfull, and now our dear and most worthy friend and all her subjects may enjoy the blessings of this place with tranquillity. I thank God she is well, and will soon decamp for Weymouth—the day not yet fix'd.

On Monday we are to be all decorum to receive Princess Emily, who dines here, and industry banish'd for 24 hours. Not a book or basket or any delightfull letter must make its appearance; but as I look upon myself as lumber, I plead to be sent into the chaos for that day, but find I must submit to an honour I am little worthy of.

I hope Lady Maria is perfectly recover'd to your heart's content, and frisking about as lively as ever; such tender plants are soon pull'd down, but recover amazingly fast as soon as the cause is removed. I beg my best complim^{ts} to both your young ladies. I am sure I must add in a particular manner the Dss of Portland's to Elford. And now *humbly* entreating your ladyship that I may be so happy as to hear from you again, I will no longer intrude.

I am, dear madam,

Your ladyship's most affect^{e},

And most obedt humble ser^{t},

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. John Dewes.

St. J. Place, 22nd July, 1773.

I am glad you had an agreeable fishing party, tho' your conquests were small on the finny tribe. It is pleasant to see new places, and fills the mind with agreable ideas; and to those who can enlarge those ideas to the best advantage raises our admiration of the Great Author of the infinite variety in nature that we observe. The Dss of Portland had a call of busyness to town for a few days, and we came last Friday. In our way we stopt at Hillington[1] to see *the* fine cedar, and were admitted into the gardens; it stands in an awkward corner not suitable to its dignity, but it is a very fine tree. It is 4 y^{ds} and a foot round the stem, 2 ft. from the ground. They reckon it a^{bt} a hundred year old,—a storm has robbed it of two considerable branches.

Last Saturday I dined with the Dss of Portland at Lord Mansfield's at Kenwood; it rained so violently we c^{d} not go into the garden. The house is much improved —the front to the garden beautifull, and there is one room finished in the highest modern taste very singular and fine. There I saw the finest louri I ever saw, and very tame and good-humoured, and an extraordinary bird they call a "*secretary*," an odd creature of the eagle kind, and about that size—a mixture of brown and black. The feathers at *each ear* it has the power of setting up like rays about his head; but generally speaking they are pendant. I took a rough sketch and send

[1] "Hillington," near Uxbridge, now (1861) the property of the Count de Salis.

it enclosed to my brother, w^h^ gives a little notion of its uncouth shape; I think it came from the Cape of Good Hope. I have got the chart of Magellan, w^h^ was omitted in the set belonging to Voyages and the letters "On ye Improvement of ye Mind," bound in one vol. as my brother desired. I don't know at present how to send them to Calwich, but they are in readiness when any opportunity offers. Monday evening we spent at Mrs. Ann Pit's at Knight's Bridge; she is quite tired of the situation, "*finding it so very lonely*" in winter, and wants to part with it. Tuesday morn^g^ I went to see Lady Chesterfield, and found her *very low* and very much alter'd. She would have had me dine with her, but I had busyness to do early in the afternoon wch w^d^ have made it inconvenient. She has been very ungratefully used by Ld Chesterfield,[1] who has absolutely cheated her as much as he could, tho' she made him a most excellent wife. I ask'd to walk over the house and see the pictures, w^h^ I had never seen by *daylight*. It is a fine collection and a charming house.[2] A few days before he

[1] Philip Dormer, 4th Earl of Chesterfield, died 24th March, 1773.

[2] Chesterfield House was built in South Audley Street by Isaac Ware, for Philip, 4th Earl of Chesterfield, author of the celebrated letters, whose death is alluded to in this letter, and who took possession of it in March, 1749. The second Earl of Chesterfield lived in Bloomsbury Square. Lord Chesterfield mentioned, in March, 1749, that his boudoir at Chesterfield House was the *most cheerful*, and his library the *best room* in England, and that his garden was then turfed, planted and sown, and would soon be a scene of verdure and flowers uncommon in London. The Quarterly Review (No. 152) mentions the library at Chesterfield House as still unsurpassed. The pillars of that mansion were designated, by Lord Chesterfield, "*canonical*," having been brought from Cannons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, as well as the grand staircase. Stanhope Street was also built by Lord Chesterfield, but it stands on ground belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who, Lord Chesterfield considered, had been very exorbitant in their negotiation

died he bought a picture *call'd* Claude Lorraine's, and gave 400 guineas for it. I own from its being very highly varnished *I suspect* it is only a copy, *and so spoyld* by the *glaze* that is on it that I would *not* give *my copy* of C. Lorr. for it! Surely never man made a *less* advantageous use of wit and parts than Ld C. did, and nothing evinces more strongly the want of right principles to guide and keep the mind steady, and to make a man's understanding * * *

The end of this letter is missing; the conclusion of the sentence was probably "to make a man's understanding" *of any real use to him.*

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port of Ham.

Bulstrode, 13th Aug., 1773.

My dearest Mary, here I present you with a *rarity*, a *short* letter from your A. D. being stinted in time, "*winding up my bottoms*" before my little journey, and withal so hot with the vehemence of the weather that I can hardly do anything otherwise. I thank God very well, as is our dear friend; she sets out on Monday next,

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with him for the land on which Chesterfield House was erected, as well as his houses in Stanhope Street; and he inserted a clause in his Will, that if his godson, Philip Stanhope, should reside one night at Newmarket, "that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners," during the course of the races there, &c., &c., that he should forfeit the sum of five thousand pounds *for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.* In reference to the above clauses, the Earl of Chesterfield said that he had inserted the names of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster because he was convinced that, if the penalty was incurred, *they* would be *certain to claim it.*

and I propose doing the same, tho' *different* ways we run! Many thanks for your dear and most satisfactory letter, pray God bless you and yours. *Dr. Portland* and I consulting about you, and think you will delay your journey too long if you don't go till the *end* of Septr. The weather in all probability will be changed to cold, and perhaps damp, which may perhaps hazard your catching cold. There is another caution *she* desires me to add, which is, not to go out the morning you bathe till *after* breakfast. And now for the other affair of consequence,—Mr. Max. I can get no information about him till I know more particulars about him, and you must be as explicit as you can, as there are several of that name, and I have no acquaintance with any but those that are immediately of Lord Farnham's family; he has but two brothers, one the Bishop of Meathe, the other Mr. Barry Maxwell, a lawyer; but I am not sure he is alive. You said in one of your letters he knew me, but I have no distinct recollection of him. What is his person, his Xtian name, his profession, and his fortune according to his own account? And I can easily get information of the truth. I shall be very cautious where a person of so much worth is concerned, and happy to be of any real use to her.

I am delighted with the dear little man's thriving state, and his dear sister's schollarship. You may teach her the alphabet by rote, as she has *so excellent* an *ear* and *memory*, and she will soon be acquainted with it with her *eyes*.

I am sincerely glad all goes on so well at Norbury. The spinsters are in town, but where I know not, and not from themselves that they are there; I hope to

catch them. I am impatient to hear the event of Mr. G's cause. It is impossible to write a short letter to my dearest Mary even without saying a word of the kindness that fills my heart. Every good wish attends Ilam from Bulstrode. Adieu.

The Duchess of P. expects some plants from Rousseau, and will write to him when she receives them, which will hardly be these 10 days or fortnight.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Colney Hatch, Middx, 15th Aug., 1773.

Oh wicked Barnet races! *but* for which I might hope for the honour and pleasure of seeing my dear Mrs. Delany in this little nest. You come to town on Monday. Next day and the two following will the road be cover'd (as I am told) by drunken creatures and *flying coaches.* However, I will not despair of seeing you, my dear madam, for I must be in London on Thursday evening, and I will set out so early in the morning that I may go the strait road, and be able to do my business so as to have an hour to spare to wait on you in the evening; for *indeed, indeed,* I *shall* be glad to see you. I don't know if you are angry with me for not having yet answer'd your last charming letter, but I believe you wou'd if you knew the reason, and that I waited for my son to give me a frank. Him I expect to-day, and therefore shou'd indeed have wrote to you to-morrow. Now as I am to direct to St. James's Place, 'tis an affair of the penny post, and I want not his franks. Apropos, if

you want any, pray write me a penny post letter the *minute* you receive this directed to Colney Hatch, Middˢˣ. Set a copy of directions. I have paper, and will bring you as many franks as you please. As I depend also upon bringing you my little personnage on Thursday evening, I will shorten my discourse at present, and only say that I am most truly, my dear madᵐ,

Yʳ affectionate servᵗ.

Mr. Court Dewes to Mrs. Port, of Ham.

Brussels, 20th Aug., 1773.

Dear Sister,

I arrived here last night. We left Calais Tuesday morning, and slept at Bethune. Got pretty soon to Lille the next morning, where we stayed and remained part of the day. To Ghent Thursday, and yesterday here. Such storms of thunder and lightning I have seldom seen, wᶜʰ began soon after we left yᵉ ship, and have continued ever since. Last year I had hardly a bad day, but I *have now* what I wanted *then*, (which will make almost any weather agreeable)—a tolerable share of health. You see we have travelled pretty quick, yet I have seen again wᵗʰ my fellow traveller most of yᵉ remarkable places I visited last year, and there are few yᵗ will not bear a second inspection. Mr. Coke has a chaise of his own, and we have contrived to take Mr. Brooke Boothby into it, who, tho' he has something finical in his first appearance, is an agreeable, well-informed man. This place is now full of English going and returning to Spa. I hear they have had a very bad season, and a great deal

of rain, which makes me hope we may have a fine arrière saison.

Among other people here is Lady A. C., who ran away a fortnight ago with Captain C. They say she *now begins* to be very unhappy, and frequently falls into hysterics; indeed, I cannot conceive a more melancholy situation, when a young person, after a step of ye sort, in a foreign country, at a distance from her friends, finds ye illusion begin to disperse, sees all her own folly and indiscretion, and that it is irreparable! I dare say Mary Ann begins to be very entertaining. My godson will not be less so. I will answer for him when he grows up.

We leave Brussels to morrow, lie at Louvain, the next night at Liège, and shall breakfast, if we meet with no delay, the next morning at Spa.

COURT DEWES.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, 26th Aug., 1773.

I don't know whether my franks reach'd you in time, my dear madam, but I know that I caught my Senator flying,[1] and was not able so much as to write a word in the cover to tell you that I found your noble friend at Bill Hill in perfect health. I had the pleasure to spend the greatest part of the day with her last Friday. Your week at Se'en Oak may have encourag'd you to ramble, my dear madam, for you have had charming weather, and it was delightful to behold a whole county cover'd with harvest, and adorn'd with shocks of corn, as I did

[1] Edward Hugh Boscawen, Esq., Mrs. Boscawen's eldest son.

last Saturday from Bill Hill to this place. Mr. and Mrs. Leveson (whom I found at Bill Hill) brought me in their coach, my chaise serving for our abigails, and we arriv'd here 70 miles to dinner, found all well, I thank God, and were saluted with *cannon* in honour of les nouveaux mariés; for there are some here above 150 years old, les restes de l'ancienne *grandeur*, et *des meubles du Chateau de Raglan!!*[1] We have liv'd very much out of doors, the weather having been delightfull till this evening that it rains; but the morning was bright and, we breakfasted in Urganda's cell. I was admiring the imagination of the inventor, and the great ingenuity of the composition, when the Dss of Beaufort answer'd me, "Yes, I think Mrs. Delany wou'd like it." Thus you see, my dear madam, your approbation is made a *test of perfection* at a hundred miles distance! Nor did we finish the chapter without agreeing that we "wish'd Mrs. Delany were with us to give her opinion," and the pleasure of her company; and had there been only as many miles as there are counties between us, I shou'd certainly have taken one of the carriages that were waiting in the adjacent grove, fetch'd you to breakfast with one good Duchess, and carry'd you back time enough to breakfast with another most excellent one, to whom I beg my best respects when you meet. I hope to hear of her health after her journey.

My daughters are much your humble servants, and I am ever y^r^ faithfull friend,

F. B.

[1] This remark proves the removal of many things from Raglan Castle to Badminton.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Tuesday 28, 1773.

My dear Madam,

In my last moments—and only remaining scrap of paper, I trouble you just to say that I have order'd a little chicken turtle to be sent to the Duchess of Portland's house at Whitehall, having heard her Grace say that she was fond of turtle. This does not weigh above 12 pound, is just arriv'd from Jamaica, and was in perfect health when I heard of it. I sent my orders per return of post. I sh[d] think it wou'd be at Whitehall by Friday if it remains alive, and have I not good hopes too of being at Bulstrode on Friday, my dear madam? I ask my oracle? I set out to-morrow and hope to lodge at Bill Hill.

To-day I have the satisfaction to see L[d] Worcester out of his chamber and pure well. My son George is return'd to school and everybody here in good health.

If I cou'd be sure of seeing you, I need not have given you this trouble (but you will excuse it). I never depend upon any thing that is very pleasant to me, and going to Bulstrode will be extremely so to y[r] faithfull

F. B.

The Dowager Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 31st Aug., 73.

I've y[e] mom[t] rec[d] d[r] M[rs] Delany's letter wth y[e] pleasing news y[t] I shall see her Thursday next (oh day y[e] fairest!). My chaize shall be at Staines early enough for you to be here by 3 o'clock. I won't wait dinner for

you, so do w^t^ is most easy; then I'll clear up all my enormities as to paper, ink, &c. I'm oblig'd to go to Reading. I carry this. 'Tis time I was gone. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to the Rev. J. Dewes, at Calwich.

St. James's Place, 1st Sept., 1773.

I have just received my dear brother's letter; my heart is full of his kindness, and I daily pray for his support and consolation. I shall send by the waggon, Bass, car. to Ashbourne, a little long box, with two flat bottles of Hungary water, 3 ounce-bottles of laudanum, a little bottle of eau de luce, Mrs. Chapone's Letters bound in one volume, and a roll of silk belonging to Mrs. Port; and I have added Lady Russel's Letters, that have given me so much satisfaction that I *could not help* sending them to my brother. They are very touching, but at the same time consolatary; she was a true Xtian heroine, and acted a great part. I send the box next Monday. I went last Sunday evening to drink tea with Mrs. Stainford after chapel, and she enquired very much after my brother, and was very sorry I could not give a better account of him. She has a brother much in the same way, and has found the greatest releife from the remedy the receipt of which I enclose. She treated me with a sight of three *beautiful, capital* pictures of Vandyke, that have been brought from Carleton House to put up at the Queen's House. Two whole lengths of Henrietta, the Queen mother, and Lady Carlisle, that

[1] Lady Rachel Russell's Letters, from the MS. in the library of Woburn Abbey, were first printed in 1773.

has all the warmth and force of Titian, but with all Vandyke's *tenderness* and *gentility*; the other picture is Phillip the 4th of Spain, on horseback and an angel crowning him with laurel, *exquisitely painted.* It has a companion which has gone to be cleaned; and St. Martyn on horseback too, dividing his mantle. Mrs. Anne Pit has sold her house at Kensington Gore, and is going to Aix-la-Chapelle. She is every way *like her brother;* no sooner in possession of a pretty place, but she *grows weary of it*—but she is clever and entertaining *when she pleases.* Poor Lord Lytelton[1] is happily released from a miserable life. The wretched conduct of his wicked son, they say, broke his heart! When I was at Sevenoak, I went to see Knowl Park[2] and House; the park very fine indeed, the house *dully magnificent,* but I was amused with the pictures, of which there are abundance, particularly portraits, some very bad, a few very good. The present Duke of Dorset has brought a good many out of Italy with him, reckoned pretty good, tho' I can't say I was much struck with them. There is a Raphael, half length, by himself, which I believe is good and *certainly an original,* and there is a whole length of Lucretia by Guido, that Sir Joshua Reynolds offer'd £1400 for. There is a very good portrait painted by Holbein, on a pale green ground, of Aurelius, inventor of geography. As I have no frank, I must end here, and will add your recipe at the bottom. I go to-morrow to Bill Hill, Lady Gower's and shall stay there till the Duchess of P. send a summons for Bulstrode. Adieu.

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[1] George, Lord Lyttleton, died 22nd Aug., 1773.

[2] "*Knowle Park.*"—The seat of the Earl Amherst.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Sept. 5th, 1773.

Long e'er this, my dear madam, you are return'd (in perfect health I hope) to the beloved château, and still more beloved noble dame du chateau. You found her Grace pleas'd and not fatigu'd with her tour, and Mrs. Lambard was very sensible of the favour I can easily believe. Lady Lambard lets years pass over unnotic'd, nor do they carry away with them any of her agrémens. I think, therefore, your dinner at the Vine must have been very social and pleasant.[1] I return you thanks for the intelligence you gather'd for me of my friend Lady Amherst,[2] and the state of my excellent ones at Bounds. In return I will send you some. I paid a visit this day se'enight to my dear Mrs. Molyneux (being then resident with this family at Mr. Southwell's). I ask'd much after Mrs. Sandford, and was told by Mr. Grierson (the medical gent[n] who lives with Mr. Bury) that he had seen Mrs. Sandford (that is, visited her) four times since she came to Bristol, and that he thought her residence there had agreed exceedingly well, and been very beneficial to her and her family. Mrs. Molyneux

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[1] The home of the Lambard family was at Seven Oaks, in Kent, where Mrs. Delany had been visiting. From the manner in which Lady Lambard is mentioned, it might be inferred that she was then living at "the Vine."

[2] General Jeffery Amherst was made a Knight of the Bath in 1761, and in 1788 was created Baron Amherst. He was twice married, first to Jane, only daughter of Thomas Dalison, Esq., of the Hamptons, Kent; and second to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Hon. George Cary, second son of Lucius Henry, 5th Viscount Falkland.

had seen her once. We spent 3 days very agreeably at King's Weston.[1] Next Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Leveson return thither to make a more cousinly visit, and from thence proceed to Wells, Exeter, Plymouth. Then, and *not before*, I shall know what it is to part with my daughter. Hitherto it has been no more than a sort of *bo-peep*, as she has always appear'd again after a few days. Soon it will be serious. However, I have great satisfaction, whatever selfish melancholy may intrude. She desires me to present her best respects to you, so does the Dss of Beaufort. I ask Fanny for news. She says Lord Bulkeley[2] is going to be marry'd to the dau^r of Mr. Martin the banker, and Lord Hereford[3] to Miss Keck, the maid of hon^r (not with the approbation, tho' probably *the permission*, of Lady C. Edwin); all this is old at Bulstrode, you will tell me, so is Lady Scarsdale's[4] being deliver'd of a daughter, tho' that news was certainly not expected. I have a letter to-day from Lady Edgcumbe, wrote in great spirits, till Mr. Pitt sent her the sad intelligence of Lord Lyttelton's death,[5] wch she laments exceedingly; and, indeed, one cannot but regret such a man, tho' there seem'd *so black a cloud gather'd all around him*, that his evening could hardly be mild and pleasant, such as one wish'd for him. Mrs. Montagu has really an irreparable loss in so old a friend. I pity her heartily.

[1] King's Weston.—Mr. Southwell's seat.

[2] Thomas James Bulkeley, 7th Viscount Bulkeley, married, April 26th, 1777, Elizabeth Harriet, only daughter and heir of Sir George Warren, K.B.

[3] Edward, 12th Viscount Hereford, married, in 1774, Henrietta Charlotte, daughter of Anthony Keck, Esq.

[4] Caroline, daughter of Charles, 2nd Earl of Portmore, and wife of Nathaniel, 1st Baron Scarsdale.

[5] The good Lord Lyttleton died Aug. 22nd, 1773.

My son George (who arriv'd here yesterday for election week) tells me the post waits for my letter. Adieu, then, dearest madam. My best respects wait on the Duchess. I am most affectionately y^{rs},

F. BOSCAWEN.

Mrs. Delany to the Viscountess Andover.

Bulstrode, 14th Sept., 1774.

I plead guilty, and throw myself on y^{r} ladyship's mercy. My silence has been too long. I could enumerate company and excursions by way of some excuse. I spent the time the Duchess of P. was at Weymouth between London and Bill Hill. I went one day to poor Mrs. Boscawen to C. Hatch, and found her and Mrs. Leveson in deep affliction, tho' struggling with Xtian fortitude to submit to the severe stroke. I met them afterwards at Lady Gower's, under an alarm for Capt. Leveson, who was return'd from his voyage in a dangerous state of health. A letter to-day from Mrs. Boscawen has brought me a better account, and time, I hope, will lessen, tho' it cannot cure sorrow.

My errand to London was chiefly to meet Mrs. Sandford and her two boys, that came on purpose to make me a visit, and we past ten days together with a mixture of pain and pleasure, but I think her in a very precarious state of health. She is now return'd to Bath, and on the 27 of August I had the happiness of meeting our dear friend at Bulstrode in perfect health, and as much pleased with her sea-visit as usual. Mrs. Port was brought to bed on the 18th of a boy. She and the child, I thank God, well, and my heart relieved from

great anxiety, and this morning a messenger from the Duke of Portland notified the Duchess's being brought to bed of a fine stout boy.[1] I am afraid this miscellaneous account will put your lady^{p} quite *out of breath*; but what would you be were I to lead you where I have lately been, to Luton Park? to a very fine house, a very fine park, fine situation (the house not finished). It is very capacious and elegant, and after walking thro' a grand apartment with a delightfull saloon, and a magnificent and most agreable library nobly furnished, your ladyship must please to go up 42 steps to a very long gallery, which conveys you to at least 4 compleat apartments of large and lofty rooms, all elegantly furnished without ostentation, but well suited. As to *pictures, vases, marbles,* and a long et cetera of curiosities, it would be *endless* to recount them! Lord Bute in much better health than for years past, and polite, obliging, and entertaining. Both L^{d} and Lady B. happy in seeing the Duchess of Portland there, and very, very loth to part with her; indeed, we spent 2 whole days there most agreably, but when we return'd, I must say, after all I had seen, that Bulstrode is *un*rival'd, 'tis "still *among ten thousand eminently bright,*" exclusive of *ye star,* that adds so much to its lustre. Your ladyship mentions Lord Suffolk's having been at Elford, I hope in good health, and that the races, &c., yielded more entertainment to Miss Howard than they did to you. It is natural to like them when young, and as natural that they should by degrees lose their merit! My dear Lady Andover

[1] William Henry Cavendish, second surviving son of William Henry, 3rd Duke of Portland. He became a General Officer in the Army and a Governor General of India, and died 17th June, 1839.

knows too well how to employ her time to want such trivial amusements, and I suspect that my dear Miss Howard prefers in her own mind such rational occupations as most of her cotemporarys know nothing of.

Your sweet little Lady Maria, I hope, is perfectly well, bounding like the fawns in Bulstrode Park. This with every respect and kind wish for health and happiness at Elford concludes this tedious epistle from, dear madam,

Y^r^ ladyship's most
Affec^te^ and obed^t^ hum^ble^ ser^t^,
M. DELANY.

The Dss D^r^ of Portland desires her love and best complim^ts^.

The above letter has been accidentally misplaced, as it belongs to the year 1774.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Sept. 19th, 1773.

MY DEAR MADAM,

You are always so kind and good to me that I have been very unwilling to appear before you in an uneasy posture, and tell you all the pain I have suffer'd, and the troubles that have surrounded me; but as they begin to subside, I thank God, I will wait no longer, but tell you (since I am now easy) that I have been for otherwise, and that *our* palace has been an hospital. First the Duke was ill, and cou'd neither swallow nor speak, with that sort of swell'd face that is call'd the mumps, accompany'd with a good deal of fever. However, he soon recover'd. Then the 3rd boy (and only weakly child) was seiz'd with so violent an inflammation in his bowels that

he was despair'd of, yet got over it surprizingly; but, alas! sweet Lord Worcester, a lovely child indeed, has had a very severe illness—the scarlet fever—and after we thought him pretty well out of it, relaps'd, and has been in great danger. Thank God, he is now once more in a fair way of doing well. His poor mother has been sick with terror and affliction, but begins now to hold up her head. This is not all, my dear madam. Before Worcester was taken ill, my George was fetch'd hither from Winchester for election week. He fell ill in a few days of a sore throat and pretty high fever. One night he gave me terrible alarms. God be prais'd, his fever is quite gone. He seems thoroughly recover'd, and is down stairs to-day for the first time. Thus you see, my dear madam, I have but too well accounted for not writing. I have spent all the days of this month in much carefullness, several of them in *great terror* and *anxiety* of mind. Mrs. Leveson escap'd the worst by setting out with her husband for the west. Her final departure from me I expected to feel extremely, and little thought I should have been glad of it, w^{ch}, however, I soon was, when our situation became so distressfull it wou'd have given her great pain. She was to halt twice in her journey, and not arrive at Plymouth till this week.

I beg my best respects to her Grace. I wrote to Lady Gower the day Mrs. Leveson left us, and previous to our greatest alarm. My stay here is protracted till I see the child a little more advanc'd in his recovery, but I will endeavour if I can to wait on Lady Gower, as she does me the honour to say she wishes that I would. She has been exceedingly obliging to me indeed. I shall always acknowledge it. My dau^{r} did not write to her ladyship,

from a conceit that she dislik'd any *appearance* of *empressement*. However, she had wrote the post before I receiv'd your kind hint, and intends, as she told me, to write once a fortnight, that period having been once nam'd to her by Lady Gower; and I dare say she will be punctual to it, and in every attention wch she thinks will be agreeable. I *know not* where she got the fancy that she might be *too officious?* I suppose of her husband; but this—*entre nous*.

The Duke of Kingston[1] is dying, I believe. One of our physicians comes from Bath. He told me this morning that ye Duchess wou'd have a consultation of 4 late last night, and he added that "it was a meer ceremony." I believe he meant *farce!* She was in violent passions of grief, he said.

Lady Browne has bought Mrs. Legrand's villa in Herts that you saw advertis'd lately, and has given it to Lord Cranbourn[2] for his marriage. A pretty present of £4000, at least that was the price fixed. I am glad if Mrs. A. Pitt has sold her's to her satisfaction. I wish she may find more health elsewhere. I shall venture to put this in one of my franks to Bulstrode, for perhaps I shan't find my Lord D^e^,[3] who is often watching in his son's chamber, and was a statue of grief 2 days ago, but thank God is now cheerfull. Adieu; a thousand good wishes attend you.

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[1] Evelyn Pierrepont, 2nd Duke of Kingston, the husband of the notorious Miss Chudleigh. He died in 1773.

[2] James Cecil, afterwards 7th Earl and 1st Marquis of Salisbury. He married, in 1773, Mary Amelia, daughter of Wills, 1st Marquis of Downshire. She was burnt to death when the west wing of Hatfield was consumed by fire in 1835.

[3] The Duke of Beaufort.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 20th Sept., 73.

I came here extremely well on Saturday even.; in my way met wth a violent shower, in a lucky place just by an inn, where ye serv^ts^ and horses had shelter, and I had a book in ye chaize, wch amus'd me very well; but had it been a fine even., it w^d^ not have seem'd so pleasant to me as ye morn. There's a fatality hangs over me, y^t^ I must always come to Bulstrode, like ye witches in Macbeth; I hope Mrs. Bos. will break ye charm. I rec^d^ a letter from her yesterday, thinks she shall come to me the 28th ins^t^. I think it uncertain, for ye nursery at Ba'minton is not in a healthy state, and her schoolboy has a fever; she says her spirits are low, for she had parted wth Mrs. Leveson that day, but I hope under ye protection of one[1] who will smooth every situation in life, as much as possible for her. Mrs. Bos.'s uncertain state, makes mine so; as soon as I can fix a time ye D^s^ of Portland, to w^m^ I desire my best respects, will certainly see, or hear of me. Adieu, d^r^ Mrs. Delany.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, 23rd Sept. (1773).

My dear Madam,

Pretty Worcester recovers, as fast as such little bodies can recover great shocks. He sleeps all night, and sits up (in his bed) the greatest part of the day; this evening he will get up long enough to have it made. I

[1] The Hon. John Leveson Gower, Lady Gower's only child.

do not doubt, therefore, but that I shall be able to set out from hence next Wensday, and get to Bill Hill that evening, wch I have announc'd to the hospitable lady of that mansion whose commands I have to wait on her in my way home; but if anything unforeseen happens to engage her lady^p^ elsewhere she will leave word at Reading, and I shall proceed to London; but I had much rather I own make this excursion, as I perfectly understand your *dark speech*, my dear madam, and shall have great pleasure in fulfilling the *oracle*.

The Duke of Kingston[1] dy'd at Bath this morning at 8 o'clock. I am sorry to hear poor Mrs. Sandford has so little ease or peace; as to dear Mrs. Port her troubles were ended while you were reading the history of them, for her little boy had too much sense to pine while there were *chickens* and *puddings* to be had! You speak of Durham as if Lady Stamford's family was increas'd, if so I beg leave to congratulate my Lady Duchess. I ought to be asham'd not to send the Wyat arms very accurately emblazon'd, for I have got a *cup and cover* that was my aunt Wyat's, and upon wch her widow-arms are engrav'd. I have had recourse to Mr. Gwilim, but cannot find any Wyat arms. I think they are party per fess, gules and argent; a barnicle, interchang'd, but I cannot be sure till I see my cup again.

The Duchess of Beaufort joins me in respectfull complim^ts^ to the Duchess, and to you, my dear friend.

Believe me always most

Faithfully yours,

F. Boscawen.

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[1] The Duke of Kingston having died in 1773, proves the year in which this letter was written.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 27th Sept., 73.

I have had a letter from Mrs. Boscawen, wch said she propos'd, being here as next Wednesday, and to stay longer wth me yn she had before done; till I see her I can't name a time for our coming to Bulstrode. As soon as wee have settled it here, I will inquire if the time suites ye Ds of Portland. I fear ye hapiness she hop'd for among her children, &c. has been much damp'd by illness. Ld Worcester has had a relapse, and her youngest son in some danger, and both just after parting wth Mrs. Leveson, who never was from her before. Twas *too much* at one time. I hope she'll leave 'em well; then, Bulstrode will raise her spirits.

I can't help feeling sorry the magnolia must remain insensible of all ye fine things you say of it; 'tis *but a vegetable*, yet one may say of it wt one can't say of many things, yt in its way *'tis all perfection*, it now has ready to bloom two more flowers. I hope they won't open before Mrs. Bos. comes.

I hope Mrs. Mountagu is in better health. Docr Hurd,[1] and Mr. Mason[2] met at Paplewick. She says ye contrast *was amusing*. I wish yt ye little woman wd move southward; she always stays too late before she begins her long journey for such an invalid.

I am enrag'd beyond measure at ye town of Bewdley,

[1] Richard Hurd, D.D. In 1775 made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, in 1781 translated to the see of Worcester. Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, and refused the Archbishopric of Canterbury, saying, "Several much greater men had been content to die Bishops of Worcester, and that he wished for no higher preferment."

[2] Mason, the Poet.

for choosing Ld Lyttleton High Steward. I c^d^ *not* have thought there was a being, (*but his poor wife,*) y^t^ *ever had,* or w^d^ make *choice of him!* A strong, and additional proof of ye partiallity of party! 'Tis not otherways to be accounted for.

I beg my best respects to ye D^s^ of Portland. Adieu, dear madam, for ye present time.

Mrs. Chapone[1] *to Mrs. Delany.*

The Autumn of 1773.

DEAR MADAM,

I owe many apologies to myself for not sooner taking advantage of the kind encouragement you gave me to keep myself in your remembrance, but I am forced to forgive myself, who have been such an ailing, grumbling creature for some weeks past that my pen must have been as wearisome to you as to myself. Your charming letter before me (the date of which would make me blush but for the reason I have mentioned) is a strong proof that the task you would lay upon *me* cannot be in better hands than your *own.* To you it would be an easy one, since you need *only transcribe from your own conduct* the means of making old age perfectly amiable and respectable; give me leave then to retort upon you your injunction, and to entreat you to *communicate the secret* of preserving *all* the ingenious *warmth of heart,* all the *sensibility* and *generosity of youth,* with *all the dignity and*

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[1] "Mrs. Chapone." Hester Mulso, authoress of Letters on Improvement of the Mind.

prudence which belong to age! teach us too (if possible) how to *preserve* the *understanding in full vigour* and the *temper in serenity* and *sweetness!* and how to unite the *tenderest feelings* with the *noblest fortitude* and *resignation.* I know you will refer all this to the Fountain of Good, and to the effect of his word sown in such good land as to produce the genuine fruits in perfection: and indeed I am much perswaded *no other cause* is equal to the producing such effects. Yet I believe you will agree with me that *such an old age* can *only* follow a youth and maturity spent in *constant endeavours* to improve the mind and to acquire and establish habits of virtue. I have therefore began at the foundation, but it is *you* who must *finish the edifice.* Those of your contemporaries who still haunt all the public places and suffer the friseurs to torture their scanty remains of grey hairs, would be very hopeless subjects of your pains or mine, and must be left to the punishment they inflict on themselves by fatiguing their poor bodies and minds in chasing after the ghost of departed pleasure. I have not seen Mr. Melmoth's[1] translation, nor any other, of Tully on old age, except one my brother made when he was little more than a boy, and which has hardly been seen by any eye but mine. I remember I thought Cato's discourse savour'd a little of the tediousness and loquacity imputed to old *men* (*women* are at all ages free from it); but perhaps the author design'd it so, to make it appear the more natural.

I was happy to hear from Mrs. Boscawen of your good health and active spirits, though it was tantalizing to

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[1] William Melmoth published, in 1773-77, Cato and Lælius, or Essays on Old Age and Friendship, by Cicero.

know you was so near without having a glimpse of yor. My friend Mrs. Smith has a great acquisition in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Boscawen, and I have partaken in the pleasure of her visits, and am charmed with her affable friendly manner, as well as with her good sense and politeness. I am glad to see that she can keep up her spirits in the absence of her daughter, which she cannot but feel as a sad loss, tho' the occasion of it is so much to her satisfaction. I imagine Mrs. Montagu is by this time in London, where I hope to see her in about a week. The last account I had of her health was but indifferent. She must have suffer'd a great deal from the death of Ld Lyttelton,[1] who was one of her nearest friends, and who is indeed a general loss. When I have the pleasure of seeing you I will read you an account of his last scene, which I rec^d^ from my friend Mr. Pepys, who was present with him. I know it will delight as well as affect you, to see the *power of religion and virtue* in those tremendous moments! Mrs. Montagu in one of her letters to me draws a character of my Ld Lyttelton which does honour to human nature, and which I sincerely believe to be just. I will show it you, for it is worthy of her heart and pen.

I read several of Lady Russel's letters at Farnham Castle, and thought them highly affecting and instructive; her grief is painted in the most natural and lively colours, and seems to flow from an affection of the most exalted kind; her pious resignation, and the bright hope of Christianity could alone have supported her in such a dreadful trial: a whole volume of the letters is however rather too

[1] George, 1st Lord Lyttleton, died 22nd Aug., 1773.

much to read, as they are all upon one subject and necessarily much alike.

What think you of Dr. Hawksworth's performance?[1] —if he does not love money more than fame he will wish it unwritten, for I have never known anything more condemned; indeed it has faults which one could not have expected from the writer of the Adventurers.

I am sorry Mrs. Port did not find all the benefit she hoped from Buxton and Scarborough; my poor sister[2] has many allarms for her poor children which her weak state is ill able to bear.

HESTER CHAPONE.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 1st Oct., 1773.

MY OWN DEAR MARY,

I was indeed exceedingly glad to hear you had compleated weaning the dear little John, and greatly it will add to my gladness to hear it continues to agree. I wrote Mrs. Boscawen word that the little man struggled hard. Her answer—"as to dear Mrs. Port, her troubles were ended while you were reading the history of them," for "her little boy had too much sense to pine while there were chickens and puddings to be had." She has been much distressed at Badminton; Mrs. Leveson leaving

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[1] In the year 1772 Dr. John Hawkesworth was employed, by the Lords of the Admiralty, to draw up a compendious account of the voyages of Byron, Wallis, Carteret, and Cook. He produced that work in 1773, and died on the 16th of Nov. in the same year.

[2] Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sandford.

her to settle far off, alas! (tho' in other respects well pleased.) The Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Worcester ill of fevers, the youngest boy past hopes for some time, and her son came from Winchester for a few holidays and fell ill of a fever: all now recovering, and I believe this day Mrs. Bos. will come here for some days with Lady Gower; I hope it will recruit her spirits, for she loves the place and its owner, and by happy experience I know their salutary effects; tho' I had rather our visiters had staid away till Monday, as I think our dear friend has got a cold, and being quite quiet for two or three days would have been better. This day was se'night Mrs. Dashwood came; the Saturday following Lady Illchester[1] and Mrs. Digby; Mrs. Dash[ds] spirits are better, but her gentleness and *natural indolence* appear at all times so much the same, that those who are not well acquainted with her can hardly see any alteration on any occasion, but she *suffers the more* from this want of power to *throw off* any load, yet she strives, and her affection to her sister makes her exert as much as she is able. She is sensible, discreet, and pious, and those are quallities that are essentially good, and will make up to *herself* the want of greater accomplishments: we had a great deal of serious discourse as we breakfasted, and spent most of the morning together, which was an indulgence to both. I gratified her in talking on the subject she liked best, and she did the same—surely you guess the subject?

[1] "Lady Ilchester."—Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Thomas Strangways Horner, Esq., married, in 1736, Stephen Fox, afterwards created Baron and Earl of Ilchester. Their second daughter, Lucy, married, in 1771 the Hon. Stephen Digby.

As to the other guests they were in another strain: cards and china their idols; and would you believe it, they could not find entertainment enough at Bulstrode for *one evening* without a pack of cards; and to prevent their ennui the Duchess and I were obliged to make up a cribbidge party—to my cost, for having neither skill nor luck, I lost eight shillings! tho' great was their condescention in playing a shilling a game! They went on Monday, and Dash staid till Wednesday, obliged to go, being in waiting. I am charm'd with her account of the Queen: *nothing can be more amiable.* All goes on well at Dunham.

I had a letter last post from Mrs. Ravaud to notify that she would take possession of my house for a day or two in her way to Kent. I thought *they were lost*, having written to them on their going into Cambridgeshire and received no letter till yesterday. They have been staring their eyes out and breaking their necks with looking at the fine Gothic work and arches at Ely. The Duchess of P. hopes to see them here for a day or two in their way home from Kent. Our dear Mrs. Sandford is better and her children, and by this time removed to Bath.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

(Postmark), 2nd Oct., 1773.

I have no news to send you; everybody gapeing for the Duke of Kingston's[1] will—£4000 a year he settled

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[1] The trial of Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston, for bigamy, took place before the House of Lords in Westminster Hall, on Monday, April the 15th, and several following days, in the year 1776. The Duke died Sept. 23rd, 1773,

on her at his *marriage* (if *such* it may be allow'd); her widow'd Grace fell into fits at *every turn* on the road from Bath:—*true* affection and gratitude surely cannot inhabit such a breast?

I suppose your father and brother Bernard are gone home. I always fear to enquire after my poor brother, and dread the approach of winter for him; such frequent returns must wear him out, and the languor is terrible, but the use he seems (in his letters to me) to make of his sufferings will (I pray God they may) support him under the painfull tryal.

I have enclosed you a letter of Mrs. Montague's to the Duchess of P on the death of Lord Littelton; you must not show it or take a copy; perhaps my brother might like to read it, but it must go *no further* than Calwich and your dear P; but sometime hence I may get a copy for you.

Mrs. Digby for some years was afflicted with such frequent and violent bleedings at her nose, that she used to be reduced to the last extremity. A person, after everything usual in such cases had been applied to no purpose, gave her *something* sewed up in a bag of black silk to wear at the pit of her stomach, hung round her neck with a ribbon next her skin in the day, and at night she pinned it to the bosom of her shift. She had one slight return on leaving it off too soon; but on putting it on and wearing it four months beyond the usual time she expected the bleeding, has not had it since, which is now two years. I will send you one for your nurse.

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and left her his whole estate of 17,000*l.* a year, the landed property for life and the personals absolutely. She died at Paris in 1788.

The spinning goes on better, but does not take up quite so fast as her G. wishes it to do.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ham.

Bulstrode, 8th Oct., 1773.

We go to town on Monday and stay till Saturday. The Duchess has busyness there, and will not let me stay behind, but I regret losing an hour where we go on with our favourite occupations unmolested, and where the weather is tolerable, can enjoy fresh air in one of the most charming places in the world with such a friend. But there is a friend that may make London *lose* all its gloom and *dispel all its fogs*; if prudent considerations will allow of it, it is needless for me to say how welcome *such a friend* will be, but hardly so if it cannot be done with perfect convenience:—more I would say upon the subject, but have not time, and I am sure you know before hand what I would say. I don't know what is become of *the Spinsters*, nor where to direct to them? I offer'd them my house at their return from Kent, as well as in their way thither, and they may also come when I am in possession, as with some contrivance and their being easily accommodated we may jumble very well altogether for two or three days.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 8th Oct., 73.

I ought to address myself to ye D^s^ of Portland according to all rules, &c., but I chuse to be guided by reason and not interrupt her just now: y^n^ I have a veiw of self-interest in it, knowing w^t^ I write must gain thro' you, d^r^ mad^m^. Pray tell her Grace, I did all ye way, and do still, amuse myself wth ye various entertainm^ts^ I feasted wth at Bulstrode; that ye sky was propitious, did not rain a drop, aided all it c^d^ to keep up my spirits w^n^ compelled to shorten ye time y^t^ was hapily spent. The plants she bestow'd were so well pack'd, not a leaf rubb'd off. I believe my *long* maid *put her legs in her pocket*, knowing 'twas as much as her life was worth to damage 'em; and I really apprehended eminent danger from y^t^ quarter! Yesterday morning was employ'd in planting 'em, and *Solomon* shin'd as usual; Laurus Regius I take to be a greenhouse plant; pray w^n^ next you favour me wth a letter, tell me if I'm right?

I hope yor stomach has recover'd *its best tone*, and y^t^ health may be yor constant companion, to enable you to enjoy ye sweets of every kind in yor pres^t^ situation.

I found a letter wch s^d^ Ld Cranborne[1] is to be maried some time in y^s^ month. I *can't* say 'tis a consumation most devoutly to be wish'd for. I wonder wether he gives *braceletts* among his weding trinkets?

I am most faithfully d^r^ Mrs. Delany's

M. G.

[1] James Cecil, then Lord Cranbourne, afterwards 7th Earl and 1st Marquis of Salisbury, was the grandson of Anne, Countess of Salisbury, Lady Gower's sister; he married, Dec. 2nd, 1773, Mary Amelia, daughter of William, Earl of Hillsborough, afterwards Marquis of Downshire.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 10th Oct., 1773.

The triple alliance at Bulstrode does me a great deal of honour in remembering me, and I am sure I cannot easily forget the pleasure I enjoy'd in such company.

I return you a thousand thanks, my dear madam, for not delaying your good news, and that Lady Gower *defies* all cold! I have heard and felt a great deal of wind, I never *saw* it as I did this morning. A stormy wind or hurricane, full of green leaves as well as yellow ones, swept over my lawn in a manner that was really terrifying; how my little bandbox escap'd I can't imagine. I see several branches torn off the trees; my 3 oaks, wch you have heard me boast of, seem to have lost only leaves. You will tell me that I am apt to *boast* since I talk of "a *lawn*": but that pretty name is all the amends I have for the expense of a *prodigious large* grass plot that requires a terrible deal of mowing, and to which I have a great mind to say: "Je vous fais champ; allez donner à manger aux brebis." At present, however, none of these revolutions are begun or even designed. Mr. Richmond came here according to appointment on Tuesday morning; a great council was held, and a scheme trac'd out and resolv'd upon, but he desir'd the execution might be postpon'd till spring, because there is a wall in the case (ye fence ag^st^ ye road) wch if I build now he says will not stand the winter. In short, I am a month too late for the execution of the project wch I had in my head, and remain a very idle body with respect to my garden; the house wou'd be glad of many improvem^ts^—and indeed I

cou'd not help planting a little yesterday it was so fine, I enjoy'd it in a long airing to a nursery garden (as also in a visit to Mr. Burrows and family). I bro^{t} from the former in my chaize a plant with a prodigious long Greek name, wch I forgot before I got home, but the plant I hope (being well water'd with this morning's torrents) will take root and flourish. It is to be full of flowers all summer, and of berries all winter; its name begins with an M and is something like Mucephalus, but not just that; I think, perhaps you are acquainted with it; it was new to me at least by its hard name, and if it has a soft one the nursery man wou'd not trust me with it, lest I shou'd despise the plant and its owner; both wou'd be more considerable in my eyes, he thought, for bearing and pronouncing so long a name. Monday morning I shall have the pleasure of a visit from y^{r} friend, Mrs. Chapone. She is in the house of one of my best neighbours, Mrs. Smith, sister to Mr. Burrows, who promis'd she wou'd bring her to see me on Monday. My dear mad^{m}, do you want any franks? If you do pray employ me; I will make them up and my son will frank them, and we are both very idle folks. We agreed t'other day that of all the pines we had ever eat, none equal'd the flavor of the Bulstrode pine. One I bestow'd upon an *infant ball*, and it made the middle dish at supper for the little misses and their mamas, and must have added much grace to the repast, wch was numerous as I heard. Adieu, my dear madam.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

14th Oct., 1773.

This morning I have had a person with me recommended to you by Mrs. Sandford. Her appearance and manner decent, civil, staid, about forty or more; has a healthy look, and says she is healthy. She expresses herself in very good language, and speaks French as fluently, having been used to it from her infancy.

I thought she might not submit to some rules necessary in a private family, but she said she should submit to any rules in whatever family she entered, and that she *always drank water*, and no malt liquor. She seems to be the *very person* you wished for, when we talked over the affair at Ilam. I mentioned to her that you would have a neice under your care; that she must also have attention, which she is willing to do, and *any* sort of work she *can do*, and *will do* to the utmost of her power. In short, if she answers to her character and appearance, she will be a treasure to you in your nursery, and to that I should devote her. She is about my size. She immediately entered into the necessity of a constant attention and proper decorum towards children. She will not come under £15 a-year: Her name is Hand. She lived with Lady Tweedale at the time of the death of her two eldest daughters, and can have a very good character from her. Her brother keeps a French school of reputation at Bristol; her mother lives there, and her neice Mrs. Sandford has just taken into her family.

I have had another very touching letter from my poor suffering brother, who seems to make a pious use of his

painfull tryal, and says he feels the salutary effect of it. What a consolation? and yet humanity *will* at times prevail over all celestial considerations. Such is the frailty of our nature, the apprehension of losing a fellow creature that one has been *so long* attached to, is very affecting! It softens away every failure that may at times have been too harsh, and every tender recollection of past kindnesses prevail. This is meer selfishness; but as Lady Russel (that pattern of tenderness and fortitude) says, "God, who knows our frames, will not expect, when we are weak we should be strong, and his goodness has and will support me on all occasions." I cannot comply with your request at present about a copy of the letter, I will when I can. Send me that I sent you. You will, I am sure, be delighted with Lady Russel's letters. On your recommendation the Duchess sent for the Sp. Quixote,[1] and we began the day before we came from Bulstrode, and were much diverted with it. There is excellent humour and satire in it, and well calculated to expose the profane absurdity of some of those poor deluded people. Their teachers, indeed, deserve the lash: but there is one thing hurts me, which is (tho' done with an intention to clear pure religion of weeds) making use of such sacred names and parts of Scripture in so ludicrous a manner? And yet I don't know well how it could answer the intention of the author were they omitted. It is as far as we have gone a very clever performance, and particularly so to *me knowing* some of the personages. The dear duchess's cold is gone, and

[1] "The Spiritual Quixote, or, The Summer's Ramble of Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose," a comic romance, by the Rev. Richard Graves, of Mickleton, in Gloucestershire.

she is now at Whitehall, immersed in the treasures of the ocean, Mr. Lightfoot settling all their names (an arduous task) according to the Linnean system. I hope to return on Saturday to Bulstrode. I have just packed up and sent by the Manchester machine the books Mr. Granville desired, and hope they will arrive on Saturday. I suppose your brother Court is on his return by this time. I have not heard lately. His last brought a very good account of him.

Nobody in town but Lady Wal[d] and Mrs. Dashwood.

To-morrow morning, please God, I shall breakfast with Mrs. Boscawen at her villa at Colney Hatch,—an hour and quarter driving.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 20th Oct., 73.

I was extreamly glad to hear yo[re] disorder was quite gone off, and hope London has taken away all remains of y[e] Dss' cold. Very much oblig'd to Mr. Granville I shall always think myself, for his kind congratulations on my son's mariage. Beg w[n] next you write to him you will asure him of my sense of it, and sincere wishes for his amendment in health.

I was inform'd by y[e] D[s] of P's own hand she had recēd y[e] green cattarpillars. They are certainly no curiosities, for I've *always* seen 'em on minionette; but her Grace saying she had *not* seen 'em made me send 'em, to apear of consequence, or rather of *none*, for I fear y[e] old gardener will say he *has hundreds!* The Dss of K—! (alias

Mrs. H.,[1]) must have been struck wth a whim for ye D. to ap̃ear a Grand Seignior before he died. She and her six women attending wth all humility gives me an idea of a seraglio. W^th^ all her ceremony, ye water[2] must have lost its vertue before it reached ye D. The vegetable Ethiopy agrees wth me, I sopose, knowing *nothing* to y^e^ *contrary*, therefore presume on yor goodness to beg you'd order ye apothecary to send to my house in Pall Mall by ye 1st Nov. four ounces of it, to carry into Norfolk, and beg you'd pay for it, and bid him send wth it a direction to himself. Mrs. Leveson seeming to be a favourite of yo^rs^, I must insert ye acc^t^ y^t^ Leveson wrote me of her. "Y^t^ she makes use of all ye flowers of her rhetorick to describe her dwelling; y^t^ she *walks*, or rather *runs*, up ye ship's side wth out fear or hesitation." They'll certainly breed admirals! but my serious reflection on this discription is very satisfactory. It shows a *steadiness* of mind, and a disposition *to please*, and *be pleas'd* wth w^t^ she undertakes, for he w^d^ have resign'd ye ship, but *she persisted* she sh^d^ *like ye situation*, wch I *then* did *not* credit. She *is, I believe*, a hap̃y composition, and he a fortunate man to meet wth one of such a cast. I have in this letter taken many liberties, I trust d^r^ Mrs. Delany will forgive it, in her most faithful

M. G.

Pray my best respects to ye Dss. of Portland.

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[1] The celebrated Miss Chudleigh, who in 1744 was privately married to the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, afterwards 3rd Earl of Bristol; and in 1766 was publicly married to Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston.

[2] The water here alluded to was from the river Jordan.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 28th Oct., 1773.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have half a mind to flatter myself that you will be generous enough to write to me from Bulstrode, not putting into our account the little scrap from Mrs. Dashwood's [1] room, tho' I own 'twas a very kind one. I hope the Duchess and you, my dear madam, are both in good health and have enjoy'd many fine gleams of été St. Martin. To me no day was so *fair* as that wch grac'd my lawn with your presence. I have not forgot it nor your goodness. I sent the franks by a walking upholsterer; I hope his march extended to Whitehall before you left Lon^n^, or I shall be very angry with him. My son is gone to Lon^n^ to visit Ld Fal. who is just return'd from Cornwall, but this afternoon I am to receive the first visit of a neighbour, Mrs. Durell. She is sister to Lady Sussex,[2] but *un*like her, however, is content with meer simple civility, and has not that *excessive graciousness* with which the good countess sometimes keeps one upon the stair head in a *thousand winds* while she inquires after all one's family one by one in the most obliging manner. Mr. Durell and family have taken that white house wch is à deux pas d'ici, an old looking house, and they are come to live in it. I don't know how much *society* one may get out of them, but friendly offices are already begun de part et d'autre. They offer'd me the use of

[1] The Maid of Honour, for love of whom Hammond, the Poet, wrote his sonnets and died.

[2] Henry Yelverton, 3rd Earl of Sussex, was twice married, first to Hester, daughter of John Hall, Esq., of Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts; and secondly, to Mary, daughter of John Vaughan, of Bristol, Esq.

their cart, and I offer'd them my assistance in any shape on their first arrival, wch however they don't seem to want, but appear to be quite rang'd and settled already. Tell me if by chance you know any thing of them.

Lady Gower did not go at all to L^y^ Hyde's, and gives me *incomparable* reasons for shirking that visit. I have a charming letter from her lady^p^. She speaks most kindly of her daughter-in-law, who on her side in a letter from Plymouth, dated last Thursday, says: "Lady Gower *almost* persuades me that *she likes me*. This I am sure of: the illusion is so pleasing I shan't willingly relinquish the idea, and do every thing I can to keep alive these kind sentiments towards me." Now I do not believe it is *any illusion* at all, for I take it L^y^ G. is not at all apt to *seem* to be be any thing *she is not*; and she has given Mrs. Leveson a very kind proof that she thinks of her by getting something for her that she heard her say she wanted; I think this is one proof of affection, and a much pleasanter still is the partial manner in wch she always speaks of her, and the good opinion she never fails to express, and wch therefore I doubt not she entertains of her. I do believe my dear Fanny is very desirous of her favour and friendship, and will cultivate it with the greatest attention. The word "*daughter*" in her vocabulary means so much real affection, duty, and tender attachment that Lady Gower has acquir'd a *child* rather than *lost one* by her son's marriage.

My dear madam, I have been at a neighbour's house to-day, where I saw a curious old picture of a delightful old woman, that I shou'd certainly have carry'd you to look at, had I known of it. It cost £500, is a small portrait, painted long ago and infinitely labour'd. I think

the Duchess of Portland w[d] like to see it. The same gentleman has got a mango-tree[1] from China and 2 China Daphnes. The mango is *unique* in England.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Oct. 1773.

[Part of a letter, the commencement missing.]

I think the Bath scenes spin out a little too much tho' there are sprinklings of good observation thro'out. I suppose *all* the *facts are true*, only some circumstances of the personages are alter'd as a disguise. We have been very comfortable without any interruption ever since we returned from London. Mr. Lightfoot comes on Wednesdays and stays till Saturday—Virtù flourishes, and his Welsh expedition has added to his knowledge and our entertainment; he never fails enquiring after his friends at Ilam and particularly his *little* flame. I have received *Mrs. Mon[e] letter safe*, and when we meet will give you a copy. I have just receiv'd a letter from Lady Gower and will transcribe part of it.

I thought the account of your friend being in *such good favour* would give you satisfaction. I have had a kind and melancholy letter from poor Mrs. Mead. She feels her loss severely, but is resign'd; pray God support her. I was much baulk'd at not seeing Court in his way home, but happy he is so well. My best wishes

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[1] Magnifera Indica, the Mango tree, is stated by Loudon to have been first introduced to this country in 1690.

and affec^te^ complim^ts^ attend Ilam. To my dearest Mary, ever with ye kindest love

Her own

M. D.

The allusion to the letter of Mrs. Montague must have related to the death of Lord Lyttelton, who died the previous month. Horace Walpole says, "Lord Lyttelton, the historian, is dead. His son has added so much to his mass of character, by histories too opprobrious to be entertaining, that even this age has the grace to shun him. But then he is neither a monarch nor a nabob! The vacant green ribbon will certainly *not* bring home Lord Cowper. It is given to Lord Northington."

Mrs. Anne Viney to the Rev. Mr. Dewes, at Calwich, near Ashbourn, Derbyshire.

Gloucester, Nov. 2, 1773.

SIR,

I received your letter in Septr and should have answered it before, but staid to let you know I have done what Mr. Granville desir'd, and got Mrs. Granville's tomb thoroughly repair'd; the iron rails painted, and the inscription engrav'd in large, visible, durable letters. I show'd it to Mr. Newton, who made no objection to any part but the word "scanty," which he thought better omitted, which is accordingly done; all the rest is word for word the same, as he thought it very handsome and proper. It *was* very much out of repair, but it now looks very well again. I should be glad to know if I shall send him the receipt I have taken from the mason, or to Mr. Granville, as I have no frank to enclose it. If the weather had been better, this

had been done much sooner, but I hope and believe it is well done at last.

My best respects wait upon Mr. Granville, who I am very sorry to hear is no better; my sister joins with me in the same and in wishes for his better health. Her kind comp^{s} attend you. I hope Mr. C. Dewes will receive benefit from the Spa and have an agreeable tour; does he return soon? The winter is creeping upon us, tho' we have had two or three very fine days.

I suppose you practise a good deal, and if you are as fond of music as your brother Bern^{d} must have great pleasure in Mr. Granville's *valuable* collection.[1] I thought Mr. Bernard Dewes much improv'd when he was here last, and I accompanied him upon the organ, and wish I could do the same by you, who I should have great pleasure in seeing and hearing. Poor Mrs. Pitt has been confin'd to her room a great while with that most dreadful disorder, a cancer, and is never free from pain, and sometimes so violent she can hardly bear it. We go to her as often as we can, but 'tis very affecting to see her suffering and know that nothing can do her good,

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[1] "*Mr. Granville's valuable collection.*"—This was the MS. collection of Handel's music, written for Mr. Granville under Handel's own inspection, chiefly by his Secretary Smith, in 38 vols. Mr. Granville had also an organ built under Handel's personal supervision, by Father Smith, which is still in the family, as well as the MS. music, and amongst old papers of Mr. Granville's was the following memorandum, probably given by Handel for Mr. Granville's information—"Father Smith's chamber organs generally consist of a stop diapason of all wood. Sometimes there is an open diapason of wood. Down to Cesaut, an open flute of wood, a fifteenth of wood, a bass mixture of wood; that is to the middle C. of two ranks, the cornet of wood of two ranks to meet the mixture in the middle. Sometimes the mixture is of mettle, as is the cornet. N.B.—If it is stiled '*a furniture*' it is *not* one of his, that is, *if* the mixture is stil'd so *it is not*. Remark that the wooden pipes are all of clean yallow deal."

but she must be worse and worse; and Mrs. Savage too has had a stroke of the palsey which has depriv'd her of one eye and fear she will lose the other. She is gone to the Bath, but not the better for it. It is a great loss to us, as she and Mrs. Pitt were often with us and we with them. As I have nothing to entertain you with, I will add no more but that I am,

Dear sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

A. VINEY.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 9th Nov., 1773.

It is very true, my dear madam, I return'd you scrap for your scrap, but I did by no means *pay in kind*, a most agreeable letter that preceeded it, so that now I am in debt for two kind epistles; if I do not declare myself bankrupt it is because I will compound with you and send you empty covers instead of charming letters; but you are a gracious creditor, and will be content to take such as one can give. I will scrape together all the effects I can collect, and therefore tell you that I have sent Mrs. Chapone one of these same empty covers directed to you, wth which poor coin I pay now, as she will fill it vastly well. I am at least the cause that you receive entertaining letters tho' I can write none myself.

And now, my dear madam, I will tell you a pleasant adventure I had last Friday, and which you will like. At the hour of breakfast, my kettle boiling upon the table, I took to feeding my robin-redbreast with almonds as you bid me, and very generously gave him his break-

fast before I took my own; but at a second visit to him, behold—a tortoishell cat waiting with wicked leer to catch my sweet robin. I sally'd out in a rage, arm'd with *a spud*, and cou'd have executed fearful vengeance if in that moment I had not heard my servant call, or rather scream out "Lady Gower." I left *cat*, and *bird*, and *spud* instantly, and *flew* to the other door, where I cou'd hardly discern her lady^p^ in her chaize for a fine tall *magnolia* wch she had been so good to make her companion in it for my sake. I need not tell you how glad I was to see her, and that this honour was indeed a pleasure. She was glad to find the breakfast so ready that the tea was made and the chocolate arriv'd in a minute. She lik'd the brown bread, and eat very heartily, and chatted most agreeably. We sat long at our breakfast, and then went to the greenhouse with our magnolia, wch was unpack'd and treated after the direction of its noble mistress. She was pleas'd to bring also a basket full of carnations for Mrs. Leveson, from whom she had just receiv'd a letter that seem'd to please her, so that after she had read parts of it to me she said, "I wish we had her here." Her lady^p^ approv'd my little guinguette exceedingly, but wou'd have had me quit it now and go with her to Holkham, assuring me that Lady L. wou'd like it mightily. I was much flattered by the invitation, but cou'd not accept it for the same reason that withholds me from the honour and happiness of being now at Bulstrode. Lady Gower left me ab^t^ one; I went with her as far as the turning off to Hampstead, whither she was bound on a visit to Lady Salisbury.[1] I hope she

[1] Anne, wife of James, 5th Earl of Salisbury, and sister of Lady Gower, died in 1757. Their son James, the 6th Earl, married Miss Elizabeth Keet (sister of the Rector of Hatfield); the Countess of Salisbury, to whom this visit was paid.

got no cold by giving me this pleasure; at present she is on her way to Holkham. I hope there are no waters on the road, for *prodigious* rains have fallen since the day she was here, wch luckily was a very fine one. I am exceedingly glad the *chicken* turtle arriv'd *at last*, I despair'd and concluded it dead; what cou'd they keep it for so long? in hopes 'twou'd be a *pullet?* I suppose it must have waited to recover its voyage. Poor Mrs. Wals.[1] has indeed had various pains of mind and body lately; I am glad she had such a holiday as I know her visit to Bulstrode must have given her. Adieu, my dearest madam.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Holkham, 27th Nov., 73.

Mr. Juxton, under d^r^ Mrs. Delany's direction, performed very well, and sent me a proper quantity for my journey, rightly prepar'd I believe. I have been very exact in taking it, do not find it either does good or harm; I will persevere because it came well recommended from one y^t^ will ever have great influence wth me, tho' my inclinations don't lean towards *neuters* of any sort, they are insipid things: however I'm very well, but want ye Ethiopes to do more, viz., to *clear up my beauty* against I come to town, wch it does not seem to take any part in! Mr. Juxton, you say, lives in *Berks*,—and now and then you tell me B. Hill is in *Bucks!* Since a

[1] Charlotte, daughter and coheir of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams and of his wife, the Lady Frances Coningsby, married the Hon. Robert Boyle Walsingham, 5th son of Henry Boyle, 1st Earl of Shannon.

certain *Monday* you can't imagine ye joy it gives me to catch you triping. This moment I've rec^d^ a letter from Mrs. Bos., wch tells you've had a fall, says no bad consequences arise from it, more y^n^ ye pres^t^ pain it caus'd; 'twill be satisfactory to have y^s^ under yor own hand. I had ye hapiness to find my sister well, and in good spirits; she is very much yor hb^le^ serv^t^. Mrs. Mountagu is by y^s^ set forw^ds^ for London, ye great and universal rains makes me fear she'll meet wth difficulties from ye rivers, being swell'd beyond there bounds. As for Mr. Mason I wonder not he keeps retir'd; to see one he loves, and has been oblig'd to, in distress *beyond* ye reach of his aid, must be grievious! wch I heard his patron[1] was. I have nothing but Norfolk news, and y^t^ of ye deplorable kind. L . . d Orford[2] carried to Stainsted under proper care. Houghton[3] a ruin; Mr. Horace Walpole[4] has been there and order'd repairs. L . . d Townshend[5] having not paid ye debts he contracted before he went to Ireland, his creditors are so troublesome he cou'd not stay long in y^s^ county . . . Houghton is a large ffield for contemplation, especially *to me* who remember it in *all its glory, almost ye seat of empire!* it reconciles me to obscurity . . . I beg my best respects to ye Dss. of Portland, wishing

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[1] The Earl of Holderness, to whom Mason was Chaplain, and who obtained for him the appointment of one of the King's Chaplains. In 1762, Mr. Montagu obtained for him the Canonry and Prebend of Driffield, in York Cathedral, and Lord Holderness gave him the living of Aston, and the Precentorship of York.

[2] George Walpole, 3rd Earl of Orford, who was for many years a lunatic.

[3] The family seat of the Walpoles.

[4] The well known Horace Walpole, who on his nephew's death became the 4th Earl of Orford.

[5] George, 4th Viscount and 1st Marquis Townshend, grandson of Charles, the 2nd Viscount, brother-in-law of the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

her better weather while she stays at Bulstrode; not being interested in it here I'm careless ab^{t} it like ye rest of ye world, but wish Decr may be dry. Adieu, d^{r} Mrs. Delany.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

At Mrs. R. Brudenell's, in Dean Street.
Monday, 1773.

My dear Madam,

I arriv'd safe at the most horrid place imaginable, wch is Audley Street, and my house therein; the latter being full of painters, and the former of paviors. Mrs. R. Brudenell[1] sav'd me from both by a kind invitation to dinner. I am now with her, and am going to set down (from her mouth) the information that her Grace wish'd for. The D. of Newcastle[2] had the custody of the D. of K's will, but the Dss was so ill (*of grief*), that she cou'd not bear to have it open'd! At length the D. of N. said he cou'd wait no longer and appointed last Friday for Mr. Medows[3] to meet him at Kingston (alias Chudleigh House). He went; his sons remain'd at the outside of the gate walking to and fro with their cousin

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[1] The Hon. Robert Brudenell, 3rd son of George, 3rd Earl of Cardigan, and brother to George, 4th Earl of Cardigan and Duke of Montagu; married, in 1759, Anne, daughter of Sir Cecil Bishopp, Bart. Mr. Robert Brudenell died in 1770. His son by this marriage was Robert, born in 1769, who succeeded his uncle, in 1811, as 6th Earl of Cardigan.

[2] Henry Pelham Clinton, 9th Earl of Lincoln and 2nd Duke of Newcastle.

[3] Sir Philip Meadows, Knight Marshal of the Palace, the second of that name holding the same office; married Dorothy Boscawen, sister of Hugh, 1st Viscount Falmouth. Their third son, Philip Meadows, born in 1708, married Frances, only daughter of William Pierrepont, Viscount Newark, and sister of Evelyn, last Duke of Kingston. Their second son, Charles, inherited the Pierrepont estates and took the name. In 1796 he was created Baron Pierrepont and Viscount Newark, and in 1806, Earl Manvers.

Spencer Boscawen,[1] from whom this acc^{t}. came (I think too Mr. Brand was at the opening of the will); Mr. Medows (the father) came out but cou'd not speak for tears. His eldest son, Mr. Evelyn Medows, is totally disinherited, and is cut off with £500 left him in a codicil. The Duke has left every thing to the Dss for her life; and then to L^{y} Fra^{s} Medows's second son Charles and his heirs, failing them to ye 3rd son W. and his; so on to Edwd, 4th son, and even to Thos, 5th son though *afflicted* with falling sickness. If all these nephews fail of heirs (and only one of them is marry'd, and he has no children.) Then the Duke substitutes the 2^{d} son of the Duke of Newcastle to take his estate after his nephews, still leaving out and totally excluding his eld. nephew, Mr. Evelyn Medows. As to personal. estate—some authors say it is entirely left to the D. in fee; but Spencer Boscawen cou'd not be positive in this circumstance.

Mr. Eve. Meadows express'd no concern at his disappointment: his father was excessively affected.

My fish are all alive, my pines delightful, my gratitude *very warm*; but my pen will not write a word more, nor express how much I am my Lady Duchess's, my Lady Gower's, and dear Madam.

Your obliged

F. B.

You will be so good to write me how you do, and how ye Dss cold is. I found my son arriv'd from Tunbridge an hour; his chaise follows mine to C. Hatch—and both are at the door.

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[1] William Augustus Spencer Boscawen, son of Major-General the Hon. John Boscawen, fifth son of Hugh, 1st Viscount Falmouth.

Mrs. Delany to Bernard Granville, Esq, at Calwich.

New Year's Day, 1774.

I can't let this day slip without sending my best and most affectionate wishes to Calwich. Health and prosperity are the two great objects of this world; and when granted, are undoubtedly blessings to those who possess them as they ought to do; but as there are virtues that, under the circumstances, cannot be exercised and proved, we are frequently tried by pain and adversity; but we have then the comfortable and all supporting hope, that long suffering, patience, and resignation, are sure to meet with a reward from the God of all consolation. To this consideration I fly when my heart is full of anguish for the painful situation my dear brother is in. Never ceasing my prayers for his support, and receiving, indeed, the greatest comfort from his own words full of piety and submission. I have indulged the overflowings of my heart, and said much more on the subject than I meant to express.

And now I will change the subject, and talk a little more like a woman of this world, and muster up all my forces of tittle tattle to amuse you. The newspapers have informed you that Lord Guilford[1] is made Treasurer to the Queen, in Mr. Storie's place. He was with me this morning to thank me for my congratulations on the occasion; the Bishop of Litchfield came to town last night. I shall lose no opportunity of trying my interest with him. I am afraid the Archbishop of

[1] The Hon. and Revd. Brownlow North, second son of Francis, 3rd Lord Guilford, made Bishop of Lichfield in 1771, translated to Worcester in 1774.

York is in a dangerous way; the last account from Brodsworth was a very indifferent one; I shall be very sorry for him on *several* accounts. It will be a grief to the Duchess of Portland; they have always lived like brother and sister. I still hope he will recover; he would be an infinite loss to his own family and sons; the eldest will be heir to Lord Kinnoul, and the A. B^p has an ample fortune to provide for the rest; but what can make up for the loss of such a parent, especially to his two youngest sons, very fine youths at Westm^r. School? Lord Willoughby is gone for a few days into Warwickshire. The recovery of Miss Verney from the smallpox has raised their spirits, which had been much sunk by the loss of their fine boy, the flower of the flock. I saw Mrs. Tomlinson yesterday, who gives me a very good account of Mr. Foley; he now rides and walks out for 3 or 4 hours together, he has been very busy at Stoke, and made great improvements, entirely new sash'd the house, and has made a fine library over the saloon. They are all very happy in Mr. A. Foley's marriage. She comes to town in February to lye in, but is so fond of Newport and the country, that she can hardly be persuaded to come to town. I am afraid Mr. T. Foley goes on as usual, *promising* amendment, and *never* performing his promise. At present there is a dead calm of news; the birthday and meeting of the Parliament will give some agitation, and most probably may end in a storm. I thank God I gather strength, tho' I have not yet ventured out even to church. It is I think more cowardice than necessity; and the friends I like to see are so kind in coming to me, that I feel no regret at my confinement, except not going to church. Adieu.

[On another sheet.]

I did not mean to direct the enclosed letter to my brother, for fear he might be low, and that it would be troublesome, but I have no frank directed to *the Revd*—, and I found the enclosed covers and thought you might be glad to have them. Don't imagine by that I grudge postage for your letters, which I never do. I write by candlelight, and with a skewer of a pen. The Duchess of Portland, who is so good as to come to me every day, is now well again; she has had a bad attack of the cramp, makes many kind enquires after my bro^{r}, and sends her best wishes and comp^{ts}.

From John Dewes, of Welsbourn, Esq. to his son the Rev. John Dewes (afterwards Granville) at Calwich, near Ashbourn.

Welsbourn, 17th Feb., 1774.

Dear John,

I tho^{t} it long ere I heard from you, but you have now made me amends, by a very long and very good letter, of the 12th inst. I am, as you suppose, quite alone, and have been so for near a fortnight past, during wch time and for near a week before I have had a very bad cold. I am glad to hear you are so well; but most heartily grieved at the melancholly acc^{t} you give of poor Mr. Granville, and wish I knew how to administer any relief to him, either in body or mind, but he has too good understanding to want any advice from me, and all I can do is humbly to implore the wise Disposer of all things to be his comfort and support him both here and hereafter, which I have not ceased to do dayly and almost

hourly when awake, since he has been in such distress'd circumstances. The unhappy way Mr. G. is in at present, seems to me to be owing to the great dejection of spirits he is under, occasioned as I apprehend by his long and severe illness, wch makes him see everything thro' a false mirrour, otherways I hope and veryly believe he would not have those doubts and difficulties he at present labours under. I don't know w^r^ he or you ever saw a book in two vols, said to be wrote by the wid^w^ of J. Chapone; it consists of letters of instruction from an aunt to her niece, in the first of which letters, entitled On the first principles of Religion, she puts the foll. question, viz. "Can those who think of God with ser-"vile dread and terror, as of a gloomy tyrant armed "with almighty power to torment and destroy them, be "said to believe in the true God—in that God who, the "Scriptures say, is love! the kindest and best of beings, "who made all creatures in bountifull goodness, that he "might communicate to them some portion of his own "unalterable happiness! who condescends to stile him-"self our ffather, and who pittieth as a ffather pittieth "his own children?" &c., with much more upon this subject as well as others, I think worth yor perusal, and pbably yor uncle may think so too, and to wch I w^d^ recommend ano^r^ intitled Howe's Meditations,[1] wch pbably you may have seen here, for I know I had it, tho' I can't readily find it. If you have not yet seen those books, I believe you will not think it time mispent to give them a reading. I am sorry to hear of poor Mr. Osborn's death, as he seem'd to show a paticular regard

[1] Devout Meditations; or, A Collection of Thoughts upon Religious and Philosophical Subjects, by Charles Howe, born 1661, died 1745.

to the Port's; I wonder to whom he has left his estate, as I think I have heard it said of him that he did *not know* whom to leave it to. I think the charges of Mr, G's law-suit run very high. I have little news to send you from hence. I suppose you have heard of Mr. [*illegible*] marriage with Miss Sally Wren,[1] tho' I don't remember to have seen any acc^{t} of it. My sister Holyoak[2] is lately dead, and her son is in a very poor way; he has had something of the gout, and since that his legs so bad as not to be able to walk without crutches, and sometimes not with. Mr. West has taken Barrells, late Ld Catherlough's, where he resides at present.

It seems not unlikely to me that the inward gnawing wch Mr. G. complains of, may be occasioned by worms; however you may ask Mr. Docksey's thoughts, and hear w^{t} he says before you speak to yor uncle. I beg my best respects to Mr. G., and am,

Yo^{r} m^{t} aff^{t} ffa^{r},

J. D.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 5th April, 1774.

My last letter told you all that had past till Thursday, which day I dined at Lord Guilford's—a little snug party—and ended it at Mrs. Granville's, where were assembled Lady Wallingford, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Foley,[3]

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[1] The Hon. Thomas Lyon, brother to Lord Strathmore, married 12th June, 1774, a daughter of Farrer Wren, Esq., of Benchester, in Durham.

[2] Elizabeth, wife of John Holyoake, Esq., and sister of Mr. Dewes, of Welsbourn, died in 1774, aged 80.

[3] Grace, eldest daughter of Thomas Foley (afterwards Lord Foley) and Grace Granville, his wife, married 21st May, 1774, to James, last Earl of Clanbrassil.

Lord Clanbrazill. His lordship and I enter'd into a great deal of Irish talk; he looks old of his age (having lost all his fore teeth), but he is tall, genteel, and *very well bred*, and the evening past off very well. Friday I went to early chapel; in the evening our dear Duchess, Lady Bute, and Mrs. Dashwood came. Saturday morning I had a visit from Lord Clan. I believe his attachment to our cousin is *very sincere*, his professions are delicate and generous. I hope he will meet with the same from Mr. F.; but should he give her down less than he *authorized* his friends to say he would give her, it will be very shabby and very ungratefull to so good a child, and towards a man who behaves in so disinterested a manner, for *he* will make the *same* settlem^ts^ let her fortune be what it will; but I hardly suppose this can be the case, as he, Mr. F., seems well pleased with the match. Ge^l^ Fitz. made me a visit yesterday morning and told me he knew Lord C. very well, and could assure me he was free from *every vice in the world*. I thought the intelligence came from a good quarter, and everybody agrees in it. Saturday evening the lovers came here, and the Duchess of P. promised to give them the meeting, but Lady Weymouth was not very well, and the Duchess could not leave her till past ten o'clock, when my company was gone. Sunday I was at early church, dined at Whitehall, came home to Lady And^r^, &c. Yesterday morning, as aforesaid, had a visit from *the* General and his lady, and Mrs. Boscawen to anounce the Duchess of Beaufort's safe delivery of a daughter; then the Duchess of Queensbery: who said, "she did not love to see people *sorrowfull*, and so would not come sooner." She carried me to Lady Westmorlands, and from thence I

went to my little friend Mrs. Montagu, and dined there with Dr. Hurd[1] and her son. No other company, and indeed *none* were wanting *but those* I want everywhere! The Duchess of P. came in the evening, and I staid till nine. These are all the transactions that have past since my last writing, little interesting to any but those who think every trifling thing belonging to a friend of some consequence. To-day I spend at home, and feel glad so to do; to-morrow I dine at Lord Dartmouth's; on Friday at L[d] Guilford's to meet Gowers, Leicesters, and those *appertaining to them.*

Lord and Lady Willoughby sat an hour with me on Sunday evening—both well, and their children; they are gone for a few days to Mr. Chester's. No letter from Calwich, *my spirits sink* when I turn my thoughts *that way.*

I found a *little bit* of little Mary's Queensbery cake, and I eat it for her sake, *tho'* it was *very musty*—embrace the dear cherubims for me! I never pray without an earnest petition for their happiness, the best this world can afford. Lady Stamford and her three eldest children made me a visit Sunday morning; endless enquiries and good wishes after you and y[rs] from everybody. Do you talk in the country of Mr. C. Mordaunt's match? I fancy it will be soon. That at Foley House can't proceed till Mr. F. comes to town about a fortnight hence.

My visiters this morning were Lady Gower, Mr. Mon. and nephew, Dr. Coureyer, (my lord aforesaid,) and Mr.

[1] Dr. Richard Hurd, Archdeacon of Gloucester in 1767, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry in 1775. He was preceptor to George IV. and the Duke of York, and translated to the see of Worcester in 1781. He published several works, and died 1808.

Pennant; I *forget Miss Foley*, the principal figure in the piece.

It appears that Mrs. Port, of Ilam, and her little daughter (*Mary the third*) and infant son, had been staying with Mrs. Delany a short time before the date of this letter.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 30th April, 1774.

By this time I hope my dearest Mary is enjoying the sweets of her beautiful Ilam, her rocks, her woods, her rapid river, the birds warbling her welcome home, and the cascades accompanying them—tap, tap, the post and a letter. Many, many thanks, "*sweet are the words of her I love.*" I rejoyce you are all so well, and congratulate you on the extraordinary circumstance that three out of four of your domesticks prove to your satisfaction; but I am not surprized, tho' vext, at Pugh's proving such an ignorant useless creature. "*Well then,*" you may well say, "*my dear A. D. why encourage me to take her?*" I am now sorry I did not *discourage* you, for tho' at first I thought she seemed sensible, and I hoped capable enough for your service, latterly I suspected she would not do; but as I have no reason to depend on my sagacity I thought to object just when all was packed and ready, was giving you too great a hurry of spirits. You delight me with the account of your lovely children, pray God bless them! You are in the right to continue your riding as long as you can.

Mrs. Foley pure well and about again, so is the

Duchess of Beaufort, and Lady Delawarr in a fair way, and now the doctors say (for she had several) that she never was in danger, and that Lord Delawarr took the allarm from her very low spirits.

Mrs. Sandford is recovering again, but the shock was too much for her poor nerves. The accident happen'd as they were going to church; the boy was following his mama and his brothers, and fell down and hit his head against a post, got up immediately without its being seen by any but the servant, who, to be sure, ought to have told, and not suffered the child to go into church; he instantly grew sick and had a very allarming complaint; but Mr. Ditcher, who came to him immediately, found the skull was not fractured, but the concussion was very dangerous, and threw him into a high fever; but, thank God, the poor child is perfectly sensible, and only weak from the discipline he has gone thro'. I am vastly glad you have so agreable a companion with you. I shall send the parcel with Mr. Granville's things that set out next Monday; you say nothing of him, so I suppose you have not seen him. I am in *much care* about the bed and chair he has employed me to get for him, for fear they should not answer his expectation, and that would disappoint him sadly.

Sunday I dined at Foley House: Lord Clanbrassil very polite and agreable, and good Lord Oxford very dull and formal, so that on the whole it was a very demure party, till the young folks proposed coming away after dinner, and shewed me some of the bridal preparations, which are pretty summer things and *very fine lace*. The fashion of brides being presented in white *is out*, and so, tho' she has a very pretty white and silver, she is to be presented

in *pink* trimmed with Brussels lace—the trimming cost 70 pound.

Monday morning Lord Clanbrassil came to see me to *beg me to hurry Mr. Foley,* which I promised to do.

Yesterday I dined with Mrs. Boscawen. The pattern Mrs. Leveson is preparing for you will appear in the shape of a *work bag* as soon as she can finish it, and with directions for working one by it. I don't think that it is quite what you wanted, and will delay Miss Mordaunt's gift too long, but you know Mrs. L. lays hold of every opportunity of being obliging. After dinner yesterday I made my visit to the Arch Bishop of York, and found him better than I expected. He gave me two prints of his pallace at Bishopsthorp near York. I ended my evening at Whitehall, found our dear Duchess vastly better, and her two daughters at work with her.

This morning I have been with Lady Andover to see Miss Finch's painting (that you saw at my house); she seems to have a *great desire* to do well, and not to want genius.

I dine solo, and go to Mrs. Fitzwilliam's in my way to Whitehall, where her Grace has desired me to come, by way, I suppose, of a *scarecrow* to drive her company away! To-morrow I hope your brothers will dine with me.

Great preparations are making for the masquerade next Wednesday. All the world are now reading Lord Chesterfield's letters;[1] I have begun them, they are a *medley* of *sense, knowledge of the world,* attention to the mi-

[1] The Earl of Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, with several other pieces, were published by Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, from the originals in her possession in 1774.

nutest article of good breeding, *entertainment, satire, and immorality*, and *not* a few *inconsistencys*; for at the same time he recommends decency of behaviour, and avoiding all low vices, he recommends *everything* that *can shake* the foundation of virtue and religion, tho' at times he mentions *both* as necessary: in short all wickedness is folly, and all folly is inconsistency, says a wise man that I suppose Lord Ches. was *never acquainted with*, or at least was not wise enough to be instructed by him.

I sent you the Minstrel, 2[d] book;[1] I hear its excellent author is very well. There is to be a concert next winter, where Mrs. Sheridan[2] is to sing, and great interest is making to be a subscriber, and Lady M. Mor[t] has desired me to use my interest—'*there's for you.*' Who would imagine I could be an instrument for obtaining favour among the *bons ton's?* Dinner calls me away. Miss M. Foley[3] will not have Mr. Bos.,— he has haunted and tormented her whenever they have met, but she has put a stop to it by an *absolute denial.* She talked to me very sensibly about it; she cannot bear such a coxcomb. I am sorry he *is* such a one, for the sake of those he is connected with. Mrs. Bos. has been much chagrin'd at her youngest son, just come from Winchester school, declaring he will go into the army; she wished to lead him into a more peaceful path.

General Fitzwilliam is gone to his regiment in Ireland for a month.

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[1] The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius, a Poem; by Dr. James Beattie. The second Book was published in Edinburgh in 1774.

[2] Mrs. Sheridan, eldest daughter of Mr. Linley.

[3] Mary, second daughter of Thomas, Lord Foley, married Richard Clarke, of Kingston, near Oxford, Esq., and died Dec. 1844.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 10th May, 1774.

I wish you had been at Calwich, as I think it will soon be too fatiguing for me to go so far. By the letters I receive from my bro^{r} I should think him rather better. As to his not desiring to see anybody, it is owing to low spirits, but surely it *must give him pleasure* to see *you*, at least I judge so from my own heart! He wrote me word of Mr. Unwin's death, and said he hoped I would give you a hint not to enter into any intimacy wth the widdow. I wrote him word that there was no likelihood of that as she had no attraction of manner.

I will endeavour to get the materials for your work-bag before I go to Bulstrode. Mrs. Leveson is at present at Glanvilla with Mrs. Boscawen. Before I go to Bulstrode I shall have a troublesome affair to settle, which is taking down my pictures in my drawing-room in order to have the cieling cleaned and whitewashed; at present it looks fitter for Morpheus's cave, the god of sleep, than for the sprightly circle that so often honour it. I have some small hope of seeing Mrs. Sandford for a week if she is well eno' to take the journey, and can deposite the two youngest children safely during her absence; but she has been forc'd to part with her own maid (who proves a little crazy) which may hinder her. The *idle habits* of the higher sort (not to give it a harsher name) *always descend* to the lower, and what formerly was thought a very reasonable service, is now look'd upon as a slavery! such is the mischief of *so much luxury and dissipation!*

Mr. C. Mordaunt[1] is come to town to celebrate his nuptials. Your bro[rs] dined with me on Sunday.

The Foley wedding, I believe, will be about a fortnight hence. I suppose the writings will not be finished till next week. At first they were to have been married on *articles*, but they changed their mind and that has occasioned some delay. Spencer's, &c., still at Bath. One night, at a ball, Lady G. S.,[2] overcome with heat, fainted away, which of course made a little bustle. His (philosophical) Grace was at the other end of the room and ask'd "*What's that?*" they told him, and he replied with his usual demureness (alias dulness), "*I thought the noise —was—among—the women.*"

Mrs. Riggs at Bath Easton (which now is called *Bath-Easton Parnassus*) has an assembly of wits where Mr. and Mrs. Miller preside; once a week (I think) or some settled time, the wits thereto belonging produce their works, judgment passes, and a prize is given to the best. Lady Spencer and Lady G. S. were invited to a breakfast and to partake of the poetical entertainment. Amongst other offerings of the muses, Mr. *Miller* read one address'd to Lady Georgina which perhaps you have seen in the Publick Advertizer, without wishing to know the author—too gross a flattery not to distress the person chiefly concerned, who blush'd, and look'd down in the utmost confusion. Said Mr. Miller, "*Sure the author of the verses deserves the prize, for having chosen so fine a sub-*

[1] The Rev. Charles Mordaunt, second son of Sir Charles Mordaunt, married, in 1774, Charlotte, daughter of Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart.

[2] Lady Georgina Spencer, eldest daughter of John, Earl Spencer, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire.

ject?" It would have been a poor compliment to have disputed that judgment in the presence of *the* person and accordingly it was agreed to and the author to be declared. "*It was I,*" (says Mr. Miller,) "*and now I will read them once again,*" which he was preparing to do, when Lady Spencer relieved poor L^r^ G. by making her curtsey an excuse and withdraw. Mr. L'Anglois told me this, and that Mrs. Ravaud was hurt by the ridiculous behaviour of these people,—a sentiment of generosity they do not deserve. This is a long story, and I fear has tired you quite.

Bernard is pure well again; they talk of spending their Whitsun-week at Welsbourn. They dine wth me to-morrow, and go with me afterwards to the Queen's house.

The Duchess of P. spent three days at Bulstrode last week to try what change of air would do. Found herself better. Went again yesterday morning and returns on Thursday or Friday. On Sunday I hope she, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, and Doc^tr^ Hurd will dine with me; the next week will disperse us. Mrs. M. goes to Bill Hill with Lady Leicester for a month, before which time I suppose I shall be at Bulstrode.

A report has been spread (this part entre nous) that *Mr. F.*[1] was going to be married to Lady E. Cl.. A person wish'd *him* joy, and I heard it from several, not a little surprized at the report. Mr. F. came to me and declared it was without the least foundation, for he had never been in a room with her, *nor* directly or indirectly *sent her any message*, but that "*if* he alter'd his condition nobody

[1] *Mr. Foley?*

would suit him *so well*, as she was a very worthy woman, but he could never think of altering his condition *without* an assurance that it would be *agreable* to his daughters, who *deserved so much consideration*." I agreed with him, and *at his request* mention'd it to the eldest; but there it must drop, as they are all *irreconcileably* averse to his marrying again, and it was *not* a point *for me to dispute*. I acquitted myself of my promise to Mr. F. and there's an end of the affair.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, May 13th, 1774.

Not the nightingale's sweet delightfull song cou'd be half so pleasant as my dear friend's delightfull letter. I do assure you it is very fashionable to come and visit me, wch must certainly recommend it to a lady who *sees masks* and *makes party's* for the *Pantheon*! jesting apart, I shall hope for the honour and pleasure of your visit when the north-east wind concludes his, wch has been very tedious. Yesterday it was tolerably civil to my Lord Chief Baron and his lady who spent the day here, as Lord and Lady Edgcumbe were to have done to-day, but alas, in their stead came a messenger with the unwelcome news that Mr. Edgcumbe was not well and come home from Harrow with the same sort of fever he had in the winter, but I trust in God, tho' he is so precious a child[1] that one always trembles for him, and so very dear to his mother that she is in agonies when his finger aches. 'God grant they

[1] Richard, afterwards 2nd Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. He was born in 1764.

may both be restor'd to ease and health soon! Your cousin, Mrs. Leveson, is in perfect health, and in the evening Mr. George reads to us Lord Chesterfield's letters[1] of which I think just as you do and *therefore very right*, I doubt not! My son George is clear in his choice of arms, and I have, at his desire, paid £400 for an ensigncy in the 4th or King's Own Regiment of Foot, lately sailed for America, where my young soldier purposes to join them in the course of this summer—full as well stor'd with Greek and Latin as my Lord Chesterfield. O! dear boy, I did *not* intend him for this business, but *I submit*, and hope time and his good behaviour will reconcile me to it better than now I am, or can be as yet. I am vastly glad to hear your dear Duchess finds herself the better for her excursions to Bulstrode, *mine* makes frequent ones to Glan Villa, and to-morrow I expect her with my pretty grandsons. Perhaps when the Duchess of Portland returns you will allow me to mark some other day with red, or rather golden letters.

Mrs. Walsingham spent a very wet day with us, and *made it as pleasant* as a fine one.

I know not how much more I might scribble of the sang froid of lovers and other subjects no less interesting, but the hour of post is come, and I can but just repeat that I am most gratefull for your kind remembrance.

F. Boscawen.

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[1] Philip-Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield, died March 24th, 1773. His "Letters" were published the year after his death.

The Countess-Dowager Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 18th May, 74.

I must make my acknowledgem^ts^ to d^r^ Mrs. Delany for her kind intentions of *peeping* at me, tho' ye time propos'd was short, and c^d^ only deserve ye name of a *peep*, yet 'twas a pleasing proof I was in yor thoughts. Hope w^n^ oportunity offers you will make this loss up w^th^ *interest*.

My ladies, who arriv'd safe and well yesterday, tell me you are not quite free from cough. This salutary air w^d^ be a certain cure; ye D^ss^ of Portland's travelling is by way of exercise (I hope) not from any complaint prescrib'd. My best wishes attend you both.

Mrs. Delany to her Nephew, Rev. J. Dewes.

St. James's Place, 21st May, 1774.

This morn^g^ Lord and L^y^ Clanbrassil were married at 8 o'clock at Oxford Chapel. The ceremony performed by Dr Foley.[1] As soon as the ceremony was over, they set out for Hampton Court, and return on Wednesday to prepare for being presented on Thurs^y^ next. The rest of the family are in town, and I have just sent my circular congratulations. They all seem happy about it; and with reason; nothing can have been more generous and polite than Lord Clanbrassil's behaviour, and he is of an age as well as his lady to know their own minds. I believe

[1] Dr. Robert Foley, Dean of Worcester, son of Thomas Foley, of Stoke Edith, Esq., by his second wife, Mary Warters.

there are more happy marriages made *after* 30 than before, provided they are *not* with an *avaricious view*. No favours were given but to *uncles and aunts* and those at ye wedding. I had one *sent me* to wear as an old friend, but *not* as a *relation*, for fear of *giving offence* to their *other innumerable cousins*, wch w^d^ have been an immense expense. Pray communicate *this* to y^r^ sister. I can't write to her by this post.

As soon as the Archb^p^ of York was well eno' to see anybody he went to the B^p^ of Lichfield; not finding him at home, he wrote to him, and the enclosed is that part of his letter relating to you. I wish the prospect was nearer, but it is not bad to have such a claim, and accidents may hasten it. The Ab^p^ of Y. said he had just disposed of 6 prebends at York, and has still 10 on his list.

Your brothers went out of town last Wednesday. Bernard very well again. I miss them sadly, as I do the Dss of Portland, who went the same day to Brighthelmstone merely for air and exercise. I expect her the middle of next week, and suppose we shall soon go to Bulstrode, and tho' my house is both quiet and airy, I languish for the country. I lament my distance from Staffordshire; but when I am stouter, wch I hope warm weather may make me, it will not appear so far off. My love to my brother—beg he will not think any thing a trouble I can do for him; especially if it in the least contributes to his ease. I am tired. Adieu.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. J. Place, 7th June, 1774.

I can't stay for a letter, which I hope to-morrow's post will bring me. My heart is too full of my *dearest* Mary not to overflow. The last account of that precious *self* was tolerable, and I hope the next will be still more satisfactory! I applaud your discretion of not attempting *so long a journey* as to Nottingham races, and as the entertaining your friend was a strong motive, your merit is the greater. The *great* wedding *is over*, and at last a surprize, for this was the expected day; but they managed very cleverly, as they were all at the birthday, and the Duke and Duchess danced at the ball. It was as great a secret to Lady G[a] Spencer[1] as to the world. *Sunday morning* she was told her doom; she went out of town (to Wimbleton) early on Sunday, and they were married at Wimbleton church, between church and church, as quietly and uncrowded as if John and Joan had tied the Gordian knot. Don't think because I have made use of the word "*doom*," that it was a melancholy sentence (though a *surprise*) to the young lady; for she is so *peculiarly* happy, as to think his Grace *very agreable*, and had not the least regret—a bliss which I most sincerely hope will prove a lasting one. The Duke's intimate friends say he has sense and does not want merit—to be sure the jewel has *not* been *well polished*: had he fallen under the tuition of the late Lord Chesterfield, he might have possessed *les grâces*, but at present only

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[1] William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, married, 5th June, 1774, Lady Georgina Spencer, eldest daughter of John, Earl Spencer.

that of his dukedom belongs to him. Nobody was at the wedding but the Duchess of Portland and Lady Cowper, as fine and as gay as a bride herself. What a blooming great-grand-mother she will be! The Duke of Portland excused himself not to add to the embarras of his br D. They are still at Wimbleton, and stay there till they come to town to be presented. I *heartily wish* they may be *as happy* as they *are great*! I have written to Lady Cowper and sent my congratulations round, and it is very likely that the bridal party will be at Chatsworth about the time of your going to Matlock. You will conclude from the date of my letter that our dear Duchess has not been well, which is too true, but she talked last night of going to Bulstrode in a day or two: I regret the loss of the sweets and verdure of that delightful place, but regret more the cause of it. I am just returned from viewing the Wedgewood-ware that is to be sent to the Empress of Russia. It consists I believe of as many pieces as there are days in the year, if not hours. They are displayed at a house in Greek-street, Soho, called "Portland House;" there are three rooms below and two above filled with it, laid out on tables, every thing that can be wanted to serve a dinner; the ground the common ware pale brimstone, the drawings in purple, the borders a wreath of leaves, the middle of each piece a particular view of all the remarkable places in the King's dominions neatly executed. I suppose it will come to a princely price; it is well for the manufacturer, which I am glad of, as his ingenuity and industry deserve encouragement. Among the views (and the prettiest there), tho' justice has not been done to it is *Thorp Cloud*, as it appears at the end of the improve-

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